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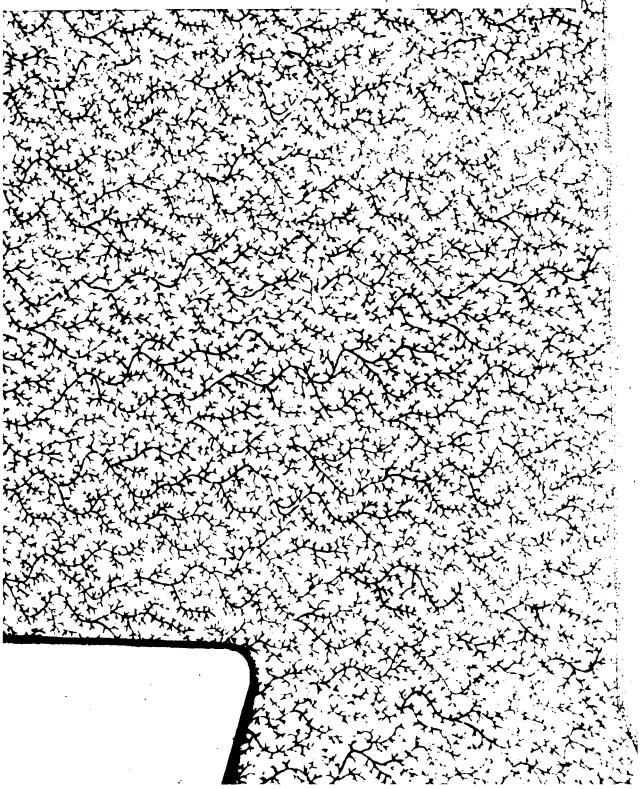


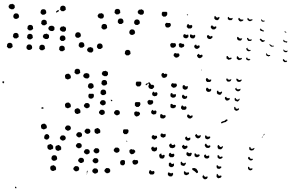
THE

WORKS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

VOLUME FOURTH.



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CONTAINING

KING RICHARD II.
KING HENRY IV. PART I.
KING HENRY IV. PART II.
KING HENRY V.
KING HENRY VI. PART I.

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THE LIFE AND DEATH OF KING RICHARD II.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING RICHARD II.
Duke of York,
John of Gaunt, *Duke of Lancaster,* } *uncles to the King.*
Bolingbroke, *son to John of Gaunt, afterwards King Henry IV.*
Aumerle, *son to the Duke of York.*
Mowbray, *Duke of Norfolk.*
Earl of Salisbury.
Lord Berkley.
Bushy, Bagot, Green, } *servants to King Richard.*
Earl of Northumberland.
Percy, *son to Northumberland,* } *friends to Bolingbroke.*
Ross, Willoughby, } *friends to Bolingbroke.*
Bishop of Carlisle, Sir Stephen Scroop, } *friends to K. Richard.*
Fitzwater, Surry, Abbot of Westminster, Sir Pierce of Exton, } *Lords in the parliament.*

Queen to King Richard.
Dutchess of Gloucester.
Dutchess of York.
Ladies attending on the Queen.

Heralds, two Gardeners, Keeper, Messenger, Groom, and other Attendants.

SCENE dispersedly, in several parts of England.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The court.

Enter King Richard, John of Gaunt, with other Nobles and Attendants.

K. Rich. OLD John of Gaunt, time-honour'd Lancaster,
Hast thou, according to thy oath and bond,
Brought hither Henry Hereford thy bold son,
Here to make good the boist'rous late appeal,
Which then our *leisure would not* let us hear,
Against the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?

Gaunt. I have, my Liege.

K. Rich. Tell me moreover, haſt thou ſounded him,
If he appeal † the Duke on ancient malice,
Or worthily, as a good ſubject ſhould,
On ſome known ground of treachery in him?

Gaunt. As near as I could ſift him on that argument,
On ſome apparent danger ſeen in him
Aim'd at your Highneſs; no inveterate malice.

K. Rich. Then call them to our preſence; face to face,
And frowning brow to brow, ourſelves will hear
Th' accuſer and th' accuſed freely ſpeak:
High-ſtomach'd are they both, and full of ire;
In rage, deaf as the ſea; haſty as fire.

SCENE II.

Enter Bolingbroke and Mowbray.

Boling. May many years of happy days befal
My gracious Sovereign, my moſt loving Liege!

Mowb. Each day ſtill better other's happineſs;
Until the heavens, envying earth's good hap,
Add an immortal title to your crown!

K. Rich. We thank you both, yet one but flatters us,
As well appeareth by the cauſe you come;
Namely, t'appeal each other of high-treaſon.
Couſin of Hereford, what doſt thou object
Againſt the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?

Boling. Firſt, (Heaven be the record to my ſpeech!)
In the devotion of a ſubject's love,
Tendring the precious ſafety of my prince,
And free from other miſbegotten hate,
Come I appellant to this princely preſence.
Now, Thomas Mowbray, do I turn to thee;
And mark my greeting well; for what I ſpeak,
My body ſhall make good upon this earth,
Or my divine ſoul anſwer it in heav'n.
Thou art a traitor and a miſcreant ‡.

Mowb.

† *i. e.* Call, demand, challenge, from *apello*. Mr. Pope.

‡ ——— a miſcreant;
Too good to be ſo, and too bad to live;
Since the more fair and cryſtal is the ſky
The uglier ſeem the clouds that in it fly.

Once

Mowb. Let not my cold words here accuſe my zeal;
'Tis not the trial of a woman's war,
The bitter clamour of two eager tongues,
Can arbitrate this cauſe betwixt us twain;
The blood is hot that muſt be cool'd for this.
Yet can I not of ſuch tame patience boaſt,
As to be huſh'd, and nought at all to ſay.
Firſt, the fair rev'rence of your Highneſs curbs me,
From giving reins and ſpurs to my free ſpeech;
Which elſe would poſt, until it had return'd
Theſe terms of treaſon doubled down his throat.
Setting aſide his high blood's royalty,
And let him be no kinſman to my Liege,
I do defy him, and I ſpit at him;
Call him a ſland'rous coward, and a villain;
Which to maintain, I would allow him odds,
And meet him, were I ty'd to run a-foot
Even to the frozen ridges of the Alps,
Or any other ground unhabitable,
Where never Engliſhman durſt ſet his foot.
Mean time, let this defend my loyalty;
By all my hopes, moſt falſely doth he lie.

Boling. Pale trembling coward, there I throw my gage,
Diſclaiming here the kindred of a King,
And lay aſide my high blood's royalty;
(Which fear, not rev'rence, makes thee to accept:)
If guilty dread hath left thee ſo much ſtrength,
As to take up mine honour's pawn, then ſtoop.
By that, and all the rights of knighthood elſe,
Will I make good againſt thee, arm to arm,
What I have ſpoken, or thou canſt deviſe.

Mowb. I take it up, and by that ſword I ſwear,
Which gently laid my knighthood on my ſhoulder,
I'll anſwer thee in any fair degree,
Or chivalrous deſign of knightly trial;
And when I mount, alive may I not light,
If I be traitor, or unjuſtly fight!

...e more, the more to aggravate the note,
...a foul traitor's name ſtuff I thy throat;
...wish, ſo pleaſe my Sov'reign, ere I move,
...at my tongue ſpeaks, my right-drawn ſword may prove.
...b. Let not, &c.

K. Rich. What doth our couſin lay to Mowbray's charge?
It muſt be great, that can inhabit us
So much as of a thought of ill in him.

Boling. Look what I ſaid, my life ſhall prove it true,
That Mowbray hath receiv'd eight thouſand nobles,
In name of lendings for your Highneſs' ſoldiers,
The which he hath detain'd for lewd employments,
Like a falſe traitor and injurious villain.
Beſides, I ſay, and will in battle prove,
Or here, or elſewhere, to the furtheſt verge
That ever was ſurveyed by Engliſh eye,
That all the treaſons for theſe eighteen years,
Complotted and contrived in this land,
Fetch from falſe Mowbray their firſt head and ſpring.
Further, I ſay, and further will maintain
Upon his bad life to make all this good,
That he did plot the Duke of Glouceſter's death;
Suggeſt his ſoon-believing adverſaries;
And conſequently, like a traitor-coward,
Sluic'd out his inn'cent ſoul through ſtreams of blood?
Which blood, like ſacrificing Abel's, cries
Even from the tongueleſs caverns of the earth,
To me, for juſtice, and rough chaſtiſement.
And, by the glorious worth of my deſcent,
This arm ſhall do it, or this life be ſpent.

K. Rich. How high a pitch his reſolution ſoars!
Thomas of Norfolk, what ſay'ſt thou to this?

Mowb. O, let my Sovereign turn away his face,
And bid his ears a little while be deaf,
Till I have told this ſlander of his blood,
How God and good men hate ſo foul a liar.

K. Rich. Mowbray, impartial are our eyes and ears.
Were he our brother, nay, our kingdom's heir,
As he is but our father's brother's ſon;
Now by my ſceptre's awe, I make a vow,
Such neighbour-nearneſs to our ſacred blood
Should nothing priv'lege him, nor partialize
Th' unſtooping firmneſs of my upright ſoul.
He is our ſubject, Mowbray, ſo art thou;
Free ſpeech and fearleſs I to thee allow.

Mowb. Then, Bolingbroke, as low as to thy heart
Through the falſe paſſage of thy throat, thou lieſt!

Three

of that receipt I had for Calais,
s Highneſs' ſoldiers;
ſerv'd I by conſent,
y Sovereign Liege was in my debt,
ainder of a dear account,
e laſt I went to France to fetch his Queen.
r, ſwallow down that lie.—For Glouceſter's death,
w him not; but, to mine own diſgrace,
lected my ſworn duty in that caſe.
you, my Noble Lord of Lancaſter,
honourable father to my foe,
e did I lay an ambuſh for your life,
treſpaſs that doth vex my grieved ſoul;
But ere I laſt receiv'd the ſacrament,
I did confeſs it, and exactly begg'd
Your Grace's pardon; and I hope I had it.
This is my fault; as for the reſt appeal'd,
It iſſues from the rancour of a villain,
A recreant and moſt degen'rate traitor:
Which in myſelf I boldly will defend.
And interchangeably hurl down my gage
Upon this overweening traitor's foot,
To prove myſelf a loyal gentleman,
Even in the beſt blood chamber'd in his boſom.
In haſte whereof, moſt heartily I pray
Your Highneſs to aſſign our trial-day.

K. Rich. Wrath-kindled gentlemen, be rul'd by me;
Let's purge this choler without letting blood †.
Good uncle, let this end where it begun;
We'll calm the Duke of Norfolk, you your ſon.

Gaunt. To be a make-peace ſhall become my age;
Throw down, my ſon, the Duke of Norfolk's gage.

K. Rich. And, Norfolk, throw down his.

Gaunt. When, Harry, when?
Obedience bids I ſhould not bid again.

K. Rich. Norfolk, throw down, we bid; there is no boot.

† ——— without letting blood.
is we preſcribe, though no phyſician;
ep malice makes too deep inciſion:
forgive, conclude and be agreed:
ſeaſons ſay, this is no time to bleed.
uncle, &c.

Mowb. Myſelf I throw, dread Sovereign, at thy foot.
My life thou ſhalt command, but not my ſhame;
The one my duty owes; but my fair name,
(Deſpight of death, that lives upon my grave,)
To dark diſhonour's uſe thou ſhalt not have.
I am diſgrac'd, impeach'd, and baffled here,
Pierc'd to the ſoul with ſlander's venom'd ſpear:
The which no balm can cure, but his heart-blood
Which breath'd this poiſon.

K. Rich. Rage muſt be withſtood:
Give me his gage: lions make leopards tame.

Mowb. Yea, but not change their ſpots: take but my ſhame,
And I reſign my gage. My dear, dear Lord,
The pureſt treaſure mortal times afford,
Is ſpotleſs reputation; that away,
Men are but gilded loam, or painted clay.
A jewel in a ten-times-barr'd-up cheſt,
Is a bold ſpirit in a loyal breaſt.
Mine honour is my life, both grow in one;
Take honour from me, and my life is done.
Then, dear my Liege, mine honour let me try;
In that I live, and for that will I die.

K. Rich. Couſin, throw down your gage; do you begin.

Boling. Oh, heaven defend my ſoul from ſuch foul ſin!
Shall I ſeem creſt-fall'n in my father's ſight,
Or with pale beggar face impeach my height,
Before this out-dar'd daſtard? Ere my tongue
Shall wound my honour with ſuch feeble wrong,
Or ſound ſo baſe a parle, my teeth ſhall tear
The ſlavish motive † of recanting fear,
And ſpit it bleeding, in his high diſgrace,
Where ſhame doth harbour, ev'n in Mowbray's face.

[*Exit Gaunt.*

K. Rich. We were not born to ſue, but to command;
Which ſince we cannot do to make you friends,
Be ready, as your lives ſhall anſwer it,
At Coventry upon Saint Lambert's day.
There ſhall your ſwords and lances arbitrate
The ſwelling diff'rence of your ſettled hate:

Since

† *Motive* for *inſtrument.*

Since we cannot atone you, you ſhall ſee
Juſtice decide the victor's chivalry.
Lord Marſhal, bid our officers at arms
Be ready to direct theſe home alarms. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Changes to the Duke of Lancaſter's palace.

Enter Gaunt, and Dutcheſs of Glouceſter.

Gaunt. Alas! the part I had in Glo'ſter's blood †
Doth more ſolicit me than your exclaims,
To ſtir againſt the butchers of his life.
But ſince correction lieth in thoſe hands,
Which made the fault that we cannot correct,
Put we our quarrel to the will of Heav'n;
Who when it ſees the hours ripe on earth,
Will rain hot vengeance on offenders' heads.
Dutch. Finds brotherhood in thee no ſharper ſpur?
Hath love in thy old blood no living fire?
Edward's ſev'n ſons, whereof thyſelf art one,
Were as ſev'n vials of his ſacred blood,
Or ſev'n fair branches ſpringing from one root:
Some of thoſe ſev'n are dry'd by Nature's courſe;
Some of thoſe branches by the deſt'nies cut:
But Thomas, my dear Lord, my life, my Glo'ſter,
One vial full of Edward's ſacred blood,
One flouriſhing branch of his moſt Royal root,)
Is ſpill'd, and all the precious liquor ſpilt;
Is hack'd down, and his ſummer-leaves all faded,
By Envy's hand, and Murder's bloody axe!
Ah, Gaunt! his blood was thine: that bed, that womb,
That metal, that ſelf-mould that faſhion'd thee,
Made him a man; and though thou liv'ſt and breath'ſt,
Yet art thou ſlain in him; thou doſt conſent
In ſome large meaſure to thy father's death;
In that thou ſeeſt thy wretched brother die,
Who was the model of thy father's life.
Call it not patience, Gaunt, it is deſpair,

In

† *Meaning the relation he had to it.*

In ſuff'ring thus thy brother to be ſlaughter'd,
Thou ſhew'ſt the naked path-way to thy life,
Teaching ſtern Murther how to butcher thee.
That which in mean men we intitle patience,
Is pale cold cowardice in noble breaſts.
What ſhall I ſay? to ſafeguard thine own life,
The beſt way is to 'venge my Glo'ſter's death.

Gaunt. God's is the quarrel; for God's ſubſtitute,
His deputy anointed in his ſight,
Hath caus'd his death: the which if wrongfully,
Let God revenge: for I may never lift
An angry arm againſt his miniſter.

Dutch. Where then, alas, may I complain myſelf?

Gaunt. To Heav'n, the widow's champion and de fence.

Dutch. Why then, I will: farewell, old Gaunt, farew
Thou go'ſt to Coventry, there to behold
Our couſin Hereford and fell Mowbray fight.
O, ſit my huſband's wrongs on Hereford's ſpear,
That it may enter butcher Mowbray's breaſt!
Or, if misfortune miſs the firſt career,
Be Mowbray's ſins ſo heavy in his boſom,
That they may break his foaming courſer's back,
And throw the rider headlong in the liſts,
A caitiff recreant to my couſin Hereford!
Farewell, old Gaunt; thy ſometime † brother's wife
With her companion grief muſt end her life.

Gaunt. Siſter, farewell; I muſt to Coventry.
As much good ſtay with thee, as go with me!

Dutch. Yet one word more; grief boundeth where i
Not with the empty hollowneſs, but weight: [falls,
I take my leave before I have begun;
For ſorrow ends not when it ſeemeth done.
Commend me to my brother, Edmund York:
Lo, this is all——nay, yet depart not ſo;
Though this be all, do not ſo quickly go:
I ſhall remember more. Bid him—— oh, what?
With all good ſpeed at Plaſhie viſit me.
Alack, and what ſhall good old York ſee there,
But empty lodgings, and unfurniſh'd walls,
Unpeopled

† *i. e.* Formerly.

Unpeopled offices, untrodden ſtones?
And what hear there for welcome, but my groans?
Therefore commend me,—let him not come there
To ſeek out ſorrow that dwells every where;
All deſolate will I from hence, and die;
The laſt leave of thee takes my weeping eye.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The liſts at Coventry.*

Enter the Lord Marſhal, and the Duke of Aumerle.

Mar. My Lord Aumerle, is Harry Hereford arm'd?
Aum. Yea, at all points, and longs to enter in.
Mar. The Duke of Norfolk, ſprightfully and bold,
ays but the ſummons of th' appellant's trumpet.
Aum. Why then, the champions are prepar'd, and ſtay
nothing but his Majeſty's approach. [*Flouriſh.*

he trumpets ſound, and the King enters with his Nobles: when they are ſet, enter the Duke of Norfolk in arms, defendant.

K. Rich. Marſhal, demand of yonder champion
he cauſe of his arrival here in arms;
him his name, and orderly proceed
ſwear him in the juſtice of his cauſe.
Mar. In God's name and the King's, ſay who thou
art? [*To Mowb.*
And why thou com'ſt thus knightly clad in arms?
Againſt what man thou com'ſt, and what thy quarrel?
Speak truly on thy knighthood, and thine oath,
And ſo defend thee Heav'n, and thy valour!
Mowb. My name is *Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk,*
Who hither come, engaged by my oath,
(Which Heav'n defend a knight ſhould violate!)
Both to defend my loyalty and truth,
To God, my King, and my ſucceeding iſſue,
Againſt the Duke of Hereford, that appeals me;
And by the grace of God, and this mine arm,
prove him, in defending of myſelf,
aitor to my God, my King, and me?
nd, as I truly fight, defend me Heav'n!

The

The trumpets sound. Enter Bolingbroke, appellant, in armour.

K. Rich. Marſhal, aſk yonder knight in arms,
Both who he is, and why he cometh hither,
Thus plated in habiliments of war:
And formally, according to our law,
Depoſe him in the juſtice of his cauſe.

Mar. What is thy name, and wherefore com'ſt thou hither,
Before King Richard, in his Royal liſts? [*To Boling.*
Againſt whom comeſt thou? and what's thy quarrel?
Speak like a true knight, ſo defend thee Heav'n!

Boling. *Harry of Hereford, Lancaſter, and Derby,*
Am I, who ready to ſtand here in arms,
To prove, by Heav'n's grace and my body's valour,
In liſts, on Thomas Mowbray Duke of Norfolk,
That he's a traitor foul and dangerous,
To God of heav'n, King Richard, and to me;
And, as I truly fight, defend me Heav'n!

Mar. On pain of death, no perſon be ſo bold,
Or daring-hardy, as to touch the liſts,
Except the Marſhal, and ſuch officers
Appointed to direct theſe fair deſigns.

Boling. Lord Marſhal, let me kiſs my Sovereign's hand,
And bow my knee before his Majeſty:
For Mowbray and myſelf are like two men
That vow a long and weary pilgrimage;
Then let us take a ceremonious leave,
And loving farewell, of our ſeveral friends.

Mar. Th' appellant in all duty greets your Highneſs, [*To K. Rich.*
And craves to kiſs your hand, and take his leave.

K. Rich. We will deſcend, and fold him in our arms.
Couſin of Hereford, as thy cauſe is right,
So be thy fortune in this Royal fight!
Farewell, my blood; which if to-day thou ſhed,
Lament we may, but not revenge thee dead.

Boling. Oh, let no noble eye profane a tear
For me, if I be gor'd with Mowbray's ſpear:
As confident, as is the faulcon's flight
Againſt a bird, do I with Mowbray fight.
My loving Lord, I take my leave of you;

Of

Of you, my noble couſin, Lord Aumerle *.
Oh thou! the earthly author of my blood, [*To Gaunt.*
Whoſe youthful ſpirit, in me regenerate,
Doth with a twofold vigour lift me up
To reach at victory above my head,
Add proof unto mine armour with thy prayers;
And with thy bleſſings ſteel my lance's point,
That it may enter Mowbray's waxen coat,
And furbiſh new the name of John o' Gaunt
Ev'n in the luſty 'haviour of his ſon.

Gaunt. Heav'n in thy good cauſe make thee proſperous!
Be ſwift like lightning in the execution;
And let thy blows, doubly redoubled,
Fall like amazing thunder on the caſk
Of thy adverſe pernicious enemy
Rouſe up thy youthful blood, be brave, and live.

Boling. Mine innocence, God and St. George to thrive!

Mowb. However Heav'n or Fortune caſt my lot,
There lives, or dies, true to King Richard's throne,
A loyal, juſt, and upright gentleman.
Never did captive with a freer heart
Caſt off his chains of bondage, and embrace
His golden uncontroul'd enfranchiſement,
More than my dancing ſoul doth celebrate
This feaſt of battle with mine adverſary.
Moſt mighty Liege, and my companion Peers,
Take from my mouth the wiſh of happy years;
As gentle and as jocund, as to juſt,
Go I to fight: Truth hath a quiet breaſt.

K. Rich. Farewell, my Lord; ſecurely I eſpy
Virtue with valour couched in thine eye.
Order the trial, Marſhal, and begin.

Mar. Harry of Hereford, Lancaſter and Derby,
Receive thy lance; and Heav'n defend thy right!

Boling. Strong as a tower in hope, I cry, *Amen.*

Mar. Go bear this lance to Thomas Duke of Norfolk.

1 *Her.*

* ——— Lord Aumerle.
Now ſick, although I have to do with death;
So luſty, young, and chearly drawing breath.——
As at Engliſh feaſts, ſo I regret
The daintieſt laſt, to make the end moſt ſweet:
O but, &c.

1 *Her.* Harry of Hereford, Lancaſter, and Derby,
Stands here for God, his Sovereign, and himſelf,
On pain to be found falſe and recreant,
To prove the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray,
A traitor to his God, his King, and him;
And dares him to ſet forward to the fight.

2 *Her.* Here ſtandeth Thomas Mowbray, Duke of [Norfolk,
On pain to be found falſe and recreant,
Both to defend himſelf, and to approve
Henry of Hereford, Lancaſter, and Derby,
To God, his Sovereign, and to him, diſloyal;
Courageouſly, and with a free deſire,
Attending but the ſignal to begin. [*A charge ſounded.*

Mar. Sound, trumpets; and ſet forward, combatants.
—But ſtay, the King hath thrown his warder down.

K. Rich. Let them lay by their helmets and their ſpears,
And both return back to the charge again:
Withdraw with us, and let the trumpets ſound,
While we return theſe Dukes what we decree.
[*A long flouriſh; after which the King ſpeaks to the combatants.*

Draw near;———
And liſt, what with our council we have done.
For that our kingdom's earth ſhould not be ſoil'd
With that dear blood which it hath foſtered;
And for our eyes do hate the dire aſpect
Of civil wounds plough'd up with neighbour ſwords;
[And for we think, the eagle-winged pride
Of ſky-aſpiring and ambitious thoughts
With rival-hating Envy ſet you on,
To wake our peace, which in our country's cradle
Draws the ſweet infant-breath of gentle ſleep *;]
Which thus rous'd up with boiſt'rous untun'd drums,
And harſh-reſounding trumpets' dreadful bray,
And grating ſhock of wrathful iron arms,
Might from our quiet confines fright fair Peace,
And make us wade ev'n in our kindred's blood:

* The five lines incloſed within crotchets, were inſerted, from the firſt edition in 1598, by Mr. Pope: but inadvertently; for they were afterwards omitted by Shakeſpeare, as not agreeing to the reſt of the context; which, on reviſe, he thought fit to alter. Mr. Warburton.

Therefore we banish you our territories,
You, cousin Hereford, on pain of death,
Till twice five summers have enrich'd our fields,
Shall not regreet our fair dominions,
But tread the stranger paths of banishment.

Boling. Your will be done: this must my comfort be,
That sun that warms you here, shall shine on me;
And those his golden beams to you here lent,
Shall point on me, and gild my banishment.

K. Rich, Norfolk, for thee remains a heavier doom,
Which I with some unwillingness pronounce.
The fly-slow hours shall not determinate
The dateless limit of thy dear exile:
The hopeless word, of *never to return,*
Breathe I against thee, upon pain of life.

Mowb. A heavy sentence, my most sovereign Leige,
And all unlook'd for from your Highness' mouth:
A dearer merit, not so deep a maim,
As to be cast forth in the common air,
Have I deserved at your Highness' hands.
The language I have learn'd these forty years,
My native English, now I must forego;
" And now my tongue's use is to me no more,
" Than an unstringed viol, or a harp;
" Or like a cunning instrument cas'd up,
" Or being open, put into his hands
" That knows no touch to tune the harmony *.
I am too old to fawn upon a nurse,
Too far in years to be a pupil now;
What is thy sentence, then, but speechless death,
Which robs my tongue from breathing native breath?

K. Rich. It boots thee not to be compassionate †;
After our sentence, plaining comes too late.

Mowb. Then thus I turn me from my country's light,
To dwell in solemn shades of endless night.

K. Rich. Return again, and take an oath with ye.

* ——— the harmony.
Within my mouth you have engoal'd my tongue,
[illegible] part-cull is'd with my teeth and lips;
[illegible] dull, unfeeling, barren Ignorance
[illegible] goaler to attend on me.
[illegible] &c.
† Plaintive.

Lay on our Royal ſword your baniſh'd hands;
Swear by the duty that you owe to Heav'n,
(Our part therein we baniſh with yourſelves,)
To keep the oath that we adminiſter:
You never ſhall (ſo help you truth, and heav'n!)
Embrace each other's love in baniſhment;
Nor ever look upon each other's face,
Nor ever write, regreet, or reconcile
This low'ring tempeſt of your home-bred hate;
Nor ever by adviſed purpoſe meet,
To plot, contrive, or complot any ill,
'Gainſt us, our ſtate, our ſubjects, or our land.

Boling. I ſwear.

Mowb. And I, to keep all this.

Boling. Norfolk, ſo far, as to mine enemy:——
By this time, had the King permitted us, [*In ſalutation.*
One of our ſouls had wander'd in the air,
Baniſh'd this frail ſepulchre of our fleſh,
As now our fleſh is baniſh'd from this land.
Confeſs thy treaſons, ere thou fly this realm;
Since thou haſt far to go, bear not along
The clogging burthen of a guilty ſoul.

Mowb. No, Bolingbroke; if ever I were traitor,
My name be blotted from the book of life,
And I from heav'n baniſh'd as from hence!
But what thou art, heav'n, thou, and I do know,
And all too ſoon, I fear, the King ſhall rue.
Farewell, my Liege; now no way can I ſtray,
Save back to England; all the world's my way.

[*Exit.*

SCENE V.

[*K. Rich.* Uncle, even in the glaſſes of thine eyes
I ſee thy grieved heart, thy ſad aſpect
Hath from the number of his baniſh'd years
Pluck'd four away; ſix frozen winter's ſpent,
Return with welcome home from baniſhment.

Boling. How long a time lies in one little word!
Four lagging winters and four wanton ſprings
End in a word; ſuch is the breath of kings.

Gaunt. I thank my Liege, that in regard of me
He ſhortens four years of my ſon's exile:

But

But little vantage ſhall I reap thereby;
For ere the ſix years that he hath to ſpend,
Can change their moons, and bring their times about,
My oil-dry'd lamp and time-bewaſted light.
Shall be extinct with age and endleſs night;
My inch of taper will be burnt and done,
And blindfold death not let me ſee my ſon.

K. Rich. Why, uncle? Thou haſt many years to live.

Gaunt. But not a minute, King, that thou canſt give;
Shorten my days thou canſt with ſullen ſorrow,
And pluck nights from me, but not lend a morrow;
Thou canſt help Time to furrow me with age,
But ſtop no wrinkle in his pilgrimage;
Thy word is current with him, for my death,
But dead, thy kingdom cannot buy my breath.

K. Rich. Thy ſon is baniſh'd upon good advice,
Whereto thy tongue a party-verdict gave;
Why at our juſtice ſeem'ſt thou then to low'r?

Gaunt. Things ſweet to taſte, prove in digeſtion ſour.
You urg'd me as a judge; but I had rather
You would have bid me argue like a father.
O, had it been a ſtranger, not my child,
To ſmooth his fault I would have been more mild.
Alas, I look'd when ſome of you ſhould ſay,
I was too ſtrict to make mine own away.
But you gave leave to my unwilling tongue,
Againſt my will to do myſelf this wrong.
A partial ſlander ſought I to avoid,
And in the ſentence my own life deſtroy'd.

K. Rich. Couſin, farewell; and, uncle, bid him ſo.
Six years we baniſh him, and he ſhall go. [*Flouriſh.*

[*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

Aum. Couſin, farewell; what preſence muſt not know,
From where you do remain let paper ſhow.

Mar. My Lord, no leave take I; for I will ride
As far as land will let me, by your ſide.

Gaunt. Oh, to what purpoſe doſt thou hoard thy words,
That thou return'ſt no greeting to thy friends?

Boling. I have too few to take my leave of you,
When the tongue's office ſhould be prodigal,

To breathe th' abundant dolour of the heart.
Gaunt. Thy grief is but thy abſence for a time.
Boling. Joy abſent, grief is preſent for that time.
Gaunt. What is ſix winters? they are quickly gone.
Boling. To men in joy; but grief makes one hour ten.
Gaunt. Call it a travel that thou tak'ſt for pleaſure.
Boling. My heart will ſigh when I miſcall it ſo,
Which finds it an inforced pilgrimage.
Gaunt. The fullen paſſage of thy weary ſteps
Eſteem a foil, wherein thou art to ſet
The precious jewel of my home-return.
Boling. Nay, rather, ev'ry tedious ſtride I make
Will but remember me, what a deal of world
I wander from the jewels that I love.
Muſt I not ſerve a long apprenticehood
To foreign paſſages, and in the end
Having my freedom, boaſt of nothing elſe
But that I was a journeyman to grief?
Gaunt. All places that the eye of heaven viſits,
Are to a wiſe man ports and happy havens.
Teach thy neceſſity to reaſon thus:
There is no virtue like neceſſity.
Think not the King did banish thee;
But thou the King. Woe doth the heavier ſit,
Where it perceives it is but faintly borne.
Go ſay, I ſent thee forth to purchaſe honour;
And not, the King exil'd thee. Or ſuppoſe,
Devouring peſtilence hangs in our air,
And thou art flying to a freſher clime.
Look what thy ſoul holds dear, imagine it
To lie that way thou go'ſt, not whence thou com'ſt.
Suppoſe the ſinging birds, muſicians;
The graſs whereon thou tread'ſt, the preſence-floor;
The flow'rs, fair ladies; and thy ſteps, no more
Than a delightful meaſure, or a dance.
For gnarling Sorrow hath leſs pow'r to bite
The man that mocks at it, and ſets it light.
Boling. Oh, who can hold a fire in his hand,
By thinking on the froſty Caucaſus?
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,
By bare imagination of a feaſt?
Or wallow naked in December ſnow,

By

By thinking on fantaſtic ſummer's heat?
Oh, no! the apprehenſion of the good
Gives but the greater feeling to the worſe;
Fell Sorrow's tooth doth never rankle more
Than when it bites, but lanceth not the ſore.

Gaunt. Come, come, my ſon, I'll bring thee on thy way.
Had I thy youth, and cauſe, I would not ſtay.

Boling. Then, England's ground, farewell; ſweet ſoil, adieu,
My mother and my nurſe, which bears me yet.
Where-e'er I wander, boaſt of this I can,
Though baniſh'd, yet a true-born Engliſhman.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *Changes to the court.*

Enter King Richard, and Bagot, &c. at one door; and the Lord Aumerle, at the other.

K. Rich. We did, indeed, obſerve——Couſin Aumerle,
How far brought you high Hereford on his way?

Aum. I brought high Hereford, if you call him ſo,
But to the next highway, and there I left him.

K. Rich. And ſay, what ſtore of parting tears were ſhed?

Aum. 'Faith, none by me; except the north-eaſt wind
(Which then blew bitterly againſt our faces)
Awak'd the ſleepy rheum; and ſo by chance
Did grace our hollow parting with a tear.

K. Rich. What ſaid your couſin when you parted with him?

Aum. Farewell.
And, for my heart diſdained that my tongue
Should ſo profane the word, that taught me craft
To counterfeit oppreſſion of ſuch grief,
That words ſeem buried in my ſorrow's grave.
Marry, would the word *farewell* have lengthen'd hours,
And added years to his ſhort baniſhment,
He ſhould have had a volume of farewells;
But, ſince it would not, he had none of me.

K. Rich. He is our kinſman, couſin; but 'tis doubt,
When time ſhall call him home from baniſhment,
Whether our kinſman come to ſee his friends.
Ourſelf, and Buſhy, Bagot here, and Green,
Obſerv'd

Obſerv'd his courtſhip to the common people:
How he did ſeem to dive into their hearts,
With humble and familiar courteſy;
What reverence he did throw away on ſlaves;
Wooing poor craftſmen with the craft of ſmiles,
And patient under-bearing of his fortune;
As 'twere to baniſh their affects with him.
Off goes his bonnet to an oyſter-wench;
A brace of dray-men bid, God ſpeed him well!
And had the tribute of his ſupple knee;
With,——Thanks, my countrymen, my loving friends;
As were our England in reverſion his,
And he our ſubjects' next degree in hope.

Green. Well, he is gone, and with him go theſe thoughts.——

Now for the rebels, which ſtand out in Ireland,
Expedient manage muſt be made, my Liege,
Ere further leiſure yield them further means
For their advantage, and your Highneſs' loſs.

K. Rich. We will ourſelf in perſon to this war;
And, for our coffers with too great a court,
And liberal largeſs, are grown ſomewhat light,
We are inforc'd to farm our royal realm,
The revenue whereof ſhall furniſh us
For our affairs in hand; if they come ſhort,
Our ſubſtitutes at home ſhall have blank charters:
Whereto, when they ſhall know what men are rich,
They ſhall ſubſcribe them for large ſums of gold,
And ſend them after to ſupply our wants;
For we will make for Ireland preſently.

Enter Buſhy.

K. Rich. Buſhy, what news?

Buſhy. Old John of Gaunt is ſick, my Lord,
Suddenly taken, and hath ſent poſt haſte
T' intreat your Majeſty to viſit him.

K. Rich. Where lies he?

Buſhy. At Ely-houſe.

K. Rich. Now put it, heav'n, in his phyſician's mind,
To help him to his grave immediately.
The lining of his coffers ſhall make coats
To deck our ſoldiers for theſe Iriſh wars.
Come,

Come, Gentlemen, let's all go visit him,
Pray Heav'n we may make haste, and come too late!
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Ely-house.

Gaunt brought in sick, with the Duke of York.

Gaunt. WILL the King come, that I may breathe my last
In wholesome counsel to his unstay'd youth?
York. Vex not yourself, nor strive not with your breath;
For all in vain comes counsel to his ear.
Gaunt. Oh but, they say, the tongues of dying men
Inforce attention, like deep harmony.
Where words are scarce, they're seldom spent in vain;
For they breathe truth that breathe their words in pain *.
York. His ear is stopt with other flatt'ring charms,
As praises of his state; there are, beside,
Lascivious meeters, to whose venom'd sound
The open ear of youth doth always listen;
Report of fashions in proud Italy,
Whose manners still our tardy, apish nation
Limps after, in base aukward imitation.
Where doth the world thrust forth a vanity
(So be it new, there's no respect how vile)
That is not quickly buzz'd into his ears?
Then all too late comes counsel to be heard,
Where will doth mutiny with wit's regard †.

Gaunt.

* ——— words in pain.
He that no more must say, is listen'd more
Than they whom youth and ease have taught to glose;
More are mens' ends mark'd, than their lives before:
The setting sun ——— and music in the close,
As the last taste of sweets is sweetest last;
Writ in remembrance, more than things long past:
Though Richard my life's counsel would not hear,
My death's sad tale may yet undeaf his ear.
York. His ear is, &c.

† ——— with wit's regard.
Direct not him, whose way himself will chuse;
'Tis breath thou lack'st, and that breath will thou lose.
Gaunt. Methinks, &c.

Gaunt. Methinks I am a prophet new-inſpir'd,
And, thus expiring, do foretel of him,
His raſh, fierce blaze of riot cannot laſt;
For violent fires ſoon burn out themſelves.
Small ſhow'rs laſt long, but ſudden ſtorms are ſhort.
He tires betimes, that ſpurs too faſt betimes;
With eager feeding, food doth choke the feeder;
Light vanity, inſatiate cormorant,
Conſuming means, ſoon preys upon itſelf.
This royal throne of Kings, this ſcepter'd iſle,
This earth of Majeſty, this ſeat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradiſe,
This fortreſs, built by Nature for herſelf,
Againſt infection, and the hand of war;
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious ſtone ſet in the ſilver ſea,
Which ſerves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defenſive to a houſe,
Againſt the envy of leſs happier lands;
This nurſe, this teeming womb of royal kings,
Fear'd for their breed, and famous by their birth,
Renowned for their deeds, as far from home,
For Chriſtian ſervice and true chivalry,
As is the ſepulchre in ſtubborn Jewry
Of the world's ranſom, bleſſed Mary's ſon;
This land of ſuch dear ſouls, this dear dear land,
Dear for her reputation through the world,
Is now leas'd out, (I die pronouncing it,)
Like to a tenement, or pelting farm.
England, bound in with the triumphant ſea,
Whoſe rocky ſhore beats back the envious ſiege
Of watery Neptune, is bound in with ſhame,
With inky blots, and rotten parchment bonds.
That England that was wont to conquer others,
Hath made a ſhameful conqueſt of itſelf.
Ah! would the ſcandal vaniſh with my life,
How happy then were my enſuing death!

SCENE II.

Enter King Richard, Queen, Aumerle, Buſhy, Green, Bagot, Roſs, and Willoughby.

York. The King is come, deal mildly with his youth;

For

For young hot colts, being rag'd, do rage the more.

Queen. How fares our noble uncle, Lancaster?

K. Rich. What comfort, man? How is't with aged Gaunt *?

Gaunt. Ill in myself, but seeing thee too, ill.
Thy death-bed is no lesser than the land,
Wherein thou lieſt in reputation ſick;
And thou, too careleſs patient as thou art,
Giv'ſt thy anointed body to the cure
Of thoſe phyſicians that firſt wounded thee.
A thouſand flatt'rers ſit within thy crown,
Whoſe compaſs is no bigger than thy head;
And yet encaged in ſo ſmall a verge,
Thy waſte is no whit leſſer than thy land.
Oh, had thy grandſire, with a prophet's eye,
Seen how his ſon's ſon ſhould deſtroy his ſons,
From forth thy reach he would have laid thy ſhame,
Depoſing thee before thou were poſſeſs'd,
Who art poſſeſs'd now to depoſe thyſelf.
Why, couſin, wert thou regent of the world,
It were a ſhame to let this land by leaſe.
But for thy world enjoying but this land,

* with aged Gaunt?

Gaunt. Oh, how that name befits my compoſition!
Old Gaunt, indeed, and gaunt in being old.
Within me grief hath kept a tedious faſt;
And who abſtains from meat that is not gaunt?
For ſleeping England long time have I watch'd,
Watching breeds leanneſs, leanneſs is all gaunt.
The pleaſure that ſome fathers feed upon,
Is my ſtrict faſt; I mean, my childrens' looks;
And, therein faſting, thou haſt made me gaunt.
Gaunt am I for the grave, gaunt as a grave,
Whoſe hollow womb inherits nought but bones.

K. Rich. Can ſick men play ſo nicely with their names?

Gaunt. No, miſery makes ſport to mock itſelf.
Since thou doſt ſeek to kill my name in me,
I mock my name, great King, to flatter thee.

K. Rich. Should dying men flatter thoſe that live?

Gaunt. No, no; men living flatter thoſe that die.

K. Rich. Thou, now a-dying, ſay'ſt, thou flatter'ſt me.

Gaunt. Oh! no; thou dieſt, though I ſicker be.

K. Rich. I am in health, I breathe, I ſee thee ill.

Gaunt. Now, he that made me knows I ſee thee ill.
Ill in myſelf, &c.

Is it not more than ſhame to ſhame it ſo?
Landlord of England art thou now, not King.
Thy ſtate of law is bondſlave to the law;
And thou——

K. Rich. And thou, a lunatic lean-witted fool,
Preſuming on an ague's privilege,
Dar'ſt with thy frozen admonition
Make pale our cheek; chaſing the royal blood
With fury from his native reſidence.
Now, by my ſeat's right-royal majeſty,
Wert thou not brother to great Edward's ſon.
This tongue that runs ſo roundly in thy head,
Should run thy head from thy unreverend ſhoulders.

Gaunt. Oh, ſpare me not, my brother Edward's ſon,
For that I was his father Edward's ſon.
That blood already, like the pelican,
Haſt thou tapt out, and drunkenly carous'd.
My brother Glo'ſter, plain well-meaning ſoul,
(Whom fair befal in heav'n 'mong'ſt happy ſouls!)
May be a precedent and witneſs good,
That thou reſpects not ſpilling Edward's blood.
Join with the preſent ſickneſs that I have,
And thy unkindneſs be like crooked age,
To crop at once a too long wither'd flower.
Live in thy ſhame, but die not ſhame with thee!
Theſe words hereafter thy tormentors be!
Convey me to my bed, then to my grave:
Love they to live, that love and honour have.

[*Exit, borne out.*

K. Rich. And let them die, that age and ſullens have;
For both haſt thou, and both become the grave.

York. I do beſeech your Majeſty, impute
His words to wayward ſicklineſs, and age;
He loves you, on my life; and holds you dear
As Harry Duke of Hereford, were he here.

K. Rich. Right, you ſay true; as Hereford's love, ſo his;
As theirs, ſo mine; and all be as it is.

SCENE III.

Enter Northumberland.

North. My Liege, old Gaunt commends him to your Majeſty.

K. Rich.

K. Rich. What ſays old Gaunt?

North. Nay, nothing; all is ſaid:
His tongue is now a ſtringleſs inſtrument;
Words, life, and all, old Lancaſter hath ſpent.

York. Be York the next that muſt be bankrupt ſo!
Though death be poor, it ends a mortal woe.

K. Rich. The ripeſt fruit firſt falls, and ſo doth he;
His time is ſpent, our pilgrimage muſt be:
So much for that.——Now for our Iriſh wars;
We muſt ſupplant thoſe rough rug-headed kerns,
Which live like venom, where no venom elſe,
But only they, have privilege to live;
And, for theſe great affairs do aſk ſome charge,
Towards our aſſiſtance we do ſeize to us
The plate, coin, revenues, and moveables,
Whereof our uncle Gaunt did ſtand poſſeſs'd.

York. How long ſhall I be patient! Oh, how long
Shall tender duty make me ſuffer wrong!
Not Glo'ſter's death, not Hereford's baniſhment,
Not Gaunt's rebukes, nor England's private wrongs,
Nor the prevention of poor Bolingbroke
About his marriage, nor my own diſgrace,
Have ever made me ſour my patient cheek,
Or bend one wrinkle on my Sovereign's face.
I am the laſt of noble Edward's ſons,
Of whom thy father, Prince of Wales, was firſt:
In war, was never lion rag'd more fierce;
In peace, was never gentle lamb more mild,
Than was that young and princely gentleman;
His face thou haſt, for even ſo look'd he,
Accompliſh'd with the number of thy hours.
But when he frown'd, it was againſt the French,
And not againſt his friends: his noble hand
Did win what he did ſpend; and ſpent not that
Which his triumphant father's hand had won.
His hands were guilty of no kindred's blood,
But bloody with the enemies of his kin.
Oh, Richard! York is too far gone with grief,
Or elſe he never would compare between.

K. Rich. Why, uncle, what's the matter?

York.

York. O my Liege *,
Seek you to ſeize, and gripe into your hands,
The royalties and rights of baniſh'd Hereford?
Is not Gaunt dead, and doth not Hereford live?
Was not Gaunt juſt, and is not Harry true?
Did not the one deſerve to have an heir?
Is not his heir a well-deſerving ſon?
Take Hereford's rights away, and take from time
His charters, and his cuſtomary rights.
Let not to-morrow then enſue to-day;
Be not thyſelf.——For how art thou a King,
But by fair ſequence and ſucceſſion?
If you do wrongfully ſeize Hereford's right,
Call in his letters patents that he hath,
By his attorneys-general, to ſue
His livery, and deny his offer'd homage;
You pluck a thouſand dangers on your head;
You loſe a thouſand well-diſpoſed hearts;
And prick my tender patience to thoſe thoughts,
Which honour and allegiance cannot think.

K. Rich. Think what you will; we ſeize into our hands
His plate, his goods, his money, and his lands.

York. I'll not be bye the while; my Liege, farewell:
What will enſue hereof there's none can tell.
But by bad courſes may be underſtood,
That their events can never fall out good. [*Exit.*

K. Rich. Go, Buſhy, to the Earl of Wiltſhire ſtraight,
Bid him repair to us to Ely-houſe,
To ſee this buſineſs done: to-morrow next
We will for Ireland; and 'tis time, I trow.
And we create, in abſence of ourſelf,
Our uncle York Lord-Governor of England:
For he is juſt, and always lov'd us well.
Come on, our Queen; to-morrow muſt we part:
Be merry, for our time of ſtay is ſhort. [*Flouriſh.*
[*Exeunt King, Queen, &c.*

SCENE

* ——my Liege.
Pardon me, if you pleaſe; if not, I, pleas'd
Not to be pardon'd, am content withal,
Seek you to ſeize, &c.

SCENE IV.

Manent Northumberland, Willoughby, and Roſs.

North. Well, Lords, the Duke of Lancaſter is dead.
Roſs. And living too, for now his ſon is Duke.
Willo. Barely in title, not in revenue.
North. Richly in both, if juſtice had her right.
Roſs. My heart is great; but it muſt break with ſilence,
Ere't be diſburthen'd with a lib'ral tongue.
North. Nay, ſpeak thy mind; and let him ne'er ſpeak
That ſpeaks thy words again to do thee harm.
Willo. Tends what you'd ſpeak to the Duke of Here-
If it be ſo, out with it boldly, man:
Quick is mine ear to hear of good towards him.
Roſs. No good at all that I can do for him,
Unleſs you call it good to pity him,
Bereft and gelded of his patrimony.
North. Now, afore heav'n, it's ſhame ſuch wrongs are
In him a royal prince, and many more
Of noble blood in this declining land.
The King is not himſelf, but baſely led
By flatterers; and what they will inform
Merely in hate 'gainſt any of us all,
That will the King ſeverely proſecute
'Gainſt us, our lives, our children, and our heirs.
Roſs. The Commons hath he pill'd with grievous taxes,
And loſt their hearts; the Nobles he hath fin'd
For ancient quarrels, and quite loſt their hearts.
Willo. And daily new exactions are deviſ'd;
As blanks, benevolences, I wot not what:
But what o' God's name doth become of this?
North. Wars have not waſted it, for warr'd he hath not,
But baſely yielded upon compromiſe
That which his anceſtors atchiev'd with blows:
More hath he ſpent in peace, than they in wars.
Roſs. The Earl of Wiltſhire hath the realm in farm.
Willo. The King's grown bankrupt, like a broken man.
North. Reproach and diſſolution hangeth over him.
Roſs. He hath not money for theſe Iriſh wars,
(Burthenous taxations notwithſtanding,)
But by the robbing of the baniſh'd Duke.

North. His noble kinſman—moſt degenerate King!
But, Lords, we hear this fearful tempeſt ſing,
Yet ſeek no ſhelter to avoid the ſtorm:
We ſee the wind ſit ſore upon our ſails,
And yet we ſtrike not, but ſecurely periſh.
Roſs. We ſee the very wreck that we muſt ſuffer;
And unavoided is the danger now,
For ſuff'ring ſo the cauſes of our wreck.
North. Not ſo: ev'n through the hollow eyes of death
I ſpy life peering; but I dare not ſay
How near the tidings of our comfort is.
Willo. Nay, let us ſhare thy thoughts, as thou doſt ours,
Roſs. Be confident to ſpeak, Northumberland;
We three are but thyſelf, and ſpeaking ſo,
Thy words are but as thoughts, therefore be bold.
North. Then thus, my friends. I have from Port le Blanc,
A bay in Bretagne, had intelligence,
That Harry Hereford, Rainald Lord Cobham,
That late broke from the Duke of Exeter,
His brother, Archbiſhop late of Canterbury,
Sir Thomas Erpingham, Sir John Rainſton,
Sir John Norberie, Sir Robert Waterton, and Francis Coines,
All theſe well furniſh'd by the Duke of Bretagne,
With eight tall ſhips, three thouſand men of war,
Are making hither with all due expedience,
And ſhortly mean to touch our northern ſhore;
Perhaps they had ere this, but that they ſtay
The firſt departing of the King for Ireland.
If then we ſhall ſhake off our ſlaviſh yoke,
Imp out our drooping country's broken wing,
Redeem from broking pawn the blemiſh'd crown,
Wipe off the duſt that hides our ſceptre's gilt,
And make high majeſty look like itſelf;
Away with me in poſt to Ravenſpurg.
But if you faint, as fearing to do ſo,
Stay, and be ſecret, and myſelf will go.
Roſs. To horſe, to horſe; urge doubts to them that fear.
Willo. Hold out my horſe, and I will firſt be there.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE V. *The court.*

Enter Queen, Buſhy, and Bagot.

Buſhy. Madam, your Majeſty is much too ſad:
You promis'd, when you parted with the King,
To lay aſide ſelf-harming heavineſs,
And entertain a chearful diſpoſition.

Queen. To pleaſe the King, I did; to pleaſe myſelf,
I cannot do it. Yet I know no cauſe
Why I ſhould welcome ſuch a gueſt as grief;
Save bidding farewell to ſo ſweet a gueſt
As my ſweet Richard: yet again, methinks,
Some unborn ſorrow, ripe in Fortune's womb,
Is coming tow'rd me; and my inward ſoul
With ſomething trembles, yet at nothing grieves,
More than with parting from my Lord the King.

Buſhy. Each ſubſtance of a grief hath twenty ſhadows,
Which ſhew like grief itſelf, but are not ſo.
For Sorrow's eye, glaz'd with blinding tears,
Divides one thing entire, to many objects;
Like perſpectives, which, rightly gaz'd upon,
Shew nothing but confuſion; ey'd awry,
Diſtinguiſh form.——So your ſweet Majeſty,
Looking awry upon your Lord's departure,
Finds ſhapes of grief, more than himſelf, to wail;
Which look'd on, as it is, is nought but ſhadows
Of what it is not. Gracious Queen, then weep not
More than your Lord's departure; more's not ſeen:
Or if it be, 'tis with falſe Sorrow's eye,
Which, for things true, weeps things imaginary.

Queen. It may be ſo, but yet my inward ſoul
Perſuades me otherwiſe: howe'er it be,
I cannot but be ſad; ſo heavy-ſad *.

Buſhy. 'Tis nothing but conceit, my gracious Lady.

Queen. 'Tis nothing leſs; conceit is ſtill deriv'd
From ſome forefather grief: mine is not ſo †;

* —— ſo heavy-ſad,
As though, on thinking, on no thought I think,
Makes me with heavy nothing faint and ſhrink,
Buſhy. 'Tis nothing, &c.
† —— mine is not ſo;
For *nothing hath begot my ſomething grief,*

Or

SCENE VI. *Enter Green.*

Green. Heav'n ſave your Majeſty! and well met Gentlemen.
I hope the King is not yet ſhipp'd for Ireland.
Queen. Why hop'ſt thou ſo? 'tis better hope he is:
For his deſigns crave haſte, his haſte good hope.
Then wherefore doſt thou hope he is not ſhipp'd?
Green. That he, our hope, might have retir'd his pow'r;
And driven into deſpair an enemy's hope,
Who ſtrongly hath ſet footing in this land.
The baniſh'd Bolingbroke repeals himſelf;
And with uplifted arms is ſafe arriv'd
At Ravenſpurg.
Queen. Now God in heav'n forbid!
Green. O, Madam, 'tis too true; and what is worſe,
The Lord Northumberland, his young ſon Percy,
The Lords of Roſs, Beaumond, and Willoughby,
With all their pow'rful friends, are fled to him.
Buſhy. Why have you not proclaim'd Northumberland,
And all of that revolted faction, traitors?
Green. We have: whereon the Earl of Worceſter
Hath broke his ſtaff, reſign'd his ſtewardſhip;
And all the houſhold-ſervants fled with him
To Bolingbroke.
Queen. So, Green, thou art the midwife of my woe,
And Bolingbroke my Sorrow's diſmal heir.
Now hath my ſoul brought forth her prodigy,
And I, a gaſping new-deliver'd mother,
Have woe to woe, ſorrow to ſorrow join'd.
Buſhy. Deſpair not, Madam.
Queen. Who ſhall hinder me?
I will deſpair, and be at enmity
With cozening Hope: he is a flatterer,
A paraſite, a keeper back of death;
Who gently would diſſolve the bands of life,
Which falſe hopes linger, in extremity.

SCENE

Or ſomething hath the nothing that I grieve;
'Tis in reverſion that I do poſſeſs;
But what it is, that is not yet known, what
I cannot name, 'tis nameleſs woe, I wot.
SCENE, &c.

SCENE VII. *Enter York.*

Green. Here comes the Duke of York.
Queen. With ſigns of war about his aged neck;
Oh, full of careful buſineſs are his looks!
Uncle, for heav'n's ſake, comfortable words.
York. Should I do ſo, I ſhould belie my thoughts;
Comfort's in heav'n, and we are on the earth,
Where nothing lives but croſſes, care and grief.
Your huſband he is gone to ſave far off,
Whilſt others come to make him loſe at home.
Here am I left to underprop this land;
Who weak with age, cannot ſupport myſelf.
Now comes the ſick hour, that his ſurfeit made;
Now ſhall he try his friends that flatter'd him.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My Lord, your ſon was gone before I came.
York. He was; why, ſo, go all which way it will!
The Nobles they are fled, the Commons cold,
And I fear revolt on Hereford's ſide.
Get thee to Plaſhie, to my ſiſter Glo'ſter;
Bid her ſend preſently a thouſand pound:
Hold, take my ring.
Serv. My Lord, I had forgot
To tell, to-day I came by, and call'd there;
But I ſhall grieve you to report the reſt.
York. What is't?
Serv. An hour before I came the Dutcheſs dy'd.
York. Heav'n for his mercy, what a tide of woes
Come ruſhing on this woful land at once!
I know not what to do: I would to heav'n
(So my untruth had not provok'd him to it)
The King had cut off my head with my brother's.
What, are there poſts diſpatch'd for Ireland?
How ſhall we do for money for theſe wars?
Come, ſiſter; (couſin, I would ſay,) pray, pardon me.
Go, fellow, get thee home, provide ſome carts,
[*To the ſervant.*
And bring away the armour that is there.
Gentlemen, will you go and muſter men?
If I know how to order theſe affairs,

Diſorderly thus thruſt into my hands,
Never believe me. They are both my kinſmen;
The one my Sovereign, whom both by my oath
And duty bids defend; th' other again
My kinſman is, one whom the King hath wrong'd;
Whom conſcience and my kindred bids to right.
Well, ſomewhat we muſt do: come, couſin, I'll
Diſpoſe of you. Go muſter up your men,
And meet me preſently at Berkely caſtle.
I ſhould to Plaſhie too;
But time will not permit. All is uneven,
And every thing is left at ſix and ſeven.

[*Exeunt York and Queen.*

SCENE VIII.

Buſhy. The wind ſits fair for news to go to Ireland,
But none returns; for us to levy power,
Proportionable to the enemy,
Is all impoſſible.

Green. Beſides, our nearneſs to the King in love,
Is near the hate of thoſe love not the King.

Bagot. And that's the wav'ring Commons; for their love
Lies in their purſes; and who empties them,
By ſo much fills their hearts with deadly hate.

Buſhy. Wherein the King ſtands generally condemn'd.

Bagot. If judgment lie in them, then ſo do we;
Becauſe we have been ever near the King.

Green. Well; I'll for refuge ſtraight to Briſtol caſtle:
The Earl of Wiltſhire is already there.

Buſhy. Thither will I with you; for little office
The hateful Commons will perform for us;
Except, like curs, to tear us all in pieces.
Will you go with us?

Bagot. No: I'll to Ireland to his Majeſty.
Farewell: if heart's preſages be not vain,
We three here part, that ne'er ſhall meet again.

Buſhy. That's as York thrives, to beat back Bolingbroke.

Green. Alas, poor Duke! the taſk he undertakes
Is numb'ring ſands, and drinking oceans dry;
Where one on his ſide fights, thouſands will fly.

Buſhy. Farewell at once, for once, for all, and ever.

Green.

Green. Well, we may meet again.
Bagot. I fear me, never. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.

Changes to a wild prospect in Glouceſterſhire.

Enter Bolingbroke and Northumberland.

Boling. How far is it, my Lord, to Berkley now?
North. I am a ſtranger here in Glo'ſterſhire:
Theſe high wild hills, and rough uneven ways,
Draw out our miles, and make them wearieſome:
And yet your fair diſcourſe has been as ſugar,
Making the hard way ſweet and delectable.
But I bethink me what a weary way,
From Ravenſpurg to Cotſwold, will be found
In Roſs and Willoughby, wanting your company,
Which, I proteſt, hath very much beguil'd
The tediouſneſs and proceſs of my travel;
But theirs is ſweet'ned with the hope to have
The preſent benefit that I poſſeſs:
And hope to joy, is little leſs in joy
Than hope enjoy'd. By this the weary Lords
Shall make their way ſeem ſhort, as mine hath done,
By ſight of what I have, your noble company.
Boling. Of much leſs value is my company,
Than your good words. But who comes here?

Enter Percy.

North. It is my ſon, young Harry Percy,
Sent from my brother Worceſter. Whenceſoever,
Harry, how fares your uncle?
Percy. I thought, my Lord, to have learn'd his health
North. Why, is he not with the Queen? [of you.
Percy. No, my good Lord, he hath forſook the court,
Broken his ſtaff of office, and diſpers'd
The houſhold of the King.
North. What was his reaſon?
He was not ſo reſolv'd when laſt we ſpake together.
Percy. Becauſe your Lordſhip was proclaimed traitor.
But he, my Lord, is gone to Ravenſpurg,
To offer ſervice to the Duke of Hereford;
And ſent me o'er by Berkley, to diſcover

What

What pow'r the Duke of York had levy'd there;
Then with directions to repair to Ravenſpurg.

North. Have you forgot the Duke of Hereford, boy?

Percy. No, my good Lord; for that is not forgot,
Which ne'er I did remember; to my knowledge,
I never in my life did look on him.

North. Then learn to know him now; this is the Duke.

Percy. My gracious Lord, I tender you my ſervice,
Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young,
Which elder days ſhall ripen and confirm
To more approved ſervice and deſert.

Boling. I thank thee, gentle Percy; and be ſure,
I count myſelf in nothing elſe ſo happy,
As in a ſoul rememb'ring my good friends;
And as my fortune ripens with thy love,
It ſhall be ſtill thy true love's recompence.
My heart this cov'nant makes, my hand thus ſeals it.

North. How far is it to Berkley? and what ſtir
Keeps good old York there with his men of war?

Percy. There ſtands the caſtle by yond tuft of trees,
Mann'd with three hundred men, as I have heard;
And in it are the Lords, York, Berkley, Seymour;
None elſe of name and noble eſtimate.

Enter Roſs and Willoughby.

North. Here come the Lords of Roſs and Willoughby,
Bloody with ſpurring, fiery-red with haſte.

Boling. Welcome, my Lords; I wot, your love purſues
A baniſh'd traitor; all my treaſury
Is yet but unfelt thanks, which, more enrich'd,
Shall be your love and labour's recompence.

Roſs. Your preſence makes us rich, moſt noble Lord.

Willo. And far ſurmounts our labour to attain it.

Boling. Evermore, thanks;—(th' exchequer of the poor)
Which, till my infant-fortune comes to years,
Stands for my bounty. But who now comes here?

Enter Berkley.

North. It is my Lord of Berkley, as I gueſs.

Berk. My Lord of Hereford, my meſſage is to you.

Boling. My Lord, my anſwer is to *Lancaſter;*
And I am come to ſeek that name in England,

And

And I muſt find that title in your tongue,
Before I make reply to aught you ſay.

Berk. Miſtake me not, my Lord; 'tis not my meaning
To raze one title of your honour out.
To you, my Lord, I come, (what Lord you will,)
From the moſt glorious of this land,
The Duke of York, to know what pricks you on
To take advantage of the abſent * time,
And fright our native peace with ſelf-born arms.

SCENE X. *Enter York.*

Boling. I ſhall not need tranſport my words by you.
Here comes his Grace in perſon. Noble uncle!

[*Kneels.*

York. Shew me thy humble heart, and not thy knee,
Whoſe duty is deceivable and falſe.

Boling. My gracious uncle!

York. Tut, tut? Grace me no grace, nor uncle me no uncle:——

I am no traitor's uncle; and that word *Grace*,
In an ungracious mouth, is but profane.
Why have thoſe banish'd and forbidden legs
Dar'd once to touch a duſt of England's ground?
But more than,—why, why, have they dar'd to march
So many miles upon her peaceful boſom,
Frighting her pale-fac'd villages with war,
And oſtentation of diſpoſed arms?
Com'ſt thou becauſe th' anointed King is hence?
Why, foolish boy, the King is left behind;
And in my loyal boſom lies his power.
Were I but now the lord of ſuch hot youth,
As when brave Gaunt, thy father, and myſelf
Reſcu'd the Black Prince, that young Mars of men,
From forth the ranks of many thouſand French;
Oh! then, how quickly ſhould this arm of mine,
Now priſoner to the palſy, chaſtiſe thee,
And miniſter correction to thy fault.

Boling. My gracious uncle, let me know my fault;
On what condition ſtands it, and wherein?

York. Ev'n in condition of the worſt degree,
In groſs rebellion, and detested treaſon.

Thou

* Unprepared.

Thou art a baniſh'd man, and here art come,
Before the expiration of thy time,
In braving arms againſt thy ſovereign.

Boling. As I was baniſh'd, I was baniſh'd Hereford;
But as I come, I come for Lancaſter.
And, noble uncle, I beſeech your Grace,
Look on my wrongs with an indifferent eye.
You are my father; for, methinks in you
I ſee old Gaunt alive. O then, my father!
Will you permit that I ſhall ſtand condemn'd
A wand'ring vagabond; my rights and royalties
Pluck'd from my arms perforce, and giv'n away
To upſtart unthrifts? Wherefore was I born?
If that my couſin King be King of England,
It muſt be granted I am Duke of Lancaſter.
You have a ſon, Aumerle, my noble kinſman.
Had you firſt dy'd, and he been thus trod down,
He ſhould have found his uncle Gaunt a father,
To rouſe his wrongs, and chaſe them to the bay.
I am deny'd to ſue my livery here,
And yet my letters patents give me leave.
My father's goods are all diſtrain'd and ſold,
And theſe, and all, are all amiſs employ'd.
What would you have me do? I am a ſubject,
And challenge law; attorneys are deny'd me:
And therefore perſonally I lay my claim
To mine inheritance of free deſcent.

North. The noble Duke hath been too much abus'd.

Roſs. It ſtands your Grace upon to do him right.

Willo. Baſe men by his endowments are made great.

York. My Lords of England, let me tell you this,
I have had feeling of my couſin's wrongs,
And labour'd all I could to do him right.
But, in this kind, to come in braving arms,
Be his own carver, and cut out his way,
To find out right with wrongs, it may not be;
And you that do abet him in this kind,
Cheriſh rebellion, and are rebels all.

North. The noble Duke hath ſworn, his coming is
But for his own; and, for the right of that,
We all have ſtrongly ſworn to give him aid;
And let him ne'er ſee joy that breaks that oath.

York.

York. Well, well, I ſee the iſſue of theſe arms.
I cannot mend it, I muſt needs confeſs,
Becauſe my pow'r is weak, and all ill left.
But if I could, by him that gave me life,
I would attach you all, and make you ſtoop
Unto the ſovereign mercy of the King.
But ſince I cannot, be it known to you,
I do remain as neuter. So, farewell;
Unleſs you pleaſe to enter in the caſtle,
And there repoſe you for this night.

Boling. An offer, uncle, that we will accept;
But we muſt win your Grace to go with us
To Briſtol caſtle, which, they ſay, is held
By Buſhy, Bagot, and their complices;
The caterpillars of the commonwealth,
Which I have ſworn to weed, and pluck away.

York. It may be I will go: but yet I'll pauſe;
For I am loath to break our country's laws:
Nor friends, nor foes, to me welcome you are;
Things paſt redreſs are now with me paſt care

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE XI. *In Wales.*

Enter Saliſbury, and a Captain.

Cap. My Lord of Saliſbury, we have ſtaid ten days,
And hardly kept our countrymen together,
And yet we hear no tidings from the King:
Therefore we will diſperſe ourſelves. Farewell,

Saliſ. Stay yet another day, thou truſty Welchman:
The King repoſeth all his truſt in thee.

Cap. 'Tis thought the King is dead: we will not ſtay.
" The bay-trees in our country all are wither'd,
" And meteors fright the fixed ſtars of heav'n;
" The pale-fac'd moon looks bloody on the earth,
" And lean-look'd prophets whiſper fearful change.
" Rich men look ſad, and ruffians dance and leap:"
The one, in fear to loſe what they enjoy;
Th' other, in hope t'enjoy by rage and war.
Theſe ſigns forerun the death of Kings——
Farewell; our countrymen are gone and fled,
As well aſſur'd Richard their King is dead. [Exit. Saliſ.

Salif. Ah, Richard, ah! with eyes of heavy mind,
I ſee thy glory, like a ſhooting ſtar,
Fall to the baſe earth from the firmament:
Thy ſun ſets weeping in the lowly weſt,
Witneſſing ſtorms to come, woe, and unreſt:
Thy friends are fled to wait upon thy foes,
And croſsly to thy good all fortune goes. [*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Bolingbroke's camp at Briſtol.

Enter Bolingbroke, York, Northumberland, Roſs, Percy, Willoughby, with Buſhy and Green priſoners.

Boling. BRING forth theſe men.——
Buſhy and Green, I will not vex your ſouls
(Since preſently your ſouls muſt part your bodies)
With too much urging your pernicious lives;
For 'twere no charity; yet to waſh your blood
From off my hands, here, in the view of men,
I will unfold ſome cauſes of your deaths.
You have miſled a Prince, a royal King,
A happy gentleman in blood and lineaments,
By you unhappy'd, and diſfigur'd clean.
You have, in manner, with your ſinful hours
Made a divorce betwixt his Queen and him;
Broke the poſſeſſion of a royal bed,
And ſtain'd the beauty of a fair Queen's cheeks
With tears drawn from her eyes, with your foul wrongs.
Myſelf, a prince, by fortune of my birth,
Near to the King in blood, (and near in love,
Till you did make him miſinterpret me,)
Have ſtoop'd my neck under your injuries,
And ſigh'd my Engliſh breath in foreign clouds,
Eating the bitter bread of baniſhment;
While you have fed upon my ſignories;
Diſpark'd my parks, and fell'd my foreſt-woods;
From mine own windows torn my houſhold coat,
Raz'd out my impreſs; leaving me no ſign,
Save mens' opinions, and my living blood,
To ſhew the world I am a gentleman.

This,

This, and much more, much more than twice all this,
Condemns you to the death. See them deliver'd
T' execution, and the hand of death.

Buſhy. More welcome is the ſtroke of death to me,
Than Bolingbroke to England.——Lords, farewell.

Green. My comfort is, that heav'n will take our ſouls,
And plague injuſtice with the pains of hell.

Boling. My Lord Northumberland, ſee them diſpatch'd.
Uncle, you ſay the Queen is at your houſe;
For heav'n's ſake, fairly let her be intreated.
Tell her, I ſend to her my kind commends;
Take ſpecial care my greetings be deliver'd.

York. A gentleman of mine I have diſpatch'd
With letters of your love to her at large.

Boling. Thanks, gentle uncle: come, my Lords, away,
To fight with Glendower and his complices;
A while to work, and, after, holiday. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Changes to the coaſt of Wales.*

Flouriſh: Drums, and Trumpets.

Enter King Richard, Aumerle, Biſhop of Carliſle, and Soldiers.

K. Rich. Barkloughly caſtle call you this at hand?

Aum. Yea, my good Lord; how brooks your Grace
After your toſſing on the breaking ſeas? [the air,

K. Rich. Needs muſt I like it well. I weep for joy
To ſtand upon my kingdom once again.
Dear earth, I do ſalute thee with my hand,
Though rebels wound thee with their horſes' hoofs.
As a long-parted mother with her child
Plays fondly with her tears, and ſmiles in meeting;
So weeping, ſmiling, greet I thee my earth,
And do thee favour with my royal hands.
Feed not thy ſovereign's foe, my gentle earth,
Nor with thy ſweets comfort his rav'nous ſenſe:
But let thy ſpiders that ſuck up thy venom,
And heavy-gaited toads, lie in their way;
Doing annoyance to the treacherous feet,
Which with uſurping ſteps do trample thee.
Yield ſtinging nettles to mine enemies;
And when they from thy boſom pluck a flower,

Guard it, I pr'ythee, with a lurking adder;
Whoſe double tongue may with a mortal touch
Throw death upon thy ſovereign's enemies.
Mock not my ſenſeleſs conjuration, Lords:
This earth ſhall have a feeling; and theſe ſtones
Prove armed ſoldiers, ere her native King
Shall faulter under foul rebellious arms.

Carl. Fear not, my Lord; that pow'r that made you King,
Hath pow'r to keep you King, in ſpight of all.
The means that heaven yields muſt be embrac'd,
And not neglected: elſe if heaven would,
And we would not heav'n's offer, we refuſe
The proffer'd means of ſuccour and redreſs.

Aum. He means, my Lord, that we are too remiſs;
Whilſt Bolingbroke, through our ſecurity,
Grows ſtrong and great, in ſubſtance and in power.

K. Rich. Diſcomfortable couſin, know'ſt thou not,
" That when the ſearching eye of heav'n is hid
" Behind the globe, and lights the lower world;
" Then thieves and robbers range abroad unſeen,
" In murders, and in outrage bloody here?
" But when from under this terreſtrial ball
" He fires the proud tops of the eaſtern pines,
" And darts his light through ev'ry guilty hole;
" Then murders, treaſons, and deteſted ſins,
" The cloak of night being pluck'd from off their backs,
" Stand bare and naked, trembling at themſelves."
So when this thief this traitor Bolingbroke,
Who all this while hath revell'd in the night,
Whilſt we were wand'ring with th' antipodes,
Shall ſee us riſing in our throne, the eaſt;
His treaſons will ſit bluſhing in his face,
Not able to endure the ſight of day;
But, ſelf-affrighted, tremble at his ſin.
Not all the water in the rough rude ſea
Can waſh the balm from an anointed King;
The breath of worldly men cannot depoſe
The deputy elected by the Lord.
For every man that Bolingbroke hath preſs'd,
To lift ſharp ſteel againſt our golden crown,
Heav'n for his Richard hath in heav'nly pay

A glorious angel; then if angels fight,
Weak men muſt fall, for heav'n ſtill guards the right.

SCENE III. *Enter Saliſbury.*

Welcome, my Lord, how far off lies your power?
Saliſ. Nor near, nor farther off, my gracious Lord,
Than this weak arm. Diſcomfort guides my tongue,
And bids me ſpeak of nothing but deſpair.
One day too late, I fear, my noble Lord,
Hath clouded all thy happy days on earth.
Oh, call back yeſterday, bid time return,
And thou ſhalt have twelve thouſand fighting men.
To-day, to-day,——unhappy day too late
O'erthrows thy joys, friends, fortune, and thy ſtate.
For all the Welchmen, hearing thou wert dead,
Are gone to Bolingbroke, diſpers'd and fled.
Aum. Comfort, my Liege, why looks your Grace ſo pale?
K. Rich. But now the blood of twenty thouſand men
Did triumph in my face, and they are fled *.
All ſouls that will be ſafe, fly from my ſide;
For time hath ſet a blot upon my pride.
Aum. Comfort, my Liege; remember who you are.
K. Rich. I had forgot myſelf. Am I not King?
Awake, thou coward majeſty, thou ſleepeſt.
Is not the King's name forty thouſand names?
Arm, arm, my name; a puny ſubject ſtrikes
At thy great glory. Look not to the ground,
Ye fav'rites of a King! are we not high?
High be our thoughts. I know my uncle York
Hath pow'r to ſerve our turn. But who comes here?

SCENE IV. *Enter Scroop.*

Scroop. More health and happineſs betide my Liege,
Than can my care-tun'd tongue deliver him!
K. Rich. Mine ear is open, and my heart prepar'd:
The worſt is worldly loſs thou canſt unfold.
Say, is my kingdom loſt? why, 'twas my care;

* And they are fled.
And till ſo much blood *thither* come again,
Have I not reaſon to look pale, and dead?
All ſouls, &c.

And what loſs is it, to be rid of care?
Strives Bolingbroke to be as great as we?
Greater he ſhall not be; if he ſerve God,
We'll ſerve him too, and be his fellow ſo.
Revolt our ſubjects! that we cannot mend;
They break their faith to God, as well as us.
Cry, woe, deſtruction, ruin, loſs, decay;
The worſt is death, and death will have his day.

Scroop. Glad am I that your Highneſs is ſo arm'd
To bear the tidings of calamity.
Like an unſeaſonable and ſtormy day,
Which makes the ſilver rivers drown their ſhores,
As if the world were all diſſolv'd to tears;
So high above his limits ſwells the rage
Of Bolingbroke, cov'ring your fearful land
With hard bright ſteel, and hearts more hard than ſteel.
White beards have arm'd their thin and hairleſs ſcalps
Againſt thy Majeſty; boys with womens' voices
Strive to ſpeak big, and claſp their female joints
In ſtiff unwieldy arms, againſt thy crown.
Thy very herdſmen learn to bend their bows
Of double-fatal yew *, againſt thy ſtate:
Yea, diſtaff-women manage ruſty bills.
Againſt thy ſeat both young and old rebel,
And all goes worſe than I have pow'r to tell.

K. Rich. Too well, too well thou tell'ſt a tale ſo ill.
Where is the Earl of Wiltſhire? where is he got?
What is become of Buſhy? where is Green?
That they have let the dang'rous enemy
Meaſure our confines with ſuch peaceful ſteps?
If we prevail, their heads ſhall pay for it.
I warrant they've made peace with Bolingbroke.

Scroop. Peace they have made with him, indeed, my Lord.

K. Rich. O villains, vipers, damn'd without redemption!
Dogs, eaſily won to fawn on any man!
Snakes in my heart-blood warm'd, that ſting my heart!
Three Judaſſes, each one thrice worſe than Judas!
Would they make peace? terrible hell make war
Upon their ſpotted ſouls for this offence!

Scroop.

* *Called ſo, becauſe* the leaves of the yew are poiſon, and the *wood is employed for* inſtruments of death.

Scroop. Sweet love, I ſee, changing his property,
Turns to the ſoureſt and moſt deadly hate.
Again uncurſe their ſouls; their peace is made
With heads, and not with hands: thoſe whom you curſe,
Have feſt the worſt of death's deſtroying hand,
And lie full low, grav'd in the hallow'd ground.
Aum. Is Buſhy, Green, and th' Earl of Wiltſhire dead?
Scroop. Yea, all of them at Briſtol loſt their heads.
Aum. Where is the Duke my father, with his power?
K. Rich. No matter where; of comfort no man ſpeak.
'Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs,
'Make duſt our paper, and with rainy eyes
'Write ſorrow on the boſom of the earth!
'Let's chuſe executors, and talk of wills;
'And yet not ſo—for what can we bequeath,
'Save our depoſed bodies to the ground?
'Our lands, our lives, and all, are Bolingbroke's,
'And nothing can we call our own, but death;
'And that ſmall model * of the barren earth,
'Which ſerves as paſte and cover to our bones.
'For heav'ns ſake, let us ſit upon the ground,
'And tell ſad ſtories of the death of Kings;
'How ſome have been depos'd, ſome ſlain in war;
'Some haunted by the Ghoſts they diſpoſſeſs'd;
'Some poiſon'd by their wives, ſome ſleeping kill'd;
'All murther'd.—For within the hollow crown,
'That rounds the mortal temples of a king,
'Keeps Death his court; and there the antic ſits,
'Scoffing his ſtate, and grinning at his pomp;
'Allowing him a breath, a little ſcene
'To monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with looks;
'Infuſing him with ſelf and vain conceit,
'As if this fleſh which walls about our life,
'Were braſs impregnable; and, humour'd thus,
'Comes at the laſt, and with a little pin
'Bores through his caſtle-walls, and farewell King!
'Cover your heads, and mock not fleſh and blood
'With ſolemn rev'rence: throw away reſpect,
'Tradition, form, and ceremonious duty,
'For you have but miſtook me all this while.
'I live on bread like you, feel want like you;

* *Model, for part, portion.*

'Taſte grief, need friends, like you: ſubjected thus,
'How can you ſay to me I am a King?'

Carl. My Lord, wiſe men ne'er wail their preſent woes,
But preſently prevent the ways to wail.
To fear the foe, ſince fear oppreſſeth ſtrength,
Gives, in your weakneſs, ſtrength unto your foe;
And ſo your follies fight againſt yourſelf *.

K. Rich. Thou chid'ſt me well: proud Bolingbroke,
I come——— †
Say, Scroop, where lies your uncle with his power ‡?

Scroop. I play the torturer, by ſmall and ſmall
To lengthen out the worſt, that muſt be ſpoken.
Your uncle York is join'd with Bolingbroke,
And all your northern caſtles yielded up,
And all your ſouthern gentlemen in arms
Upon this faction.

K. Rich. Thou haſt ſaid enough.
Beſhrew thee, couſin, which didſt lead me forth
[*To Aumerle.*
Of that ſweet way I was into deſpair!
What ſay you now? what comfort have we now?
By heav'n I'll hate him everlaſtingly,
That bids me be of comfort any more.
Go to Flint-caſtle, there I'll pine away;
A King, woe's ſlave, ſhall kingly woe obey:

That

* ———againſt yourſelf.
Fear, and be ſlain; no worſe can come from fight;
And fight and die, is death deſtroying death:
Where fearing dying, pays death's ſervile breath.
Aum. My father hath a power, inquire of him,
And learn to make a body of a limb.
K. Rich. Thou chid'ſt me, &c.

† ———I come,
To change blows with thee, for our day of doom;
This ague-fit of fear is overblown;
An eaſy taſk it is to win our own.
Say, Scroop, &c.

‡ ——with his power.
Speak ſweetly, man, although thy looks be ſour.
Scroop. Men judge by the complexion of the ſky
The ſtate and inclination of the day;
So may you, by my dull and heavy eye,
My tongue hath but a heavier tale to ſay.
I play the torturer, &c.

That pow'r I have, discharge; and let 'em go
To ear * the land, that hath some hope to grow;
For I have none. Let no man speak again
To alter this, for counsel is but vain.

Aum. My Liege, one word.

K. Rich. He does me double wrong,
That wounds me with the flatt'ries of his tongue.
Discharge my followers: let them hence, away,
From Richard's night to Bolingbroke's fair day.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Bolingbroke's camp near Flint.*

Enter with drum and colours, Bolingbroke, York, Northumberland, and Attendants.

Boling. So that by this intelligence we learn
The Welchmen are dispers'd; and Salisbury
Is gone to meet the King, who lately landed
With some few private friends upon this coast.

North. The news is very fair and good, my Lord;
Richard, not far from hence, hath hid his head.

York. It would beseem the Lord Northumberland,
To say *King Richard.* Ah, the heavy day,
When such a sacred King should hide his head!

North. Your Grace mistakes me; only to be brief,
Left I his title out.

York. The time hath been,
Would you have been so brief with him, he would
Have been so brief with you, to shorten you,
For taking so the head, the whole head's length.

Boling. Mistake not, uncle, farther than you should.

York. Take not, good cousin, farther than you should,
Lest you mistake; the heav'ns are o'er your head.

Boling. I know it, uncle, nor oppose myself
Against their will. But who comes here?

Enter Percy.

Welcome, Harry; what, will not this castle yield?

Percy. The castle royally is mann'd, my Lord,
Against your entrance.

Boling. Royally? why, it contains no King?

Percy.

* *Ear or are, from aro, to plow.*

Percy. Yes, my good Lord,
It doth contain a King: King Richard lies
Within the limits of yond lime and ſtone;
And with him Lord Aumerle, Lord Saliſbury,
Sir Stephen Scroop, beſides a clergyman
Of holy reverence; who, I cannot learn.
North. Belike it is the Biſhop of Carliſle.
Boling. Noble Lord, [*To North.*
Go to the rude ribs of that ancient caſtle,
Through brazen trumpet ſend the breath of parle
Into his ruin'd ears, and thus deliver:
Henry of Bolingbroke upon his knees
Doth kiſs King Richard's hand, and ſends allegiance
And faith of heart unto his royal perſon:
Ev'n at his feet I lay my arms and pow'r,
Provided that my baniſhment repeal'd,
And lands reſtor'd again, be freely granted.
If not, I'll uſe th' advantage of my pow'r,
And lay the ſummer's duſt with ſhow'rs of blood,
Rain'd from the wounds of ſlaughter'd Engliſhmen.
The which, how far off from the mind of Bolingbroke
It is, ſuch crimſon tempeſt ſhould bedrench
The freſh green lap of fair King Richard's land,
My ſtooping duty tenderly ſhall ſhew.
Go ſignify as much, while here we march
Upon the graſſy carpet of this plain;
Let's march without the noiſe of threat'ning drum,
That from this caſtle's tatter'd battlements
Our fair appointments may be well perus'd.
Methinks King Richard and myſelf ſhould meet
With no leſs terror than the elements
Of fire and water, when their thund'ring ſhock,
At meeting, tears the cloudy cheeks of heav'n.†
March on, and mark King Richard how he looks.

SCENE

† ——— cheeks of heav'n.
Be he the fire, I'll be the yielding water;
Thy rage be his, while on the earth I rain
My waters; on the earth, and not on him.
March on, &c.

SCENE VI.

Parle without, and anſwer within; then a flouriſh. Enter, on the walls, King Richard, the Biſhop of Carliſle, Aumerle, Scroop, and Saliſbury.

York. See! ſee! King Richard doth himſelf appear,
" As doth the bluſhing diſcontented ſun,
" From out the fiery portal of the eaſt,
" When he perceives the envious clouds are bent,
" To dim his glory; and to ſtain the tract
" Of his bright paſſage to the occident."
Yet looks he like a King: behold his eye,
As bright as is the eagle's, lightens forth
Controlling majeſty! alack, for woe,
That any harm ſhould ſtain ſo fair a ſhow!

K. Rich. We are amaz'd, and thus long have we ſtood
To watch the fearful bending of thy knee, [*To North.*
Becauſe we thought ourſelf thy lawful King;
And if we be, how dare thy joints forget
To pay their awful duty to our preſence?
If we be not, ſhew us the hand of God,
That hath diſmiſs'd us from our ſtewardſhip.
For well we know, no hand of blood and bone
Can gripe the ſacred handle of our ſceptre,
Unleſs he do profane, ſteal, or uſurp.
And though you think, that all, as you have done,
Have torn their ſouls, by turning them from us,
And we are barren, and bereft of friends;
Yet know,——My maſter, God omnipotent,
Is muſt'ring in his clouds on our behalf
Armies of peſtilence; and they ſhall ſtrike
Your children yet unborn, and unbegot,
That lift your vaſſal-hands againſt my head,
And threat the glory of my precious crown.
Tell Bolingbroke, (for yond, methinks, he is,)
That every ſtride he makes upon my land
Is dangerous treaſon. He is come to ope
The purple teſtament of bleeding war;
But ere the crown he looks for, light in peace,
Ten thouſand bloody crowns of mothers' ſons
Shall ill *become the flow'r of* England's face;

Change

Change the complexion of her maid-pale peace
To ſcarlet indignation; and bedew
Her paſture's graſs with faithful Engliſh blood.

North. The King of heav'n forbid our Lord the King
Should ſo with civil and uncivil arms
Be ruſh'd upon! No; thy thrice-noble couſin,
Harry of Bolingbroke, doth kiſs thy hand,
And by the honourable tomb he ſwears,
That ſtands upon your royal grandſire's bones,
And by the royalties of both your bloods,
(Currents that ſpring from one moſt gracious head,)
And by the warlike hand of bury'd Gaunt,
And by the worth and honour of himſelf,
Compriſing all that may be ſworn or ſaid,
His coming hither hath no farther ſcope,
Than for his lineal royalties, and to beg
Infranchiſement immediate on his knees:
Which on thy royal party granted once,
His glitt'ring arms he will commend to ruſt,
His barbed ſteeds to ſtables; and his heart
To faithful ſervice of your Majeſty.
This ſwears he, as he is a prince, is juſt;
And as I am a gentleman, I credit him.

K. Rich. Northumberland, ſay, thus the King returns:
His noble couſin is right welcome hither,
And all the number of his fair demands
Shall be accompliſh'd without contradiction.
With all the gracious utterance thou haſt,
Speak to his gentle hearing kind commends.
We do debaſe ourſelf, couſin, do we not, [*To Aum.*
To look ſo poorly, and to ſpeak ſo fair?
Shall we call back Northumberland, and ſend
Defiance to the traitor, and ſo die?

Aum. No, good my Lord, let's fight with gentle words,
Till time lend friends, and friends their helpful ſwords.

K. Rich. Oh God, oh God! that e'er this tongue of mine,
That laid the ſentence of dread baniſhment
On yond proud man, ſhould take it off again
With words of ſooth; oh that I were as great
As is my grief, or leſſer than my name!
Or that I could forget what I have been,
Or not remember what I muſt be now!

Swell'ſt

Swell'ſt thou, proud heart? I'll give thee ſcope to beat.
Since foes have ſcope to beat both thee and me.

Aum. Northumberland comes back from Bolingbroke.

K. Rich. What muſt the King do now? muſt he ſubmit?
The King ſhall do it: muſt he be depos'd?
The King ſhall be contented: muſt he loſe
The name of King? o' God's name let it go.
I'll give my jewels for a ſet of beads;
My gorgeous palace for a hermitage;
My gay apparel for an alms-man's gown;
My figur'd goblets for a diſh of wood;
My ſceptre for a palmer's walking-ſtaff;
My ſubjects for a pair of carved ſaints;
And my large kingdom for a little grave;
A little, little grave;——an obſcure grave.
Or I'll be buried in the King's highway;
Some way of common tread, where ſubjects' feet
May hourly trample on their Sovereign's head *.
Aumerle, thou weep'ſt, (my tender hearted couſin!)
We'll make foul weather with deſpiſed tears;
Our ſighs, and they, ſhall lodge the ſummer-corn,
And make a dearth in this revolting land.
Or ſhall we play the wantons with our woes,
And make ſome pretty match with ſhedding tears!
As thus, to drop them ſtill upon one place,
Till they have fretted us a pair of graves †?
Moſt mighty Prince, my Lord Northumberland,
What ſays King Bolingbroke? will his Majeſty
Give Richard leave to live till Richard die?
You make a leg, and Bolingbroke ſays, *Ay.*

North. My Lord, in the baſe court he doth attend
To ſpeak with you, may't pleaſe you to come down.

K. Rich.

* ——— Sovereign's head:
For on my heart they tread now, whilſt I live;
And, bury'd once, why not upon my head?———
Aumerle, thou weep'ſt, &c.

† ——— a pair of graves
Within the earth; and therein laid, there lies
Two kinſmen, digg'd their graves with weeping eyes?
Would not this ill *do well? Well*, well, I ſee
I talk but idly, and you mock at me.
Moſt mighty Prince. &c.

K. Rich. Down, down I come; like glift'ring Phæton,
Wanting the manage of unruly jades *.

Boling. What ſays his Majeſty?

North. Sorrow and grief of heart
Makes him ſpeak fondly, like a frantic man;
Yet is he come.

Boling. Stand all apart,
And ſhew fair duty to his Majeſty.
My gracious Lord——— [*Kneels.*

K. Rich. Fair couſin, you debaſe your princely knee,
To make the baſe earth proud with kiſſing it.
Me rather had my heart might feel your love,
Than my unpleas'd eye ſee your courteſy †.

Boling. My gracious Lord, I come but for mine own.

K. Rich. Your own is yours, and I am yours, and all.

Boling. So far be mine, my moſt redoubted Lord,
As my true ſervice ſhall deſerve your love.

K. Rich. Well you deſerve: they well deſerve to have,
That know the ſtrong'ſt and ſureſt way to get.
Uncle, give me your hand; nay, dry your eyes; [*To York.*
Tears ſhow their love, but want their remedies.
Couſin, I am too young to be your father, [*To Boling.*
Though you are old enough to be my heir.
What you will have I'll give, and willing too;
For do we muſt what force will have us do.
Set on towards London. Couſin, is it ſo?

Boling. Yea, my good Lord.

K. Rich. Then I muſt not ſay, *No.* [*Flouriſh. Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *A garden in the Queen's court.*

Enter Queen and two Ladies.

Queen. What ſport ſhall we deviſe here in this garden,
To

* ——— of unruly jades.
In the baſe court? baſe court, where kings grow baſe
To come at traitors' calls, and do them grace.
In the baſe court come down? down, court; down, King;
For night-owls ſhriek where mounting larks ſhould ſing.
Boling. What, &c.

† ——— your courteſy.
Up, couſin, up; your heart is up, I know,
Thus high at leaſt, although your knee be low.
Boling. My gracious Lord, &c.

To drive away the heavy thought of care?
Lady. Madam, we'll play at bowls.
Queen. 'Twill make me think, the world is full of rubs,
And that my fortune runs againſt the bias.
Lady. Madam, we'll dance.
Queen. My legs can keep no meaſure in delight,
When my poor heart no meaſure keeps in grief.
Therefore no dancing, girl; ſome other ſport.
Lady. Madam, we'll tell tales.
Queen. Of ſorrow, or of joy?
Lady. Of either, Madam.
Queen. Of neither, girl.
For if of joy, being altogether wanting,
It doth remember me the more of ſorrow:
Or if of grief, being altogether had,
It adds more ſorrow to my want of joy.
For what I have, I need not to repeat;
And what I want, it boots not to complain.
Lady. Madam, I'll ſing.
Queen. 'Tis well that thou haſt cauſe:
But thou ſhould'ſt pleaſe me better would'ſt thou weep.
Lady. I could weep, Madam, would it do you good.
Queen. And I could weep, would weeping do me good,
And never borrow any tear of thee.
But ſtay, here come the gardeners.
Let's ſtep into the ſhadow of theſe trees;——
My wretchedneſs unto a row of pines,

Enter a Gardener, and two Servants.

They'll talk of ſtate; for every one doth ſo,
Againſt a change; woe is fore-run with mocks.
[*Queen and Ladies retire.*
Gard. Go, bind thou up yond dangling apricocks,
Which, like unruly children, make their ſire
Stoop with oppreſſion of their prodigal weight:
Give ſome ſupportance to the bending twigs.
Go thou, and, like an executioner,
Cut off the heads of too-faſt-growing ſprays,
That look too lofty in our commonwealth:
All muſt be even in our government.
You thus employ'd, I will go root away
The noiſome weeds, that without profit ſuck

The ſoil's fertility from wholeſome flowers.
Serv. Why ſhould we, in the compaſs of a pale,
Keep law, and form, and due proportion,
Shewing, as in a model, a firm ſtate;
When our ſea-walled garden (the whole land)
Is full of weeds, her faireſt flowers choak'd up,
Her fruit-trees all unprun'd, her hedges ruin'd,
Her knots diſorder'd, and her wholeſome herbs
Swarming with caterpillars?
Gard. Hold thy peace.
He that hath ſuffer'd this diſorder'd ſpring,
Hath now himſelf met with the fall of leaf:
The weeds that his broad-ſpreading leaves did ſhelter,
(That ſeem'd, in eating him, to hold him up,)
Are pull'd up, root and all, by Bolingbroke;
I mean, the Earl of Wiltſhire, Buſhy, Green.
Serv. What, are they dead?
Gard. They are,
And Bolingbroke hath ſeiz'd the waſteful King.
What pity is't, that he had not ſo trimm'd
And dreſs'd his land, as we this garden dreſs,
And wound the bark, the ſkin, of our fruit-trees,
Leſt, being over proud with ſap and blood,
With too much riches it confound itſelf?
Had he done ſo to great and growing men,
They might have liv'd to bear, and he to taſte
Their fruits of duty. All ſuperfluous branches
We lop away, that bearing boughs may live:
Had he done ſo, himſelf had borne the crown,
Which waſte and idle hours have quite thrown down.
Serv. What, think you then the King ſhall be depos'
Gard. Depreſs'd he is already; and depos'd,
'Tis doubted, he will be. Letters laſt night
Came to a dear friend of the Duke of York,
That tell black tidings. [ſpeakin
Queen. Oh, I am preſs'd to death, through want
Thou Adam's likeneſs, ſet to dreſs this garden,
How dares thy tongue ſound this unpleaſing news?
What Eve, what ſerpent hath ſuggeſted thee,
To make a ſecond fall of curſed man?
Why doſt thou ſay, King Richard is depos'd?
Dar'ſt thou (thou little better thing than earth)

Di

Divine his downfal? Say, where, when, and how
Cam'ſt thou by theſe ill tidings? ſpeak, thou wretch.

Gard. Pardon me, Madam. Little joy have I
To breathe theſe news; yet what I ſay is true.
King Richard, he is in the mighty hold
Of Bolingbroke; their fortunes both are weigh'd:
In your Lord's ſcale is nothing but himſelf,
And ſome few vanities that make him light:
But in the balance of great Bolingbroke,
Beſides himſelf, are all the Engliſh Peers,
And with that odds he weighs King Richard down.
Poſt you to London, and you'll find it ſo;
I ſpeak no more than every one doth know.

Queen. Nimble Miſchance, that art ſo light of foot,
Doth not thy embaſſage belong to me?
And am I laſt that know it? Oh, thou think'ſt
To ſerve me laſt, that I may longeſt keep
Thy ſorrow in my breaſt. Come, Ladies, go;
To meet at London, London's King in woe.
What was I born to this! that my ſad look
Should grace the triumph of great Bolingbroke!
Gard'ner, for telling me theſe news of woe,
I would the plants thou graft'ſt may never grow.

[*Exeunt Queen and Ladies.*

Gard. Poor Queen, ſo that thy ſtate might be no worſe,
I would my ſkill were ſubject to thy curſe.
Here did ſhe droop a tear; here, in this place,
I'll ſet a bank of rue, four *herb of grace;*
Rue, ev'n for ruth, here ſhortly ſhall be ſeen,
In the remembrance of a weeping Queen.

[*Ex. Gard. and Serv.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

In London.

Enter, as to the parliament, Bolingbroke, Aumerle, Northumberland, Percy, Fitzwater, Surrey, Biſhop of Carliſle, Abbot of Weſtminſter, Herald, Officers and Bagot.

Boling. CALL Bagot forth. Now freely ſpeak thy mind,
What thou doſt know of Noble Glo'ſter's death;
Who wrought it with the King, and who perform'd
The bloody office of his timeleſs * end.

Bagot. Then ſet before my face the Lord Aumerle.

Boling. Couſin, ſtand forth, and look upon that man.

Bagot. My Lord Aumerle, I know your daring tongue
Scorns to unſay what it hath once deliver'd.
In that dead time when Glo'ſter's death was plotted,
I heard you ſay, is not my arm of length,
That reacheth from the reſtful Engliſh court
As far as Calais to my uncle's head?
Amongſt much other talk, that every time,
I heard you ſay, You rather had refuſe
The offer of an hundred thouſand crowns,
Than Bolingbroke return to England; adding,
How bleſs'd this land would be in this your couſin's death.

Aum. Princes, and Noble Lords,
What anſwer ſhall I make to this baſe man?
Shall I ſo much diſhonour my fair ſtem,
On equal terms to give him chaſtiſement?
Either I muſt, or have mine honour ſoil'd
With the attainder of his ſland'rous lips.
There is my gage, the manual ſeal of death,
That marks thee out for hell. Thou lyeſt;
And I'll maintain what thou haſt ſaid is falſe,
In thy heart-blood, though being all too baſe
To ſtain the temper of my knightly ſword.

Boling. Bagot, forbear; thou ſhalt not take it up.

Aum. Excepting one, I would he were the beſt
In all this preſence that hath mov'd me ſo.

Fitz.w.

* *Timeleſs*, for *untimely*.

Fitzw. If that thy valour ſtand on ſympathies,
There is my gage, Aumerle, in gage to thine.
By that fair ſun, that ſhews me where thou ſtand'ſt,
I heard thee ſay, and vauntingly thou ſpak'ſt it,
That thou wert cauſe of Noble Glo'ſter's death.
If thou deny'ſt it, twenty times thou lieſt;
And I will turn thy falſehood to thy heart,
Where it was forged, with thy rapier's point.

Aum. Thou dar'ſt not, coward, live to ſee the day.

Fitzw. Now, by my ſoul, I would it were this hour.

Aum. Fitzwater, thou art damn'd to hell for this.

Percy. Aumerle, thou lieſt; his honour is as true,
In this appeal, as thou art all unjuſt;
And that thou art ſo, there I throw my gage
To prove it on thee, to th' extremeſt point
Of mortal breathing. Seize it, if thou dar'ſt.

Aum. And if I do not, may my hands rot off,
And never brandiſh more revengeful ſteel
Over the glittering helmet of my foe!
Who ſets me elſe? by Heav'n, I'll throw at all.
I have a thouſand ſpirits in my breaſt,
To anſwer twenty thouſand ſuch as you.

Surrey. My Lord Fitzwater, I remember well
The very time Aumerle and you did talk.

Fitzw. My Lord, 'tis true: you were in preſence then;
And you can witneſs with me this is true.

Surrey. As falſe, by heav'n, as heav'n itſelf is true.

Fitzw. Surrey, thou lieſt.

Surrey. Diſhonourable boy,
That lie ſhall lie ſo heavy on my ſword,
That it ſhall render vengeance and revenge,
Till thou the lie-giver, and that lie, reſt
In earth as quiet as thy father's ſcull.
In proof whereof, there is mine honour's pawn:
Engage it to the trial, if thou dar'ſt.

Fitzw. How fondly doſt thou ſpur a forward horſe!
If I dare eat, or drink, or breathe, or live,
I dare meet Surrey in a wilderneſs,
And ſpit upon him, whilſt I ſay he lies,
And lies, and lies: there is my bond of faith,
To tie thee to my ſtrong correction.
As I intend to *thrive in this new* world,

Aumerle is guilty of my true appeal.
Beſides, I heard the banish'd Norfolk ſay,
That thou, Aumerle, didſt ſend two of thy men
To execute the Noble Duke at Calais.
Aum. Some honeſt Chriſtian truſt me with a gage,
That Norfolk lies: here do I throw down this,
If he may be repeal'd, to try his honour.
Boling. Theſe diff'rences ſhall all reſt under gage,
Till Norfolk be repeal'd: repeal'd he ſhall be;
And, though mine enemy, reſtor'd again
To all his ſignories; when he's return'd,
Againſt Aumerle we will enforce his trial.
Carl. That honourable day ſhall ne'er be ſeen.
Many a time hath banish'd Norfolk fought
For Jeſu Chriſt, in glorious Chriſtian field
Streaming the enſign of the Chriſtian croſs,
Againſt black Pagans, Turks, and Saracens:
Then, toil'd with works of war, retir'd himſelf
To Italy, and there at Venice gave
His body to that pleaſant country's earth,
And his pure ſoul unto his captain Chriſt,
Under whoſe colours he had fought ſo long.
Boling. Why, Biſhop, is Norfolk dead?
Carl. Sure as I live, my Lord.
Boling. Sweet peace conduct his ſoul
To th' boſom of good Abraham!—Lords appellants,
Your diff'rences ſhall all reſt under gage,
Till we aſſign you to your days of trial.

SCENE II. *Enter York.*

York. Great Duke of Lancaſter, I come to thee
From plume-pluck'd Richard, who with willing ſoul
Adopts thee heir, and his high ſceptre yields
To the poſſeſſion of thy Royal hand.
Aſcend his throne, deſcending now from him,
And long live Henry, of that name the Fourth!
Boling. In God's name, I'll aſcend the regal throne.
Carl. Marry, Heav'n forbid!
'Worſt in this Royal preſence may I ſpeak,
Yet beſt beſeeming me to ſpeak the truth.
Would God, that any in this Noble preſence
Were enough noble to be upright judge

Of Noble Richard; then true nobleneſs would
Learn him forbearance from ſo foul a wrong.
What ſubject can give ſentence on his King?
And who ſits here that is not Richard's ſubject?
Thieves are not judg'd, but they are by to hear,
Although apparent guilt be ſeen in them.
And ſhall the figure of God's Majeſty,
His Captain, Steward, Deputy elect,
Anointed, crown'd, and planted many years,
Be judg'd by ſubject and inferior breath,
And he himſelf not preſent! Oh, forbid it!
That, in a Chriſtian climate, ſouls refin'd
Should ſhew ſo heinous, black, obſcene a deed.
I ſpeak to ſubjects, and a ſubject ſpeaks,
Stirr'd up by Heav'n, thus boldly for his King.
My Lord of Hereford here, whom you call King,
Is a foul traitor to proud Hereford's King.
And if you crown him let me propheſy,
The blood of Engliſh ſhall manure the ground,
And future ages groan for this foul act.
Peace ſhall go ſleep with Turks and Infidels,
And in this ſeat of peace, tumultuous wars
Shall kin with kin, and kind with kind, confound.
Diſorder, horror, fear and mutiny
Shall here inhabit, and this land be call'd
The field of Golgotha, and dead mens' ſculls.
Oh, if you rear this houſe againſt this houſe,
It will the wofulleſt diviſion prove,
That ever fell upon this curſed earth.
Prevent, reſiſt it, let it not be ſo,
Leſt childrens children cry againſt you, Woe.

North. Well have you argu'd, Sir; and for your pains,
Of capital treaſon we arreſt you here.
My Lord of Weſtminſter, be it your charge,
To keep him ſafely till his day of trial.
May't pleaſe you, Lords, to grant the Commons' ſuit?

Boling. Fetch hither Richard, that in common view
He may ſurrender: ſo we ſhall proceed
Without ſuſpicion.

York. I will be his conduct. [*Exit.*

Boling. Lords, you, that here are under our arreſt,
Procure your ſureties for your days of anſwer:

Little

Little are we beholden to your love,
And little look'd for at your helping hands.

SCENE III. *Enter King Richard and York.*

K. Rich. Alack why am I ſent for to a King,
Before I have ſhook off the regal thoughts
Wherewith I reign'd? I hardly yet have learn'd
T' inſinuate, flatter, bow, and bend my knee.
Give ſorrow leave a while to tutor me
To this ſubmiſſion. Yet I well remember
The favours of theſe men: were they not mine?
Did they not ſometime cry, All hail! to me?
So Judas did to Chriſt: but he, in twelve,
Found truth in all, but one; I, in twelve thouſand, none *.
To do what ſervice, am I ſent for hither?

York. To do that office of thine own good will,
Which tired Majeſty did make thee offer;
The reſignation of thy ſtate and crown.

K. Rich. Give me the crown.——Here, couſin, ſeize the crown,
Here, on this ſide, my hand; on that ſide, thine †.
Now

* ——————in twelve thouſand, none.
God ſave the King!——will no man ſay, *Amen?*
Am I both prieſt and clerk? well then, *Amen.*
God ſave the King, although I be not he;
And yet, *Amen*, if heav'n do think him me.
To do what ſervice, &c.

† ——————on that ſide, thine.
Now is this golden crown like a deep well,
That owes two buckets, filling one another;
The emptier ever dancing in the air,
The other down, unſeen and full of water;
That bucket down, and full of tears, am I;
Drinking my griefs, whilſt you mount up on high.

Boling. I thought you had been willing to reſign.

K. Rich. My crown, I am; but ſtill my griefs are mine:
You may my glories, and my ſtate depoſe,
But not my griefs: ſtill am I King of thoſe.

Boling. Part of your cares you give me with your crown.

K. Rich. Your cares ſet up, do not pluck my cares down.
My care, is loſs of care, by old care done;
Your care, is gain of care, by new care won.
The cares I give, I have, though given away;
They tend the crown, yet ſtill with me they ſtay.

Boling.

Now mark me how I will undo myſelf:
I give this heavy weight from off my head,
And this unwieldy ſceptre from off my hand,
The pride of kingly ſway from out my heart;
With mine own tears I waſh away my balm;
With mine own hands I give away my crown;
With mine own tongue deny my ſacred ſtate;
With mine own breath releaſe all duteous oaths.
All pomp and majeſty I do forſwear:
My manors, rents, revenues, I forego;
My acts, decrees, and ſtatutes I deny.
God pardon all oaths that are broke to me!
God keep all vows unbroke are made to thee!
Make me, that nothing have, with nothing griev'd,
And thou with all pleas'd, that haſt all atchiev'd*!
What more remains?

North. No more; but that you read
Theſe accuſations, and theſe grievous crimes
Committed by your perſon, and your followers,
Againſt the ſtate and profit of this land;
That, by confeſſing them, the ſouls of men
May deem that you are worthily depos'd.

K. Rich. Muſt I do ſo? and muſt I ravel out
My weav'd-up follies? Gentle Northumberland,
If thy offences were upon record,
Would it not ſhame thee, in ſo fair a troop,
To read a lecture of them? if thou would'ſt,
There ſhould'ſt thou find one heinous article,
Containing the depoſing of a King;
And cracking the ſtrong warrant of an oath,
Mark'd with a blot, damn'd in the book of heav'n.
Nay, all of you that ſtand and look upon me,

Whilſt

Boling. Are you contented to reſign the crown?
K. Rich. Ay, no;—no, ay;—for I muſt nothing be:
Therefore no no: for I reſign to thee.
Now, mark me, &c.
* ——— that haſt all atchiev'd!
Long may'ſt thou live in Richard's ſeat to ſit,
And ſoon lie Richard in an earthly pit!
Thus King Henry, unking'd Richard ſays,
And ſend him many years of ſun ſhine days!
What more, &c.

Whilſt that my wretchedneſs doth bait myſelf,
Though ſome of you with Pilate waſh your hands,
Shewing an outward pity; yet you Pilates
Have here deliver'd me to my four croſs,
And water cannot waſh away your ſin.

North. My Lord, diſpatch; read o'er theſe articles.

K. Rich. Mine eyes are full of tears: I cannot ſee:
And yet ſalt-water blinds them not ſo much,
But they can ſee a fort * of traitors here.
Nay, if I turn mine eyes upon myſelf,
I find myſelf a traitor with the reſt:
For I have given here my ſoul's conſent,
T' undeck the pompous body of a King,
Made glory baſe, a ſovereign a ſlave,
Proud majeſty a ſubject, ſtate a peaſant.

North. My Lord———

K. Rich. No lord of thine, thou haught-inſulting man;
Nor no man's lord: I have no name, no title?
No, not that name was given me at the font,
But 'tis uſurp'd. Alack, the heavy day,
That I have worn ſo many winters out,
And know not now what name to call myſelf!
Oh, that I were a mockery king of ſnow,
Standing before the ſun of Bolingbroke,
To melt myſelf away in water-drops †!
And if my word be ſterling yet in England, [*To Boling.*
Let it command a mirror hither ſtraight,
That it may ſhew me what a face I have,
Since it is bankrupt of his Majeſty.

Boling. Go ſome of you, and fetch a looking-glaſs.

North. Read o'er this paper while the glaſs doth come.

K. Rich Fiend, thou torment'ſt me ere I come to hell.

Boling. Urge it no more, my Lord Northumberland.

North. The Commons will not then be ſatisfy'd.

K. Rich. They ſhall be ſatisfy'd: I'll read enough
When I do ſee the very book, indeed,
Where all my ſins are writ, and that's myſelf.

Enter

* *i. e.* A pack, a company.

† ——— in water-drops!
Good King,—great King,—(and yet not greatly good,)
And if my word, &c.

Enter one with a glaſs.

Give me that glaſs, and therein will I read.
No deeper wrinkles yet? hath ſorrow ſtruck
So many blows upon this face of mine,
And made no deeper wounds? Oh, flatt'ring glaſs!
Like to my followers in proſperity,
Thou doſt beguile me. Was this face the face
That every day under his houſehold-roof
Did keep ten thouſand men! was this the face,
That, like the ſun, did make beholders wink*?
How ſoon my ſorrow hath deſtroy'd my face.

Boling. The ſhadow of your ſorrow hath deſtroy'd
The ſhadow of your face.

K. Rich. Say that again.
The ſhadow of my ſorrow! ha, let's ſee;
'Tis very true, my grief lies all within;
And theſe external manners of laments
Are merely ſhadows to the unſeen grief,
That ſwells with ſilence in the tortur'd ſoul.
There lies the ſubſtance: and I thank thee, King,
For thy great bounty, that not only giv'ſt
Me cauſe to wail, but teacheſt me the way
How to lament the cauſe. I'll beg one boon;
And then be gone, and trouble you no more.
Shall I obtain it?

Boling. Name it, fair couſin.

K. Rich. Fair couſin! I am greater than a King:
For when I was a King, my flatterers
Were then but ſubjects; being now a ſubject,
I have a King here to my flatterer.
Being ſo great, I have no need to beg.

Boling. Yet aſk.

K. Rich. And ſhall I have?

Boling.

* ——— beholders wink?
Is this the face which fac'd ſo many follies,
That was at laſt out-fac'd by Bolingbroke?
A brittle glory ſhineth in this face;
[*Daſhes the glaſs againſt the ground.*
As brittle as the glory is the face;
For there it is, crack'd in an hundred ſhivers.
Mark, ſilent King, the moral of this ſport;
How ſoon my ſorrow, &c.

Boling. You ſhall.
K. Rich. Then give me leave to go.
Boling. Whither?
K. Rich. Whither you will, ſo I were from your ſight.
Boling. Go ſome of you convey him to the Tower*.
On Wedneſday next we ſolemnly ſet down
Our coronation: Lords, prepare yourſelves.
[*Ex. all but Abbot, Biſhop of Carliſle, and Aumerle.*

SCENE IV.

Abbot. A woeful pageant have we here beheld.
Carl. The woe's to come; the children yet unborn
Shall feel this day as ſharp to them as thorn.
Aum. You holy clergymen, is there no plot,
To rid the realm of this pernicious blot?
Abbot. Before I freely ſpeak my mind herein,
You ſhall not only take the ſacrament,
To bury mine intents, but to effect
Whatever I ſhall happen to deviſe.
I ſee your brows are full of diſcontent,
Your hearts of ſorrow, and your eyes of tears.
Come home with me to ſupper, and I'll lay
A plot ſhall ſhew us all a merry day. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

A ſtreet in London.

Enter Queen and Ladies.

Queen. THIS way the King will come: this is the way
To Julius Cæſar's ill erected tow'r;
To whoſe flint boſom my condemned Lord
Is doom'd a priſoner, by proud Bolingbroke.
Here let us reſt, if this rebellious earth
Have any reſting for her true King's Queen.

Enter

* —— convey him to the Tower.
K. Rich. Oh, good! convey:——conveyers are you all,
That riſe thus nimbly by a true King's fall.
Boling. On Wedneſday, &c.

Enter King Richard and guards.

But ſoft, but ſee, or rather do not ſee,
My fair roſe wither; yet look up; behold,
That you in pity may diſſolve to dew,
And waſh him freſh again with true-love tears.
O thou, the model where old Troy did ſtand,
[*To King Rich.*
Thou map of honour, thou King Richard's tomb,
And not King Richard; thou moſt beauteous inn,
y ſhould hard-favour'd grief be lodg'd in thee,
n triumph is become an ale-houſe gueſt?
. *Rich.* Join not with Grief, fair woman, do not ſo,
nake my end too ſudden: learn, good ſoul,
hink our former ſtate a happy dream,
which awak'd, the truth of what we are,
's us but this. I am ſworn brother, ſweet,
rim Neceſſity; and he and I
eep a league till death. Hie thee to France,
loiſter thee in ſome religious houſe.
ly lives muſt win a new world's crown,
n our profane hours here have ſtricken down.
ueen. What, is my Richard both in ſhape and mind
nsform'd and weak? hath Bolingbroke depos'd
Thine intellect hath he been in thy heart?
The lion, dying, thruſteth forth his paw,
And wounds the earth, if nothing elſe, with rage
To be o'erpower'd: and wilt thou, pupil-like,
Take thy correction mildly, kiſs the rod,
And fawn on rage with baſe humility,
Which art a lion, and a King of beaſts?
K. Rich. A King of beaſts indeed; if aught but beaſts,
I had been ſtill a happy King of men.
Good ſometime * Queen, prepare thee hence for France;
Think I am dead; and that ev'n here thou tak'ſt,
As from my death-bed, my laſt living leave.
" In winter's tedious nights ſit by the fire
" With good old folks, and let them tell thee tales
" Of woeful ages, long ago betid:
" And ere thou bid good night, to quit their grief,

* *Sometime for formerly.*

" Tell thou the lamentable fall of me,
" And ſend the hearers weeping to their beds *."

SCENE II.

Enter Northumberland attended.

North. My Lord, the mind of Bolingbroke is chang'd:
You muſt to Pomfret, not unto the Tower.
And, Madam, there is order ta'en from you;
With all ſwift ſpeed you muſt away to France.

K. Rich. Northumberland, thou ladder wherewithal
The mounting Bolingbroke aſcends my throne,
The time ſhall not be many hours of age
More than it is, ere foul ſin, gath'ring head,
Shall break into corruption; thou ſhalt think,
Though he divide the realm, and give thee half,
It is too little, helping him to all:
And he ſhall think, that thou, which know'ſt the way
To plant unrightful Kings, wilt know again,
Being ne'er ſo little urg'd, another way
To pluck him headlong from th' uſurped throne.
The love of wicked friends converts to fear;
That fear to hate; and hate turns one, or both,
To worthy danger, and deſerved death.

North. My guilt be on my head, and there's an end!
Take leave and part, for you muſt part forthwith.

K. Rich. Doubly divorc'd? Bad men, ye violate
A twofold marriage; 'twixt my crown and me,
And then betwixt me and my married wife.
Let me unkiſs the oath 'twixt thee and me.
[*To the Queen.*
And yet not ſo, for with a kiſs 'twas made.
Part us, Northumberland: I, towards the north,
Where ſhiv'ring cold and ſickneſs pines the clime;
My Queen to France; from whence, ſet forth in pomp,
She came adorned hither like ſweet May!

Sent

* ——to their beds."
For why? the ſenſeleſs brand will ſympathize
The heavy accent of thy moving tongue,
And in compaſſion weep the fire out:
And ſome will mourn in aſhes, ſome coal-black,
For the depoſing of a rightful King.

SCENE, &c.

Sent back like Hollowmas, or ſhorteſt day.

Queen. And muſt we be divided? muſt we part?

K. Rich. Ay, hand from hand, my love, and heart from heart.

Queen. Baniſh us both, and ſend the King with me.

North. That were ſome love, but little policy *.

K. Rich. Thus give I mine, and thus take I thy heart. [*They kiſs.*

Queen. Give me mine own again; 'twere no good part,
To take on me to keep, and kill thy heart. [*Kiſs again.*
So, now I have mine own again, be gone,
That I may ſtrive to kill it with a groan.

K. Rich. We make woe wanton with this fond delay.
Once more, adieu; the reſt let ſorrow ſay. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The Duke of York's palace.*

Enter York, and his Dutcheſs.

Dutch. My Lord, you told me, you would tell the reſt,
When weeping made you break the ſtory off,
Of our two couſins coming into London.

York. Where did I leave?

Dutch. At that ſad ſtop, my Lord,
Where rude miſgovern'd hands, from window-tops,
Threw duſt and rubbiſh on King Richard's head.

York. 'Then, as I ſaid, the Duke, great Bolingbroke,
'Mounted upon a hot and fiery ſteed,
'Which his aſpiring rider ſeem'd to know,
'With ſlow, but ſtately pace, kept on his courſe;
'While all tongues cry'd, God ſave thee, Bolingbroke!

* ———but little policy.

K. Rich. So two together weeping, make one woe.

Queen. Then whither he goes, thither let me go,
Weep thou for me in France, I for thee here:
Better far off, than near, be ne'er the near.
Go, count thy way with ſighs, I mine with groans.

Queen. So longeſt way ſhall have the longeſt moans.

K. Rich. Twice for one ſtep I'll groan, the way being ſhort,
[illegible] the way out with a heavy heart.
[illegible] me, in wooing ſorrow let's be brief;
[illegible]dding it, there is ſuch length in grief.
[illegible]hall ſtop our mouths, and dumbly part;
[illegible] I mine, &c.

'You would have thought the very windows ſpake,
'So many greedy looks of young and old
'Through caſements darted their deſiring eyes
'Upon his viſage; and that all the walls
'With painted imag'ry had ſaid at once,
'Jeſu, preſerve thee! welcome, Bolingbroke!
'Whilſt he, from one ſide to the other turning,
'Bare-headed, lower than his proud ſteed's neck,
'Beſpoke them thus: I thank you, countrymen;
'And thus ſtill doing, thus he paſs'd along.'

Dutch. Alas! poor Richard, where rides he the while

York. 'As in a theatre, the eyes of men,
'After a well-grac'd actor leaves the ſtage,
'Are idly bent on him that enters next,
'Thinking his prattle to be tedious:
'Even ſo, or with much more contempt, mens' eyes
'Did ſcowl on Richard; no man cry'd, God ſave him!
'No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home:
'But duſt was thrown upon his ſacred head;
'Which with ſuch gentle ſorrow he ſhook off,
'His face ſtill combating with tears and ſmiles,
'The badges of his grief and patience;
'That had not God, for ſome ſtrong purpoſe, ſteel'd
'The hearts of men, they muſt perforce have melted,
'And barbariſm itſelf have pitied him.'

But Heaven hath a hand in theſe events,
To whoſe high will we bound our calm contents.
To Bolingbroke are we ſworn ſubjects now,
Whoſe ſtate and honour I for ay allow.

SCENE IV. *Enter Aumerle.*

Dutch. Here comes my ſon Aumerle.

York. Aumerle that was,
But that is loſt, for being Richard's friend.
And, Madam, you muſt call him *Rutland* now.
I am in parliament pledge for his truth,
And laſting fealty to the new-made King.

Dutch. Welcome, my ſon; who are the violets now,
That ſtrew the green lap of the new-come ſpring?

Aum. Madam, I know not, nor I greatly care.
God knows, I had as lief be none, as one.

York. *Well,* bear you well in this new ſpring of time

Left you be cropt before you come to prime.
What news from Oxford? hold thoſe juſts and triumphs?
Aum. For aught I know, they do.
York. You will be there?
Aum. If God prevent me not, I purpoſe ſo.
York. What ſeal is that which hangs without thy bo-
Yea, look'ſt thou pale? let me ſee the writing. [ſom?
Aum. My Lord, 'tis nothing.
York. No matter then who ſees it.
I will be ſatisfied; let me ſee the writing.
Aum. I do beſeech your Grace to pardon me:
It is a matter of ſmall conſequence,
Which for ſome reaſons I would not have ſeen.
York. Which, for ſome reaſons, Sir, I mean to ſee.
I fear, I fear——
Dutch. What ſhould you fear, my Lord?
'Tis nothing but ſome bond he's enter'd into,
For gay apparel, againſt the triumph.
York. Bound to himſelf? what doth he with a bond,
That he is bound to? wife thou art a fool.
Boy, let me ſee the writing.
Aum. I do beſeech you, pardon me; I may not ſhew it.
York. I will be ſatisfied, let me ſee it, I ſay.
[*Snatches it, and reads.*
Treaſon! foul treaſon! villain, traitor, ſlave!
Dutch. What's the matter, my Lord?
York. Hoa, who's within there? ſaddle my horſe.
Heav'n for his mercy! what treachery is here!
Dutch. Why, what is't, my Lord?
York. Give me my boots, I ſay; ſaddle my horſe.
Now by my honour, by my life, my troth,
I will appeach the villain.
Dutch. What is the matter?
York. Peace, fooliſh woman.
Dutch. I will not peace: what is the matter, ſon?
Aum. Good mother, be content; it is no more
Than my poor life muſt anſwer.
Dutch. Thy life anſwer!

SCENE V. *Enter Servant with boots.*

York. Bring me my boots. I will unto the King.

Dutch. Strike him, Aumerle. (Poor boy, thou art amaz'd.)
Hence, villain, never more come in my ſight.
[*Speaking to the Servant.*

York. Give me my boots.

Dutch. Why, York, what wilt thou do?
Wilt thou not hide the treſpaſs of thine own?
Have we more ſons? or are we like to have?
Is not my teeming date drunk up with time?
And wilt thou pluck my fair ſon from mine age,
And rob me of a happy mother's name?
Is he not like thee? is he not like thine own?

York. Thou fond mad-woman,
Wilt thou conceal this dark conſpiracy?
A dozen of them here have ta'en the ſacrament,
And interchangeably have ſet their hands,
To kill the King at Oxford.

Dutch. He ſhall be none.
We'll keep him here; then what is that to him?

York. Away, fond woman: were he twenty times
My ſon, I would appeach him.

Dutch. Had'ſt thou groan'd for him,
As I have done, thou'dſt be more pitiful.
But now I know thy mind; thou doſt ſuſpect,
That I have been diſloyal to thy bed,
And that he is a baſtard, not thy ſon.
Sweet York, ſweet huſband, be not of that mind:
He is as like thee as a man may be.
Nor like to me, nor any of my kin,
And yet I love him.

York. Make way, unruly woman. [*Exit.*

Dutch. After, Aumerle; mount thee upon his horſe;
Spur poſt, and get before him to the King,
And beg thy pardon, ere he do accuſe thee,
I'll not be long behind; though I be old,
I doubt not but to ride as faſt as York:
And never will I riſe up from the ground,
Till Bolingbroke have pardon'd thee. Away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *Changes to the court at Windſor-caſtle.*

Enter Bolingbroke, Percy, and other Lords.

Boling. Can no man tell of my unthrifty ſon?

'Tis full three months since I did see him last.
If any plague hang over us, 'tis he.
I would to heav'n, my Lords, he might be found.
Inquire at London, 'mong the taverns there:
For there, they say, he daily doth frequent,
With unrestrained loose companions:
Even such, they say, as stand in narrow lanes,
And beat our watch, and rob our passengers;
While he, young, wanton, and effeminate boy,
Takes on the point of honour, to support
So dissolute a crew.

Percy. My Lord, some two days since I saw the Prince,
And told him of these triumphs held at Oxford.

Boling. And what said the gallant?

Percy. His answer was, he would unto the stews,
And from the common'st creature pluck a glove,
And wear it as a favour, and with that
He would unhorse the lustiest challenger.

Boling. As dissolute as desp'rate; yet through both
I see some sparks of hope, which elder days
May happily bring forth. But who comes here?

Enter Aumerle.

Aum. Where is the King?

Boling. What means our cousin, that he stares,
And looks so wildly?

Aum. God save your Grace. I do beseech your Majesty
To have some conf'rence with your Grace alone.

Boling. Withdraw yourselves, and leave us here alone.
[*Ex. Lords.*
What is the matter with our cousin now?

Aum. For ever may my knees grow to the earth,
[*Kneels.*
My tongue cleave to my roof within my mouth,
Unless a pardon, ere I rise or speak!

Boling. Intended, or committed, was this fault?
If but the first, how heinous e'er it be,
To win thy after-love, I pardon thee.

Aum. Then give me leave that I may turn the key,
That no man enter till the tale be done.

Boling. Have thy desire. [*York within.*

York. My Liege, beware, look to thyself,
Thou

Thou haſt a traitor in thy preſence there.

Boling. Villain, I'll make thee ſafe.

Aum. Stay thy revengeful hand, thou haſt no cauſe to fear.

York. Open the door, ſecure, fool-hardy King.
Shall I for love ſpeak treaſon to thy face?
Open the door, or I will break it open.

SCENE VII. *Enter York.*

Boling. What is the matter, uncle? ſpeak, take breath:
Tell us how near is danger,
That we may arm us to encounter it.

York. Peruſe this writing here, and thou ſhalt know
The treaſon that my haſte forbids me ſhow.

Aum. Remember, as thou read'ſt, thy promiſe paſt:
I do repent me, read not my name there,
My heart is not confed'rate with my hand.

York. Villain, it was ere thy hand ſet it down.
I tore it from the traitor's boſom, King;
Fear, and not love, begets his penitence;
Forget to pity him, leſt thy pity prove
A ſerpent that will ſting thee to the heart.

Boling. O heinous, ſtrong, and bold conſpiracy!
O loyal father of a treach'rous ſon!
Thou clear, immaculate, and ſilver fountain,
From whence this ſtream, through muddy paſſages,
Hath had his current, and defil'd himſelf;
Thy overflow of good converts the bad;
And thine abundant goodneſs ſhall excuſe
This deadly blot in thy digreſſing ſon.

York. So ſhall my virtue be his vice's bawd,
And he ſhall ſpend mine honour with his ſhame;
As thriftleſs ſons their ſcraping fathers' gold.
Mine honour lives, when his diſhonour dies:
Or my ſham'd life in his diſhonour lies:
Thou kill'ſt me in his life; giving him breath,
The traitor lives, the true man's put to death.

[*Dutcheſs within.*

Dutch. What ho, my Liege! for Heav'n's ſake, let me in.

Boling. What ſhrill-voic'd ſuppliant makes this eager cry?

Dutch. A woman, and thine aunt, great King, 'tis I.

Speak

Speak with me, pity me, open the door;
A beggar begs that never begg'd before *.
Boling. My dang'rous couſin, let your mother in;
I know ſhe's come to pray for your foul ſin.
York. If thou do pardon, whoſoever pray,
More ſins for his forgiveneſs proſper may:
This feſter'd joint cut off, the reſt is ſound;
This let alone, will all the reſt confound.

SCENE VIII. *Enter Dutcheſs.*

Dutch. O King, believe not this hard-hearted man;
Love, loving not itſelf, none other can.
York. Thou frantic woman, what doſt thou do here?
Shall thy old dugs once more a traitor rear?
Dutch. Sweet York, be patient; hear me, gentle Liege.
[*Kneels.*
Boling. Riſe up, good aunt.
Dutch. Not yet, I thee beſeech;
For ever will I kneel upon my knees,
And never ſee day that the happy ſees,
Till thou give joy; until thou bid me joy,
By pard'ning Rutland, my tranſgreſſing boy.
Aum. Unto my mother's pray'rs I bend my knee.
[*Kneels.*
York. Againſt them both my true joints bended be.
[*Kneels.*
Ill may'ſt thou thrive, if thou grant any grace!
Dutch. Pleads he in earneſt? look upon his face;
His eyes do drop no tears, his pray'rs in jeſt;
His words come from his mouth, ours from our breaſt:
He prays but faintly, and would be deny'd;
We pray with heart and ſoul, and all beſide.
His weary joints would gladly riſe, I know;
Our knees ſhall kneel till to the ground they grow.
His pray'rs are full of falſe hypocriſy,
Ours of true zeal, and deep integrity;
Our prayers do out-pray his; then let them crave
That mercy which true prayers ought to have.
[*Boling.*

* ——— never begg'd before.
Boling. Our ſcene is alter'd from a ſerious thing,
Now chang'd to the beggar, and the King:
My dang'rous couſin, &c.

Boling. Good aunt, ſtand up.
Dutch. Nay, do not ſay, Stand up,
But pardon firſt; ſay afterwards, Stand up.
An' if I were thy nurſe, thy tongue to teach,
Pardon ſhould be the firſt word of thy ſpeech.
I never long'd to hear a word till now:
Say, Pardon, King; let pity teach thee how.
Boling. Good aunt, ſtand up.
Dutch. I do not ſue to ſtand,
Pardon is all the ſuit I have in hand.
Boling. I pardon him, as Heav'n ſhall pardon me.
Dutch. O happy vantage of a kneeling knee!
Yet am I ſick for fear; ſpeak it again:
Twice ſaying pardon, doth not pardon twain,
But makes one pardon ſtrong *.
Boling. With all my heart
I pardon him.
Dutch. A God on earth thou art.
Boling. But for our truſty brother-in-law,—the Abbot—
With all the reſt of that conſorted crew,
Deſtruction ſtraight ſhall dog them at the heels.
Good uncle, help to order ſeveral powers
To Oxford, or where-e'er theſe traitors are †.

SCENE

* ——— pardon ſtrong.
The word is ſhort, but not ſo ſhort as ſweet;
No word like pardon for Kings' mouths ſo meet.
York. Speak it in French, King; ſay, *Pardonnez moy.*
Dutch. Doſt thou teach pardon, pardon to deſtroy?
Ah, my four huſband, my hard-hearted lord,
That ſet'ſt the word itſelf againſt the word.
Speak pardon, as 'tis current in our land;
The chopping French we do not underſtand.
Thine eye begins to ſpeak, ſet thy tongue there:
Or, in thy piteous heart, plant thou thine ear;
That, hearing how our plaints and prayers do pierce,
Pity may move thee pardon to rehearſe.
Boling. With all, &c.
† ——— traitors are.
They ſhall not live within this world, I ſwear;
But I will have them, if I once know where.
Uncle, farewell; and couſin too, adieu;
Your mother well hath pray'd, and prove you true.
Dutch. Come, my old ſon; I pray Heav'n make thee new.
SCENE, &c. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX. *Enter Exton and a Servant.*

Exton. Didſt thou not mark the King, what words he ſpake?
"Have I no friend will rid me of this living fear?"
Was it not ſo?

Serv. Thoſe were his very words.

Exton. "Have I no friend?"—quoth he: he ſpake it
And urg'd it twice together; did he not? [twice,

Serv. He did.

Exton. And ſpeaking it, he wiſtly look'd on me,
As who ſhall ſay,—I would thou wert the man,
That would divorce this terror from my heart;
Meaning the King at Pomfret. Come, let's go:
I am the King's friend, and will rid his foe. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE X.

Changes to the priſon at Pomfret caſtle.

Enter King Richard.

K. Rich. 'I have been ſtudying how to compare
'This priſon where I live, unto the world;
'And, for becauſe the world is populous,
'And here is not a creature but myſelf.
'I cannot do it; yet I'll hammer on't.
'My brain I'll prove the female to my ſoul,
'My ſoul, the father; and theſe two beget
'A generation of ſtill-breeding thoughts;
'And theſe ſame thoughts people this little world;
'In humour, like the people of this world,
'For no thought is contented.' The better ſort
(As thoughts of things divine) are intermix'd
With ſcruples, and do ſet the word itſelf
Againſt the word; as thus, *Come, little ones;* and then
It is as hard to come, as for a camel [again,
To thread the poſtern of a needle's eye.
Thoughts tending to ambition, they do plot
Unlikely wonders; how theſe vain weak nails
May tear a paſſage through the flinty ribs
Of this hard world, my ragged priſon-walls:
And, for they cannot, die in their own pride.

Thoughts

Thoughts tending to content, flatter themſelves,
‘ That they are not the firſt of Fortune's ſlaves,
‘ And ſhall not be the laſt; (like ſilly beggars,
‘ Who, ſitting in the ſtocks, refuge their ſhame,
‘ That many have, and others muſt ſit there;)
‘ And in this thought they find a kind of eaſe,
‘ Bearing their own misfortune on the back
‘ Of ſuch as have before endur'd the like.
‘ Thus play I, in one priſon, many people,
‘ And none contented. Sometimes am I King,
‘ Then treaſon makes me wiſh myſelf a beggar,
‘ And ſo I am. Then cruſhing penury
‘ Perſuades me, I was better when a King;
‘ Then am I king'd again; and by and by,
‘ Think that I am unking'd by Bolingbroke,
‘ And ſtraight am nothing——but whate'er I am,
‘ Nor I, nor any man, that but man is,
‘ With nothing ſhall be pleas'd, till he be eas'd
‘ With being nothing'——Muſic do I hear! [*Muſic*
Ha, ha; keep time: how four ſweet muſic is,
When time is broke, and no proportion kept?
So is it in the muſic of mens' lives.
And here have I the daintineſs of ear,
To check time broke in a diſorder'd ſtring;
But for the concord of my ſtate and time,
Had not an ear to hear my true time broke:
I waſted time, and now doth time waſte me.
For now hath time made me his numb'ring clock:
My thoughts are minutes; and with ſighs they jar
Their watches to mine eyes the outward watch;
Whereto my finger, like a dial's point,
Is pointing ſtill, in cleanſing them from tears.
Now, Sir, the ſounds that tell what hour it is,
Are clamorous groans, that ſtrike upon my heart,
Which is the bell; ſo ſighs, and tears, and groans,
Shew minutes, hours, and times——O, but my time
Runs poſting on, in Bolingbroke's proud joy,
While I ſtand fooling here, his jack o' th' clock.
This muſic mads me, let it ſound no more;
For though it have help'd mad men to their wits,
In me, it ſeems, it will make wiſe men mad.
Yet bleſſing on his heart, that gives it me!

For 'tis a ſign of love; and love to Richard
Is a ſtrange brooch, in this fall-hating world.

SCENE XI. *Enter Groom.*

Groom. Hail, Royal Prince!
K. Rich. Thanks, Noble Peer *.
What art? how com'ſt thou thither?
Where no man ever comes, but that ſad drudge,
That brings me food, to make Misfortune live?
Groom. I was a poor groom of thy ſtable, King,
When thou wert King; who travelling tow'rds York,
With much ado, at length have gotten leave
To look upon my ſometime † maſter's face.
O, how it yearn'd my heart, when I beheld,
In London ſtreets, that coronation-day;
When Bolingbroke rode on Roan Barbary,
That horſe that thou ſo often haſt beſtrid,
That horſe that I ſo carefully have dreſs'd.
K. Rich. Rode he on Barbary? tell me, gentle friend,
How went he under him?
Groom. So proudly as he had diſdain'd the ground.
K. Rich. So proud that Bolingbroke was on his back!
That jade had eat bread from my Royal hand.
This hand hath made him proud with clapping him.
Would he not ſtumble? would he not fall down,
(Since pride muſt have a fall,) and break the neck
Of that proud man that did uſurp his back?
Forgiveneſs, horſe; why do I rail on thee,
Since thou, created to be aw'd by man,
Waſt born to bear? I was not made a horſe;
And yet I bear a burthen like an aſs;
Spur-gall'd, and tir'd, by jaunting Bolingbroke.

SCENE XII. *Enter Keeper, with a diſh.*

Keep. Fellow, give place; here is no longer ſtay.
[*To the Groom.*
K. Rich. If thou love me, 'tis time thou wert away.

——— Noble Peer.
[illegible]pect of us is ten groats too dear.
[illegible], &c.
[illegible]me, for formerly.

Exton. From your own mouth, my Lord, did I this deed.

Boling. They love not poiſon, that do poiſon need;
Nor do I thee; though I did wiſh him dead,
I hate the murth'rer, love him murthered.
The guilt of conſcience take thou for thy labour,
But neither my good word nor princely favour.
With Cain go wander through the ſhade of night,
And never ſhew thy head by day or light.
Lords, I proteſt, my ſoul is full of woe,
That blood ſhould ſprinkle me to make me grow.
Come, mourn with me for what I do lament,
And put on ſullen black incontinent:
I'll make a voyage to the holy land,
To waſh this blood off from my guilty hand.
March ſadly after, grace my mourning here,
In weeping over this untimely bier. [*Exeunt omnes.*

THE

THE

FIRST PART OF HENRY IV.

WITH THE

LIFE AND DEATH OF HENRY,

SIRNAMED HOT-SPUR.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING HENRY IV.
Henry, *Prince of Wales.* } *ſons to the King.*
John, *Duke of Lancaſter,* }
Worceſter, }
Northumberland, }
Hot-ſpur, }
Mortimer, }
Archbiſhop of York, } *enemies to the King.*
Douglas, }
Owen Glendower, }
Sir Richard Vernon, }
Sir Michell, }

Weſtmorland, } *of the King's party.*
Sir Walter Blunt, }
Sir John Falſtaff.
Poins, }
Gads-hill, } *companions of Falſtaff.*
Peto, }
Bardolph, }
Lady Percy, *wife to Hot-ſpur.*
Lady Mortimer, *daughter to Glendower, and wife to Mortimer.*
Hoſteſs Quickly.
Sheriff, Vintner, Chamberlain, Drawers, two Carriers, Travellers, and Attendants.

SCENE, England.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The court in London.

Enter King Henry, Lord John of Lancaſter, Earl of Weſtmorland, and others.

K. Henry. "SO ſhaken as we are, ſo wan with care,
" Find we a time for frighted peace to pant,
" And breathe ſhort-winded accents of new broils
" To be commene'd in ſtronds afar remote.
" No more the thirſty entrance of this ſoil
" Shall trempe * her lips with her own childrens' blood:
" No more ſhall trenching war channel her fields,
" Nor biniſe her flow'rets with the armed hoofs

* Trempe, from the French *tremper.*

" Of hoſtile paces. Thoſe oppoſed files,
" Which, like the meteors of a troubled heav'n,
" All of one nature, of one ſubſtance bred,
" Did lately meet in the inteſtine ſhock
" And furious cloſe of civil butchery,
" Shall now, in mutual, well-beſeeming ranks,
" March all one way; and be no more oppos'd
" Againſt acquaintance, kindred, and allies:
" The edge of war, like an ill-ſheathed knife,
" No more ſhall cut his maſter." Therefore, friends,
As far as to the ſepulchre of Chriſt,
(Whoſe ſoldier now, under whoſe bleſſed croſs
We are impreſſed, and engag'd to fight,)
Forthwith a power of Engliſh ſhall we levy;
Whoſe arms were moulded in their mothers' womb
To chaſe theſe Pagans, in theſe holy fields
Over whoſe acres walk'd thoſe bleſſed feet,
Which, fourteen hundred years ago, were nail'd
For our advantage on the bitter croſs.
But this our purpoſe is a twelvemonth old,
And bootleſs 'tis to tell you we will go:
Therefore we meet not now. Then let me hear,
Of you, my gentle couſin Weſtmorland,
What yeſternight our council did decree,
In forwarding this dear expedience *.

Weſt. My Liege, this haſte was hot in queſtion,
And many limits † of the charge ſet down
But yeſternight; when, all athwart, there came
A poſt from Wales, loaden with heavy news;
Whoſe worſt was, that the noble Mortimer,
Leading the men of Herefordſhire to fight
Againſt th' irregular and wild Glendower,
Was by the rude hands of that Welchman taken;
A thouſand of his people butchered;
Upon whoſe dead corps there was ſuch miſuſe,
Such beaſtly, ſhameleſs transformation,
By thoſe Welchwomen done, as may not be,
Without much ſhame, re-told or ſpoken of.

K. Henry. It ſeems, then, that the tidings of this broil
Brake off our buſineſs for the holy land.

Weſt.

* *Expedience*, for *expedition*.
† *Limits*, for *eſtimates*.

West. This, match'd with other, did, my gracious Lord;
For more uneven and unwelcome news
Came from the north, and thus it did import.
On holy-rood day, the gallant Hot-spur there,
Young Harry Percy, and brave Archibald,
That ever-valiant and approved Scot,
At Holmedon spent a sad and bloody hour:
As by discharge of their artillery,
And shape of likelihood, the news was told;
For he that brought it, in the very heat
And pride of their contention, did take horse,
Uncertain of the issue any way.

K. Henry. Here is a dear and true industrious friend,
Sir Walter Blunt, new lighted from his horse,
Stain'd with the variation of each soil
Betwixt that Holmedon, and this seat of ours:
And he hath brought us smooth and welcome news.
The Earl of Douglas is discomfited;
Ten thousand bold Scots, three and twenty Knights,
Balk'd in their own blood did Sir Walter see
On Holmedon's plains. Of prisoners, Hot-spur took
Mordac the Earl of Fife, and eldest son
To beaten Douglas, and the Earls of Athol,
Of Moray, Angus, and Menteith.
And is not this an honourable spoil?
A gallant prize? ha, cousin, is it not?

West. In faith, a conquest for a prince to boast of.

K. Henry. Yea, there thou mak'st me sad, and mak'st me sin
In envy, that my Lord Northumberland
Should be the father of so bless'd a son:
A son, who is the theme of Honour's tongue;
Amongst a grove, the very straightest plant;
Who is sweet Fortune's minion, and her pride:
Whilst I, by looking on the praise of him,
See riot and dishonour stain the brow
Of my young Harry. O could it be prov'd,
That some night-tripping fairy had exchang'd,
In cradle-clothes, our children where they lay,
And call mine *Percy*, his *Plantagenet*;
Then would I have his Harry, and he mine.
But let him from my thoughts.—What think you, cousin,
Of *young Percy's pride?* the prisoners,

Which

Which he in this adventure hath ſurpris'd,
To his own uſe he keeps, and ſends me word,
I ſhall have none but Mordac Earl of Fife.

Weſt. This is his uncle's teaching, this is Worceſter,
Malevolent to you in all aſpects;
Which makes him plume himſelf, and briſtle up
The creſt of youth againſt your dignity.

K. Henry. But I have ſent for him to anſwer this;
And for this cauſe a while we muſt neglect
Our holy purpoſe to Jeruſalem.
Couſin, on Wedneſday next our council we
Will hold at Windſor, ſo inform the Lords:
But come yourſelf with ſpeed to us again;
For more is to be ſaid, and to be done,
Than out of anger can be uttered.

Weſt. I will, my Liege. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *An apartment of the Prince's.*

Enter Henry Prince of Wales, and Sir John Falſtaff.

Fal. Now, Hal, what time of day is it, lad?

P. Henry. Thou art ſo fat-witted with drinking old ſack, and unbuttoning thee after ſupper, and ſleeping upon benches in the afternoon, that thou haſt forgotten to demand that truly, which thou would'ſt truly know. What a devil haſt thou to do with the time of the day? Unleſs hours were cups of ſack, and minutes capons, and clocks the tongues of bawds, and dials the ſigns of leaping-houſes, and the bleſſed ſun himſelf a fair hot wench in flame-colour'd taffata; I ſee no reaſon why thou ſhould'ſt be ſo ſuperfluous, to demand the time of the day.

Fal. Indeed you come near me now, Hal; for we that take purſes, go by the moon and ſeven ſtars, and not by Phœbus, he, that wand'ring knight ſo fair†. And I pray thee, ſweet wag, when thou art King——as God ſave thy Grace, (Majeſty I ſhould ſay; for grace thou wilt have none)———

P. Henry. What! none?

Fal. No, by my troth, not ſo much as will ſerve to be prologue to an egg and butter.

P. Henry.

† A line of an old ballad.

P. Henry. Well, how then? come, roundly, roundly—

Fal. Marry, then, ſweet wag, when thou art King, let not us that are ſquires of the night's body, be call'd thieves of the day's booty. Let us be Diana's foreſters, gentlemen of the ſhade, minions of the moon; and let men ſay, we be men of good government, being governed as the ſea is, by our noble and chaſte miſtreſs the moon, under whoſe countenance we——ſteal.

P. Henry. Thou ſay'ſt well, and it holds well too; for the fortune of us that are the moon's men, doth ebb and flow like the ſea, being govern'd as the ſea is by the moon. As for proof, now: A purſe of gold moſt reſolutely ſnatch'd on Monday night, and moſt diſſolutely ſpent on Tueſday morning; got with ſwearing, *Lay by*, and ſpent with crying, *Bring in;* now in as low an ebb as the foot of the ladder, and by and by in as high a flow as the ridge of the gallows.

Fal. By the Lord, thou ſay'ſt true, lad; and is not mine hoſteſs of the tavern a moſt ſweet wench?

P. Henry. As the honey of Hybla, my old lad of the caſtle *; and is not a buff-jerkin a moſt ſweet robe of durance?

Fal. How now, how now, mad wag; what, in thy quips and thy quiddities? what a plague have I to do with a buff-jerkin?

P. Henry. Why, what a pox have I to do with my hoſteſs of the tavern?

Fal. Well thou haſt call'd her to a reckoning many a time and oft.

P. Henry. Did I ever call thee to pay thy part?

Fal. No; I'll give thee thy due, thou haſt paid all there.

P. Henry. Yea, and elſewhere ſo far as my coin would ſtretch; and where it would not, I have us'd my credit.

Fal. Yea, and ſo us'd it, that were it not here apparent,

* This alludes to the name Shakeſpeare firſt gave to this buffoon character, which was *Sir John Oldcaſtle:* and when he changed the name he forget to ſtrike out this expreſſion that alluded to it. The occaſion of the change was this; one Sir John Oldcaſtle having ſuffered martyrdom in the reign of Henry V. for the opinions of Wickliffe, it gave offence: therefore the poet altered it to Falſtaff, and endeavours to wipe off the ſcandal in the epilogue to the ſecond part of Henry IV. Warburton.

rent, that thou art heir apparent——But, I pr'ythee, ſweet wag, ſhall there be gallows ſtanding in England when thou art King? and reſolution thus fobb'd as it is, with the ruſty curb of old father antic, the law? Do not thou, when thou art a King, hang a thief.

P. Henry. No; thou ſhalt.

Fal. Shall I? O rare! By the Lord, I'll be a brave judge.

P. Henry. Thou judgeſt falſe already: I mean, thou ſhalt have the hanging of the thieves, and ſo become a rare hangman.

Fal. Well, Hal, well; and in ſome ſort it jumps with my humour, as well as waiting in the court, I can tell you.

P. Henry. For obtaining of ſuits?——

Fal. Yea, for obtaining of ſuits, whereof the hangman hath no lean wardrobe. 'Sblood, I am as melancholy as a gib-cat, or a lugg'd bear.

P. Henry. Or an old lion, or a lover's lute.

Fal. Yea, or the drone of a Lincolnſhire bagpipe.

P. Henry. What ſays thou to a hare, or the melancholy of Moor-ditch?

Fal. Thou haſt the moſt unſavoury ſimilies; and art, indeed, the moſt incomparative, raſcalliеſt, ſweet young Prince——But, Hal, I pr'ythee, trouble me no more with vanity,; I would to God thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought. An old Lord of the council rated me the other day in the ſtreet about you, Sir; but I mark'd him not, and yet he talk'd very wiſely, and in the ſtreet too.

P. Henry. Thou didſt well; for wiſdom cries out in the ſtreets, and no man regards it.

Fal. O thou haſt damnable attraction, and art, indeed, able to corrupt a ſaint. Thou haſt done much harm unto me, Hal, God forgive thee for it! Before I knew thee, Hal, I knew nothing; and now am I, if a man ſhould ſpeak truly, little better than one of the wicked. I muſt give over this life, and I will give it over; by the Lord, an' I do not, I am a villain. I'll be damn'd for never a King's ſon in Chriſtendom.

P. Henry. Where ſhall we take a purſe to-morrow, *Jack?*

Fal.

Fal. Where thou wilt, lad, I'll make one; an' I do not, call me villain, and baffle me.

P. Henry. I ſee a good amendment of life in thee, from praying to purſe-taking.

Fal. Why, Hal, 'tis my vocation, Hal. 'Tis no ſin for a man to labour in his vocation.——Poins!——Now ſhall we know, if Gads-hill have ſet a match. O, if men were to be ſaved by merit, what hole in hell were hot enough for him!

SCENE III. *Enter Poins.*

This is the moſt omnipotent villain that ever cry'd, *Stand*, to a true man.——

P. Henry. Good morrow, Ned.

Poins. Good morrow, ſweet Hal, What ſays Monſieur Remorſe? what ſays Sir John Sack and Sugar? Jack! how agree the devil and thou about thy ſoul, that thou ſoldeſt him on Good Friday laſt, for a cup of Madeira, and a cold capon's leg?

P. Henry. Sir John ſtands to his word; the devil ſhall have his bargain; for he was never yet a breaker of proviſo; *He will give the devil his due.*

Poins. Then thou art damn'd for keeping thy word with the devil.

P. Henry. Elſe he had been damn'd for cozening the devil.

Poins. But, my lads, my lads, to-morrow morning by four o'clock, early at Gads-hill; there are pilgrims going to Canterbury with rich offerings, and traders riding to London with fat purſes. I have vizards for you all; you have horſes for yourſelves: Gads-hill lies to-night in Rochester; I have beſpoke ſupper to-morrow night in Eaſt-cheap; we may do it as ſecure as ſleep: if you will go, I will ſtuff your purſes full of crowns; if you will not, tarry at home and be hang'd.

Fal. Hear ye, Yedward; if I tarry at home, and go not, I'll hang you for going.

Poins. You will, chops?

Fal. Hal, wilt thou make one?

P. Henry. Who, I rob? I a thief? not I, by my faith.

Fal. There is neither honeſty, manhood, nor good fellowſhip

fellowſhip in thee, nor thou cam'ſt not of the blood-royal, if thou dar'ſt not cry, *Stand*, for ten ſhillings.

P. Henry. Well then, once in my days I'll be a madcap.

Fal. Why, that's well ſaid.

P. Henry. Well, come what will, I'll tarry at home.

Fal. By the Lord, I'll be a traitor then when thou art King.

P. Henry. I care not.

Poins. Sir John, I pr'ythee, leave the Prince and me alone; I will lay him down ſuch reaſons for this adventure, that he ſhall go.

Fal. Well, may'ſt thou have the ſpirit of perſuaſion, and he the ears of profiting, that what thou ſpeak'ſt may move, and what he hears may be believ'd: that the true Prince may (for recreation ſake) prove a falſe thief; for the poor abuſes of the time want countenance. Farewell, you ſhall find me in Eaſt-cheap.

P. Henry. Farewell, thou latter ſpring! Farewell, all-hallown ſummer! [*Exit Fal.*

Poins. Now, my good ſweet honey Lord, ride with us to-morrow. I have a jeſt to execute, that I cannot manage alone. Falſtaff, Bardolph, Peto, and Gads-hill, ſhall rob thoſe men that we have already way-laid; yourſelf and I will not be there; and when they have the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head from off my ſhoulders.

P. Henry. But how ſhall we part with them in ſetting forth?

Poins. Why, we will ſet forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleaſure to fail; and then they will adventure upon the exploit themſelves, which they have no ſooner atchiev'd, but we'll ſet upon them.

P. Henry. Ay; but 'tis like they will know us by our horſes, by our habits, and by every other appointment, to be ourſelves.

Poins. Tut, our horſes they ſhall not ſee; I'll tie them in the wood; our vizards we will change after we leave them; and, ſirrah, I have caſes of buckram for the nonce, to inmaſk our noted outward garments.

P. Henry. But I doubt they will be too hard for us.

Poins.

Poins. Well, for two of them, I know them to be as true-bred cowards as ever turn'd back; and for the third, if he fight longer than he ſees reaſon, I'll forſwear arms. The virtue of this jeſt will be, the incomprehenſible lies that this ſame fat rogue will tell us when we meet at ſupper; how thirty at leaſt he fought with, what wards, what blows, what extremities he endured; and, in the reproof of this, lies the jeſt.

P. Henry. Well, I'll go with thee; provide us all things neceſſary, and meet me to-morrow night in Eaſtcheap, there I'll ſup. Farewell.

Poins. Farewell, my Lord. [*Exit Poins.*

P. Henry. I know you all, and will a while uphold
The unyok'd humour of your idleneſs;
Yet herein will I imitate the ſun,
Who doth permit the baſe contagious clouds
To ſmother up his beauty from the world;
That when he pleaſe again to be himſelf,
Being wanted, he may be more wonder'd at,
By breaking through the foul and ugly miſts
Of vapours, that did ſeem to ſtrangle him.
If all the year were playing-holidays,
To ſport would be as tedious as to work:
But when they ſeldom come, they wiſh'd-for come,
And nothing pleaſeth but rare accidents.
So, when this looſe behaviour I throw off,
And pay the debt I never promiſed;
By how much better than my word I am,
By ſo much ſhall I falſify mens' fears;
And, like bright metal on a ſullen ground,
My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,
Shall ſhew more goodly, and attract more eyes,
Than that which hath no foil to ſet it off.
I'll ſo offend, to make offence a ſkill;
Redeeming time, when men think leaſt I will. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *Changes to an apartment in the palace.*

Enter King Henry, Northumberland, Worceſter, Hot-ſpur, Sir Walter Blunt, and others.

King Henry. My blood hath been too cold and temperate,
Unapt to ſtir at theſe indignities;

And you have found me; for accordingly
You tread upon my patience: but be ſure,
I will from henceforth rather be myſelf,
Mighty and to be fear'd, than my condition *;
Which hath been ſmooth as oil, ſoft as young down,
And therefore loſt that title of reſpect,
Which the proud ſoul ne'er pays, but to the proud.

Wor. Our houſe, my ſovereign Liege, little deſerves
The ſcourge of greatneſs to be uſed on it;
And that ſame greatneſs too, which our own hands
Have help'd to make ſo portly.

North. My good Lord,——

K. Henry. Worceſter, get thee gone; for I do ſee
Danger and diſobedience in thine eye.
O Sir, your preſence is too bold and peremptory;
And Majeſty might never yet endure
The moody frontlet of a ſervant-brow.
You have good leave to leave us. When we need
Your uſe and counſel, we ſhall ſend for you.
[*Exit Worceſter.*
You were about to ſpeak. [*To Northumberland.*

North. Yes, my good Lord.
Thoſe priſoners, in your Highneſs' name demanded,
Which Harry Percy here at Holmedon took.
Were, as he ſays, not with ſuch ſtrength deny'd
As was deliver'd to your Majeſty.
Or envy therefore, or miſpriſion,
Is guilty of this fault, and not my ſon.

Hot. My Liege, I did deny no priſoners;
But I remember, when the fight was done,
When I was dry with rage, and extreme toil,
Breathleſs, and faint, leaning upon my ſword;
'Came there a certain Lord, neat, trimly dreſs'd;
'Freſh as a bridegroom, and his chin, new-reap'd,
'Shew'd like a ſtubble-land at harveſt-home.
'He was perfumed like a milliner;
'And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
'A pouncet-box, which ever and anon
'He gave his noſe;' [and took't away again;
Who, therewith angry, when it next came there,

Took

Condition, for *diſpoſition*.

Took it in ſnuff *.]— 'And ſtill he ſmil'd, and talk'd;
'And as the ſoldiers bare dead bodies by,
'He call'd them untaught knaves, unmannerly,
'To bring a ſlovenly, unhandſome corſe
'Betwixt the wind, and his nobility.
'With many holiday and lady terms
'He queſtion'd me: amongſt the reſt, demanded
'My priſoners, in your Majeſty's behalf.
'I then all ſmarting with my wounds; being gall'd
'To be ſo peſter'd with a popinjay,
'Out of my grief, and my impatience,
'Anſwer'd, negligently, I know not what:
'He ſhould, or ſhould not; for he made me mad,
'To ſee him ſhine ſo briſk, and ſmell ſo ſweet,
'And talk ſo like a waiting-gentlewoman,
'Of guns, and drums, and wounds; (God ſave the mark!)
'And telling me, the ſovereign'ſt thing on earth
'Was parmacity, for an inward bruiſe;
'And that it was great pity, ſo it was,
'This villanous ſalt-petre ſhould be digg'd
'Out of the bowels of the harmleſs earth,
'Which many a good, tall fellow had deſtroy'd
'So cowardly: and but for theſe vile guns,
'He would himſelf have been a ſoldier.'——
This bald, unjointed chat of his, my Lord,
I anſwer'd indirectly †, as I ſaid;
And I beſeech you, let not his report
Come current for an accuſation,
Betwixt my love and your high Majeſty.

Blunt. The circumſtance conſider'd, good my Lord,
Whatever Harry Percy then had ſaid,
To ſuch a perſon, and in ſuch a place,
At ſuch a time, with all the reſt retold,
May reaſonably die; and never riſe
To do him wrong, or any way impeach
What then he ſaid, ſee; he unſays it now.

K. Henry. Why, yet he doth deny his priſoners,
But with proviſo and exception,
That we at our own charge ſhall ranſom ſtraight
His brother-in-law, the fooliſh Mortimer;

* This ſtupidity between the crotchets is the players. Mr. W.
† *Indirectly*, for *negligently*.

Who, on my ſoul, hath wilfully betray'd
The lives of thoſe that he did lead to fight
Againſt the great magician, damn'd Glendower;
Whoſe daughter, as we hear, the Earl of March
Hath lately marry'd. Shall our coffers then
Be empty'd, to redeem a traitor home?
Shall we buy treaſon? and indent * with fears,
When they have loſt and forfeited themſelves?
No; on the barren mountains let him ſtarve;
For I ſhall never hold that man my friend,
Whoſe tongue ſhall aſk me for one penny coſt
To ranſom home revolted Mortimer.

Hot. Revolted Mortimer?
He never did fall off, my ſovereign Liege,
But 'bides the chance of war; to prove that true,
Needs no more but one tongue, for all thoſe wounds,
Thoſe mouthed wounds, which valiantly he took,
When on the gentle Severn's ſedgy bank,
In ſingle oppoſition, hand to hand,
He did confound the beſt part of an hour
In changing hardiment with great Glendower.
Three times they breath'd, and three times did they drink,
Upon agreement, of ſwift Severn's flood;
Who then, affrighted with their bloody looks,
Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds,
And hid his criſp'd head in the hollow bank,
Blood-ſtained with theſe valiant combatants.
Never did baſe and rotten policy
Colour her working with ſuch deadly wounds;
Nor ever could the noble Mortimer
Receive ſo many, and all willingly.
Then let him not be ſlander'd with revolt.

K. Henry. Thou doſt belie him, Percy, thou believ'ſt him;
He never did encounter with Glendower;
He durſt as well have met the devil alone,
As Owen Glendower for an enemy.
Art not aſham'd? but, ſirrah, from this hour
Let me not hear you ſpeak of Mortimer.
Send me your priſoners with the ſpeedieſt means,
Or you ſhall hear in ſuch a kind from me
As will diſpleaſe you.——My Lord Northumberland,
We

* *Indent*, for *article*, *bargain*.

We licenſe your departure with your ſon:
Send us your priſoners, or you'll hear of it.
[*Exit K. Henry.*

Hot. And if the devil come and roar for them,
I will not ſend them. I will after ſtrait,
And tell him ſo; for I will eaſe my heart,
Although it be with hazard of my head.

North. What, drunk with choler? ſtay, and pauſe a while;
Here comes your uncle.

Enter Worceſter.

Hot. Speak of Mortimer?
Yes, I will ſpeak of him; and let my ſoul
Want mercy, if I do not join with him.
In his behalf, I'll empty all theſe veins,
And ſhed my dear blood drop by drop in duſt,
But I will lift the down-trod Mortimer
As high i' th' air as this unthankful King,
As this ingrate and canker'd Bolingbroke.

North. Brother, the King hath made your nephew mad. [*To Worceſter.*

Wor. Who ſtruck this heat up after I was gone?

Hot. He will, forſooth, have all my priſoners:
And when I urg'd the ranſom once again
Of my wife's brother, then his cheek look'd pale,
And on my face he turn'd an eye of death,
Trembling ev'n at the name of Mortimer.

Wor. I cannot blame him; was he not proclaim'd,
By Richard that is dead, the next of blood?

North. He was. I heard the proclamation;
And then it was, when the unhappy King
(Whoſe wrongs in us God pardon!), did ſet forth
Upon his Iriſh expedition;
From whence he, intercepted, did return
To be depos'd, and ſhortly murthered.

Wor. And for whoſe death, we in the world's wide mouth
Live ſcandaliz'd, and foully ſpoken of.

Hot. But ſoft, I pray you;—did King Richard then
Proclaim my brother Mortimer
Heir to the crown?

North. He did; myſelf did hear it.

Hot. Nay, then I cannot blame his couſin King,

That wiſh'd him on the barren mountains ſtarv'd.
But ſhall it be, that you that ſet the crown
Upon the head of this forgetful man,
And for his ſake wear the deteſted blot
Of murd'rous ſubornation; ſhall it be,
That you a world of curſes undergo,
Being the agents or baſe ſecond means,
The cords, the ladder, or the hangman rather?
(O pardon me, that I deſcend ſo low,
To ſhew the line and the predicament
Wherein you range under this ſubtle King;)
Shall it for ſhame be ſpoken in theſe days,
Or fill up chronicles in time to come,
That men of your nobility and power
Engag'd them both in an unjuſt behalf;
(As both of you, God pardon it! have done;)
To put down Richard, that ſweet lovely roſe,
And plant this thorn, this canker Bolingbroke?
And ſhall it in more ſhame be further ſpoken,
That you are fool'd, diſcarded, and ſhook off
By him, for whom theſe ſhames he underwent?
No; yet time ſerves, wherein you may redeem
Your baniſh'd honours, and reſtore yourſelves
Into the good thoughts of the world again.
Revenge the jeering and diſdain'd contempt
Of this proud King, who ſtudies day and night
To anſwer all the debt he owes unto you,
Ev'n with the bloody payments of your deaths:
Therefore I ſay———

Wor. Peace, couſin, ſay no more.
And now I will unclaſp a ſecret book,
And to your quick-conceiving diſcontents
I'll read you matter deep and dangerous:
As full of peril and advent'rous ſpirit,
As to o'erwalk a current roaring loud,
On the unſteadfaſt footing of a ſpear *.

Hot. If he fall in, good night. Or ſink or ſwim,
Send danger from the eaſt unto the weſt,
So honour croſs it from the north to ſouth;
And let them grapple ——O! the blood more ſtirs
To rouſe a lion, than to ſtart a hare.

North.

* *i. e.* Of a ſpear laid acroſs.

North. Imagination of ſome great exploit
Drives him beyond the bounds of patience.
Hot. By heav'n, methinks, it were an eaſy leap,
To pluck bright Honour from the pale-fac'd moon;
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,
And pluck up drowned Honour by the locks:
So he that doth redeem her thence, might wear
Without corrival all her dignities.
But out upon this half-fac'd fellowſhip!
Wor. He apprehends a world of figures here,
But not the form of what he ſhould attend.
Good couſin, give me audience for a while.
Hot. I cry you mercy.
Wor. Thoſe ſame Noble Scots,
That are your priſoners——
Hot. I'll keep them all.
By Heav'n, he ſhall not have a Scot of them:
No, if a Scot would ſave his ſoul, he ſhall not;
I'll keep them by this hand.
Wor. You ſtart away,
And lend no ear unto my purpoſes;
Thoſe priſoners you ſhall keep.
Hot. I will: that's flat:
He ſaid he would not ranſom Mortimer:
Forbade my tongue to ſpeak of Mortimer:
But I will find him when he lies aſleep,
And in his ear I'll holla, *Mortimer!*
Nay, I will have a ſtarling taught to ſpeak
Nothing but *Mortimer*, and give it him,
To keep his anger ſtill in motion.
Wor. Hear you, couſin, a word.
Hot. All ſtudies here I ſolemnly defy,
Save how to gall and pinch this Bolingbroke:
And that ſame ſword-and-buckler Prince of Wales,
(But that, I think, his father loves him not,
And would be glad he met with ſome miſchance,)
I'd have him poiſon'd with a pot of ale.
Wor. Farewell, my kinſman; I will talk to you,
When you are better temper'd to attend.
North. Why, what a waſp-tongu'd and impatient fool
Art thou, to break into this woman's mood,

Tying

Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own?

Hot. Why, look you, I am whipp'd and ſcourg'd with rods,
Nettled, and ſtung with piſmires, when I hear
Of this vile politician Bolingbroke:
In Richard's time—what do ye call the place?—
A plague upon't!—it is in Glo'ſterſhire——
'Twas where the mad-cap Duke his uncle kept——
His uncle York—where I firſt bow'd my knee
Unto this King of ſmiles, this Bolingbroke,
When you and he came back from Ravenſpurg.

North. At Berkley caſtle.

Hot. You ſay true:
Why, what a deal of candied courteſy
This fawning greyhound then did proffer me!
Look, when his *infant fortune came to age*,——
And *gentle Harry Percy*—and *kind couſin*——
The devil take ſuch cozeners—God forgive me—
Good uncle, tell your tale, for I have done.

Wor. Nay, if you have not, to't again.
We'll ſtay your leiſure.

Hot. I have done, i' faith.

Wor. Then once more to your Scottiſh priſoners.
Deliver them without their ranſom ſtraight, [*To Hot-ſpur.*
And make the Douglas' ſon your only mean.
For pow'rs in Scotland; which, for divers reaſons
Which I ſhall ſend you written, be aſſur'd,
Will eaſily be granted.——You, my Lord, [*To North.*
Your ſon in Scotland being thus employ'd,
Shall ſecretly into the boſom creep
Of that ſame noble Prelate, well belov'd,
Th' Archbiſhop.

Hot. York, is't not?

Wor. True, who bears hard
His brother's death at Briſtol, the Lord Scroop.
I ſpeak not this in eſtimation *;
As what I think might be; but what I know
Is ruminated, plotted, and ſet down;
And only ſtays but to behold the face.

Of

* *Eſtimation*, for *conjecture*. But between this and the foregoing verſe it appears there were ſome lines which are now loſt. Mr. Warburton.

Of that occaſion that ſhall bring it on.
Hot. I ſmell it: on my life, it will do well.
North. Before the game's a-foot, thou ſtill lett'ſt ſlip.
Hot. It cannot chuſe but be a noble plot;
And then the power of Scotland, and of York
To join with Mortimer; ha!
Wor. So they ſhall.
Hot. In faith, it is exceedingly well aim'd.
Wor. And 'tis no little reaſon bids us ſpeed
To ſave our heads, by raiſing of a head:
For, bear ourſelves as even as we can,
The King will always think him in our debt;
And think, we deem ourſelves unſatisfy'd,
Till he hath found a time to pay us home.
And ſee already, how he doth begin
To make us ſtrangers to his looks of love.
Hot. He does, he does; we'll be reveng'd on him.
Wor. Couſin, farewell. No further go in this,
Than I by letters ſhall direct your courſe.
When time is ripe, which will be ſuddenly,
I'll ſteal to Glendower, and Lord Mortimer,
Where you and Douglas, and our pow'rs at once,
(As I will faſhion it,) ſhall happily meet,
To bear our fortunes in our own ſtrong arms,
Which now we hold at much uncertainty.
North. Farewell, good brother; we ſhall thrive, I truſt.
Hot. Uncle, adieu: O let the hours be ſhort,
Till fields, and blows, and groans applaud our ſport?
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

An inn at Rocheſter.

Enter a Carrier, with a lanthorn in his hand.

1 *Car.* HEIGH ho! an't be not four by the day, I'll be hang'd. Charles' wain is over the new chimney, and yet our horſe not pack'd. What, oſtler?
Oſt. [*Within.*] Anon, anon.
1 *Car.* I pr'ythee, Tom, beat Cutt's ſaddle, put a [illegible] in the point: the poor jade is wrung in the [illegible] out of all ceſs.

Enter

Enter another Carrier.

2 *Car.* Peaſe and beans are as dank here as a dog, and that is the next way to give poor jades the bots: this houſe is turn'd upſide down, ſince Robin Oſtler dy'd.

1 *Car.* Poor fellow never joy'd ſince the price of oats roſe, it was the death of him.

2 *Car.* I think this be the moſt villanous houſe in all London road for fleas: I am ſtung like a tench.

1 *Car.* Like a tench? by th' maſs, there's ne'er a King in Chriſtendom could be better bit than I have been ſince the firſt cock.

2 *Car.* Why, they will allow us ne'er a jourden, and then we leak in your chimney: and your chamber-lie breeds fleas like a loach.

1 *Car.* What, oſtler, come, away, and be hang'd, come away.

2 *Car.* I have a gammon of bacon, and two razes of ginger to be deliver'd as far as Charing-croſs.

1 *Car.* 'Odſbody, the turkies in my panniers are quite ſtarv'd. What, oſtler? a plague on thee! haſt thou never an eye in thy head? canſt not hear? an' 'twere not as good a deed as drink, to break the pate of thee, I am a very villain. Come and be hang'd, haſt no faith in thee?

Enter Gads-hill.

Gads. Good morrow, carriers. What's o'clock?

Car. I think it be two o'clock.

Gads. I pr'ythee, lend me thy lanthorn, to ſee my gelding in the ſtable.

1 *Car.* Nay, ſoft, I pray ye; I know a trick worth two of that, i'faith.

Gads. I pr'ythee lend me thine.

2 *Car.* Ay, when? canſt tell? lend me thy lanthorn, quoth a! marry, I'll ſee thee hang'd firſt.

Gads. Sirrah, carrier, what time do you mean to come to London.

2 *Car.* Time enough to go to bed with a candle, I warrant thee. Come, neighbour Mugges, we'll call up the gentlemen; they will along with company, for they have great charge. [*Exeunt Carriers.*

SCENE

SCENE II. *Enter Chamberlain.*

Gads. What, ho, chamberlain!———

Cham. At hand, quoth pick-purſe.

Gads. That's even as fair, as at hand, quoth the chamberlain; for thou varieſt no more from picking of purſes, than giving direction doth from labouring. Thou lay'ſt the plot how.

Cham. Good morrow, Maſter Gads-hill; it holds current that I told you yeſternight. There's a franklin, in the wild of Kent, hath brought three hundred marks with him in gold; I heard him tell it to one of his company laſt night at ſupper; a kind of auditor, one that hath abundance of charge too, God knows what: they are up already, and call for eggs and butter. They will away preſently.

Gads. Sirrah, if they meet not with St. Nicholas' clerks *, I'll give thee this neck.

Cham. No, I'll none of it: I pr'ythee, keep that for the hangman; for I know thou worſhipp'ſt St. Nicholas as truly as a man of falſehood may.

Gads. What talk'ſt thou to me of the hangman? if I hang, I'll make a fat pair of gallows. For if I hang, old Sir John hangs with me, and thou know'ſt he's no ſtarveling. Tut, there are other Trojans that thou dream'ſt not of, the which, for ſport-ſake, are content to do the profeſſion ſome grace; that would, if matters ſhould be look'd into, for their own credit ſake, make all whole. I am join'd with no foot-land-rakers, no long-ſtaff-ſix-penny ſtrikers, none of thoſe mad muſtachio-purple-hu'd maltworms; but with nobility and tranquillity; burgomaſters, and great moneyers; ſuch as can hold in; ſuch as will ſtrike ſooner than ſpeak, and ſpeak ſooner than think, and think ſooner than pray; and yet I lie, for they pray continually unto their ſaint the commonwealth; or rather, not pray to her, but prey on her; for they ride up and down on her, and make her their boots.

Cham.

* *Nicholas* was the patron ſaint of ſcholars; and *Nicholas*, or *Old Nick*, is a cant name for the devil. Hence he equivocally calls them *St. Nicholas's clerks.*

Cham. What, the commonwealth their boots? will ſhe hold out water in foul way?

Gads. She will, ſhe will; juſtice hath liquor'd her. We ſteal as in a caſtle, cock-ſure; we have the receipt of fern-ſeed, we walk inviſible.

Cham. Nay, I think rather, you are more beholden to the night, than the fern-ſeed, for your walking inviſible.

Gads. Give me thy hand: thou ſhalt have a ſhare in our purchaſe, as I am a true man.

Cham. Nay, rather let me have it, as you are a falſe thief.

Gads. Go to,—*Homo* is a common name to all men. Bid the oſtler bring my gelding out of the ſtable. Farewell, ye muddy knave. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Changes to the high-way.*

Enter Prince Henry, Poins, and Peto.

Poins. Come, ſhelter, ſhelter; I have removed Falſtaff's horſe, and he frets like a gumm'd velvet.

P. Henry. Stand cloſe.

Enter Falſtaff.

Fal. Poins, Poins, and be hanged, Poins!

P. Henry. Peace, ye fat-kidney'd raſcal, what a brawling doſt thou keep?

Fal. What, Poins! Hal!———

P. Henry. He is walk'd up to the top of the hill, I'll go ſeek him.

Fal. I am accurs'd to rob in that thief's company: the raſcal hath removed my horſe, and ty'd him I know not where. If I travel but four foot by the ſquare farther a-foot, I ſhall break my wind. Well, I doubt not but to die a fair death for all this, if I 'ſcape hanging for killing that rogue. I have forſworn his company hourly any time this two and twenty year, and yet I am bewitch'd with the rogue's company. If the raſcal have not given me medicines to make me love him, I'll be hang'd; it could not be elſe; I have drunk medicines. Poins! Hal! a plague upon you both. Bardolph! Peto! I'll ſtarve ere I'll rob a foot further. An 'twere not

as

as good a deed as to drink, to turn true-man, and to leave theſe rogues, I am the verieſt varlet that ever chew'd with a tooth. Eight yards of uneven ground, is threeſcore and ten miles a-foot with me: and the ſtony-hearted villains know it well enough. A plague upon't, when thieves cannot be true one to another. [*They whiſtle.*] Whew!——a plague upon you all. Give me my horſe; you rogues, give me my horſe, and be hang'd.

P. Henry. Peace, ye fat guts, lie down, lay thine ear cloſe to the ground, and liſt if thou canſt hear the tread of travellers.

Fal. Have you any leavers to lift me up again, being down? 'Sblood, I'll not bear mine own fleſh ſo far a-foot again, for all the coin in thy father's exchequer. What a plague mean ye to colt me thus?

P. Henry. Thou lieſt, thou art not colted, thou art uncolted.

Fal. I pr'ythee, good Prince Hal, help me to my horſe, good King's ſon.

P. Henry. Out, you rogue! ſhall I be your oſtler?

Fal. Go hang thyſelf in thy own heir apparent garters; if I be ta'en, I'll peach for this; an' I have not ballads made on you all, and ſung to filthy tunes, let a cup of ſack be my poiſon; when a jeſt is ſo forward, and a-foot too! I hate it.

Enter Gads-hill and Bardolph.

Gads. Stand!——

Fal. So I do againſt my will.

Poins. O, 'tis our ſetter, I know his voice. Bardolph, what news?

Bard. Caſe ye, caſe ye; on with your vizards; there's money of the King's coming down the hill, 'tis going to the King's exchequer.

Fal. You lie, you rogue, 'tis going to the King's tavern.

Gads. There's enough to make us all.

Fal. To be hang'd.

P. Henry. Sirs, you four ſhall front them in the narrow lane, Ned Poins and I will walk lower; if they 'ſcape from your encounter, then they light on us.

Peto. But how came he to be of them?

Gads. Some eight or ten.

Fal. Zounds! will they not rob us?

P. Henry. What, a coward, Sir John Paunch?

Fal. Indeed I am not John of Gaunt, your grand-father; but yet no coward, Hal.

P. Henry. Well, we'll leave that to the proof.

Poins. Sirrah, Jack, thy horſe ſtands behind the hedge; when thou need'ſt him, there ſhalt thou find him; farewell, and ſtand faſt.

Fal. Now cannot I ſtrike him if I ſhould be hang'd.

P. Henry. Ned, where are our diſguiſes?

Poins. Here, hard by: ſtand cloſe.

Fal. Now, my maſters, happy man be his dole, ſay I; every man to his buſineſs.

SCENE IV. *Enter Travellers.*

Trav. Come, neighbour; the boy ſhall lead our horſes down the hill: we'll walk a-foot a while, and eaſe our legs.

Thieves. Stand!———

Trav. Jeſu bleſs us!

Fal. Strike; down with them, cut the villains' throats; ah! whoreſon caterpillars; bacon-fed knaves; they hate us youth: down with them, fleece them.

Trav. O, we are undone both we and ours for ever.

Fal. Hang ye, gorbellied knaves, are you undone? no, ye fat chuffs, I would your ſtore were here. On, bacons, on! what, ye knaves! young men muſt live; you are grand jurors, are ye? we'll jure ye, i'faith.

[*Here they rob and bind them. Exeunt.*

Enter Prince Henry and Poins.

P. Henry. The thieves have bound the true men: now could thou and I rob the thieves, and go merrily to London, it would be argument for a week, laughter for a month, and a good jeſt for ever.

Poins. Stand cloſe, I hear them coming.

Enter Thieves again.

Fal. Come, my maſters, let us ſhare, and then to horſe before day; an' the Prince and Poins be not two arran'

arrant cowards, there's equity ſtirring. There's no more valour in that Poins, than in a wild duck.

P. Henry. Your money.

Poins. Villain!

[*As they are ſharing, the Prince and Poins ſet upon them. They all run away; and Falſtaff, after a blow or two, runs away too, leaving the booty behind them.*

P. Henry. Got with much eaſe. Now merrily to horſe:
The thieves are ſcatter'd, and poſſeſs'd with fear
So ſtrongly, that they dare not meet each other;
Each takes his fellow for an officer.
Away, good Ned. Now Falſtaff ſweats to death,
And lards the lean earth as he walks along:
Were't not for laughing, I ſhould pity him.

Poins. How the rogue roar'd! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Lord Percy's houſe.*

Enter Hot-ſpur ſolus, reading a letter.

But for mine own part, my Lord, I could be well contented to be there, in reſpect of the love I bear your houſe. He could be contented to be there; why is he not then? *In reſpect of the love he bears our houſe!* he ſhews in this, he loves his own barn better than he loves our houſe. Let me ſee ſome more. *The purpoſe you undertake is dangerous.* Why, that's certain: 'tis dangerous to take a cold, to ſleep, or drink: but I tell you, my Lord fool, out of this nettle danger, we pluck this flower ſafety. *The purpoſe you undertake is dangerous, the friends you have named uncertain, the time itſelf unſorted, and your whole plot too light, for the counterpoiſe of ſo great an oppoſition.* Say you ſo, ſay you ſo? I ſay unto you again, you are a ſhallow cowardly hind, and you lie. What a lack-brain is this? By the Lord, our plot is a good plot as ever was laid; our friends true and conſtant: a good plot, good friends, and full of expectation; an excellent plot, very good friends. What a froſty-ſpirited rogue this is? Why, my Lord of York commends the plot and the general courſe of the action. By this hand, if I were now by this raſcal, I could brain him with

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with his Lady's fan*. Is there not my father, my uncle, and myſelf, Lord Edmund Mortimer, my Lord of York, and Owen Glendower? is there not, beſides, the Douglas? have I not all their letters, to meet me in arms by the ninth of next month? and are not ſome of them ſet forward already? What a Pagan raſcal is this? an infidel. Ha! you ſhall ſee now, in very ſincerity of fear and cold heart, will he to the King, and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could divide myſelf, and go to buffets, for moving ſuch a diſh of ſkimm'd milk with ſo honourable an action. Hang him, let him tell the King. We are prepared, I will ſet forward to-night.

SCENE VI. *Enter Lady Percy.*

How now, Kate! I muſt leave you within theſe two hours.

Lady. O my good Lord, why are you thus alone?
For what offence have I this fortnight been
A baniſh'd woman from my Harry's bed?
Tell me, ſweet Lord, what is't that takes from thee
Thy ſtomach, pleaſure, and thy golden ſleep?
Why doſt thou bend thy eyes upon the earth,
And ſtart ſo often when thou ſitt'ſt alone?
Why haſt thou loſt the freſh blood in thy cheeks?
And given my treaſures and my rights of thee,
To thick-ey'd muſing, and curs'd melancholy?
" In thy faint ſlumbers I by thee have watch'd,
" And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars;
" Speak terms of manage to thy bounding ſteed:
" Cry, Courage! To the field! and thou haſt talk'd
" Of ſallies, and retires; of trenches, tents;
" Of paliſadoes, fortins, parapets;
" Of baſiliſks, of cannon, culverin;
" Of priſoners' ranſom, and of ſoldiers ſlain,
" And all the current of a heady fight."
Thy ſpirit within thee hath been ſo at war,
And thus hath ſo beſtirr'd thee in thy ſleep,
That beads of ſweat have ſtood upon thy brow,
Like bubbles in a late-diſturbed ſtream:
And in thy face ſtrange motions have appear'd,

Such

* *The* fans then in faſhion, had very long handles.

Such as we ſee when men reſtrain their breath
On ſome great ſudden haſte. O, what portents are theſe?
Some heavy buſineſs hath my Lord in hand,
And I muſt know it, elſe he loves me not.

Hot. What, ho! is Gilliams with the packet gone?

Enter Servant.

Serv. He is, my Lord, an hour agone.

Hot. Hath Butler brought theſe horſes from the Sheriff?

Serv. One horſe, my Lord, he brought ev'n now.

Hot. What horſe! a roan, a crop-ear, is it not?

Serv. It is, my Lord.

Hot. That roan ſhall be my throne.
Well, I will back him ſtrait. O Eſperance!
Bid Butler lead him forth into the park. [*Exit Servant.*

Lady. But hear you, my Lord.

Hot. What ſay'ſt thou, my Lady?

Lady. What is it carries you away?

Hot. Why, my horſe, my love, my horſe,

Lady. Out, you mad-headed ape! a weazel hath not
Such a deal of ſpleen as you are toſs'd with.——
In faith, I'll know your buſineſs, that I will.
I fear, my brother Mortimer doth ſtir
About his title, and hath ſent for you
To line his enterpriſe. But if you go——

Hot. So far a-foot, I ſhall be weary, love.

Lady. Come, come, you paraquito, anſwer me
Directly to this queſtion I ſhall aſk.
I'll break thy little finger, Harry,
An' if thou wilt not tell me all things true.

Hot. Away, away, you trifler:—love! I love thee not,
I care not for thee, Kate; this is no world
To play with mammets *, and to tilt with lips.
We muſt have bloody noſes, and crack'd crowns,
And paſs them current too—Gods me! my horſe!
What ſay'ſt thou, Kate? what wouldſt thou have with me?

Lady. Do ye not love me? do you not indeed?
Well, do not then. For, ſince you love me not,
I will not love myſelf. Do you not love me?
Nay, tell me, if you ſpeak in jeſt or no.

Hot. Come, wilt thou ſee me ride?

* *i. e.* Girls.

And when I am o'horſe-back, I will ſwear,
I love thee infinitely. But hark you, Kate,
I muſt not have you henceforth queſtion me,
Whither I go; nor reaſon whereabout.
Whither I muſt, I muſt; and, to conclude
This evening muſt I leave thee, gentle Kate.
I know you wiſe; but yet no further wiſe
Than Harry Percy's wife. Conſtant you are,
But yet a woman; and for ſecrecy,
No lady cloſer. For I well believe,
Thou wilt not utter what thou doſt not know:
And ſo far will I truſt thee, gentle Kate.

Lady. How! ſo far?

Hot. Not an inch further. But hark you, Kate,
Whither I go, thither ſhall you go too;
To-day will I ſet forth, to-morrow you.
Will this content you, Kate?

Lady. It muſt of force. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Changes to the Boar's-head tavern in Eaſt-cheap.

Enter Prince Henry and Poins.

P. Henry. Ned, pr'ythee come out of that fat room, and lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

Poins. Where haſt been, Hal?

P. Henry. With three or four loggerheads, amongſt three or four ſcore hogſheads. I have ſounded the very baſe ſtring of humility. Sirrah, I am ſworn brother to a leaſh of drawers, and can call them all by their Chriſtian names, as *Tom*, *Dick*, and *Francis*. They take it already upon their conſcience, that though I be but Prince of Wales, yet I am the King of courteſy; telling me flatly, I am no proud jack, like Falſtaff; but a Corinthian, a lad of mettle, a good boy; (by the Lord, ſo they call me;) and when I am King of England, I ſhall command all the good lads in Eaſt-cheap. They call drinking deep dying ſcarlet; and when you breathe in your watering, they cry, *Hem!* and bid you play it off.——To conclude, I am ſo good a proficient in one *quarter of* an hour, that I can drink with any tinker in *his own language* during my life. I tell thee, Ned, thou

hail

haſt loſt much honour, that thou wert not with me in this action; but, ſweet Ned,—— (to ſweeten which name of *Ned* I give thee this pennyworth of ſugar, clapp'd even now into my hand by an under-ſkinker, one that never ſpake other Engliſh in his life, than *Eight ſhillings and ſixpence*, and *You are welcome, Sir;* with this ſhrill addition, *Anon, anon, Sir! Score a pint of baſtard in the half moon*, or ſo:) But, Ned, to drive away the time till Falſtaff come, I pr'ythee, do thou ſtand in ſome by-room, while I queſtion my puny drawer, to what end he gave me the ſugar; and do thou never leave calling *Francis*, that his tale to me may be nothing but *Anon.* Step aſide, and I'll ſhew thee a precedent.

[*Poins retires.*

Poins. Francis!——

P. Henry. Thou art perfect.

Poins. Francis!——

SCENE VIII. *Enter Francis the drawer.*

Fran. Anon, anon, Sir; look down into the pomgranate, Ralph.

P. Henry. Come hither, Francis.

Fran. My Lord.

P. Henry. How long haſt thou to ſerve, Francis?

Fran. Forſooth, five years, and as much as to—

Poins. Francis!——

Fran. Anon, anon, Sir.

P. Henry. Five years; by'rlady, a long leaſe for the clinking of pewter. But, Francis, dareſt thou to be ſo valiant, as to play the coward with thy indenture, and ſhew it a fair pair of heels, and run from it?

Fran. O Lord, Sir, I'll be ſworn upon all the books in England, I could find in my heart——

Poins. Francis!——

Fran. Anon, anon, Sir.

P. Henry. How old art thou, Francis?

Fran. Let me ſee, about Michaelmas next I ſhall

Poins. Francis!——

Fran. Anon, Sir; pray you ſtay a little, my Lord.

P. Henry. Nay, but hark you, Francis, for the ſugar thou gav'ſt me, 'twas a pennyworth, was't not?

Fran.

Fran. O Lord, I would it had been two.

P. Henry. I will give thee for it a thouſand pound: aſk me when thou wilt, and thou ſhalt have it.

Poins. Francis!———

Fran. Anon, anon.

P. Henry. Anon, Francis? no, Francis, but to morrow, Francis; or, Francis, on Thurſday; or, indeed, Francis, when thou wilt. But, Francis,———

Fran. My Lord?

P. Henry. Wilt thou rob this leathern-jerkin, cryſtal-button, knot-pated, agat-ring, puke-ſtocking, caddice-garter, ſmooth-tongue, Spaniſh-pouch.

Fran. O Lord, Sir, who do you mean?

P. Henry. Why then your brown baſtard is your only drink; for look you, Francis, your white canvas doublet will fully. In Barbary, Sir, it cannot come to ſo much.

Fran. What, Sir?

Poins. Francis!———

P. Henry. Away, you rogue, doſt thou not hear them call?

Here they both call; the drawer ſtands amazed, not knowing which way to go.

Enter Vintner.

Vint. What, ſtand'ſt thou ſtill, and hear'ſt ſuch a calling? Look to the gueſts within. My Lord, old Sir John with half a dozen more at the door; ſhall I let them in?

P. Henry. Let them alone a while, and then open the door. Poins,——— [*Exit Vintner.*

Enter Poins.

Poins. Anon, anon, Sir.

P. Henry. Sirrah, Falſtaff and the reſt of the thieves are at the door? ſhall we be merry?

Poins. As merry as crickets, my lad. But hark ye, what cunning match have you made with this jeſt of the drawer? come, what's the iſſue?

P. Henry. I am now of all humours, that have ſhew'd themſelves humours, ſince the old days of goodman Adam, to the pupil age of this preſent twelve o'clock at midnight. What's o'clock, Francis?

Fran. Anon, anon, Sir.

P. Henry.

P. Henry. That ever this fellow ſhould have fewer words than a parrot, and yet the ſon of a woman!—His induſtry is up ſtairs and down ſtairs; his eloquence the parcel of a reckoning. I am not yet of Percy's mind, the hot-ſpur of the north; he that kills me ſome ſix or ſeven dozen of Scots at a breakfaſt, waſhes his hands, and ſays to his wife, "Fy upon this quiet life! I want work." "O my ſweet Harry, (ſays ſhe,) how many haſt thou kill'd to-day?" "Give my roan horſe a drench, (ſays he,) and anſwers, Some fourteen, (an hour after;) a triſle, a triſle." I pr'ythee, call in Falſtaff; I'll play Percy, and that damn'd brawn ſhall play dame Mortimer his wife. Ribi, ſays the drunkard. Call in ribs, call in tallow.

SCENE IX.

Enter Falſtaff, Gads-hill, Bardolph, and Peto.

Poins. Welcome, Jack; where haſt thou been?

Fal. A plague of all cowards, I ſay, and a vengeance too, marry and *Amen!* Give me a cup of ſack, boy—Ere I lead this life long, I'll ſow nether ſocks, and mend them, and foot them too. A plague of all cowards! Give me a cup of ſack, rogue. Is there no virtue extant? [*He drinks.*

P. Henry. Didſt thou never ſee Titan kiſs a diſh of butter? (pitiful-hearted Titan!) that melted at the ſweet tale of the ſun? if thou didſt, then behold that compound.

Fal. You rogue, here's lime in this ſack too; there is nothing but roguery to be found in villanous man; yet a coward is worſe than a cup of ſack with lime in it. A villanous coward——Go thy ways, old Jack, die when thou wilt; if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a ſhotten herring. There live not three good men unhang'd in England, and one of them is fat, and grows old, God help, the while! a bad world; I ſay. I would I were a weaver; I could ſing pſalms, and all manner of ſongs *. A plague of all cowards, I ſay ſtill!

P. Henry.

* *perſecutions of the proteſtants* in Flanders under Philip II. thoſe

P. Henry. How now, Woolſack, what mutter you?

Fal. A king's ſon! if I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath, and drive all thy ſubjects afore thee like a flock of wild-geeſe, I'll never wear hair on my face more. You Prince of Wales!

P. Henry. Why, you whoreſon round man! what's the matter!

Fal. Are you not a coward? anſwer me to that, and Poins there?

P. Henry. Ye fat paunch, an' ye call me coward, I'll ſtab thee.

Fal. I call thee coward; I'll ſee thee damn'd ere I call thee coward; but I would give a thouſand pound I could run as faſt as thou canſt. You are ſtrait enough in the ſhoulders, you care not who ſees your back: call you that backing of your friends? a plague upon ſuch backing! give me them that will face me———Give me a cup of ſack; I am a rogue, if I drunk to-day.

P. Henry. O villain, thy lips are ſcarce wip'd ſince thou drunk'ſt laſt.

Fal. All's one for that. [*He drinks.*
A plague of all cowards, ſtill, ſay I!

P. Henry. What's the matter?

Fal. What's the matter? here be four of us have ta'en a thouſand pound this morning.

P. Henry. Where is it, Jack? where is it?

Fal. Where is it? taken from us, it is; a hundred upon poor four of us.

P. Henry What, a hundred, man?

Fal. I am a rogue, if I were not half ſword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have eſcap'd by miracle. I am eight times thruſt through the doublet, four through the hoſe, my buckler cut through and through, my ſword hack'd like a hand-ſaw, *ecce-ſignum.* I never dealt better ſince I was a man! all would not do. A plague of all cowards!—let them ſpeak: if they ſpeak more or leſs than truth, they are villains, and the ſons of darkneſs.

P. Henry. Speak, Sirs, how was it?

Gads.

thoſe who came over into England on that occaſion, brought with *them the woollen* manufactory. Theſe were Calviniſts, who were *always diſtinguiſhed* for their love of pſalmody. Mr. Warburton.

Gads. We four ſet upon ſome dozen.

Fal. Sixteen, at leaſt, my Lord.

Gads. And bound them.

Peto. No, no, they were not bound.

Fal. You rogue, they were bound, every man of them, or I am a Jew elſe, an Ebrew Jew.

Gads. As we were ſharing, ſome ſix or ſeven freſh men ſet upon us.

Fal. And unbound the reſt, and then came in the other.

P. Henry. What, fought ye with them all?

Fal. All! I know not what you call *all;* but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radiſh. If there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then am I no two-legg'd creature.

Poins. Pray heav'n, you have not murthered ſome of them.

Fal. Nay that's paſt praying for. I have pepper'd two of them; two, I am ſure, I have pay'd, two rogues in buckram-ſuits. I tell thee what, Hal, if I tell thee a lie, ſpit in my face, call me *horſe;* thou know'ſt my old ward; here I lay, and thus I bore my point; four rogues in buckram let drive at me.

P. Henry. What, four? thou ſaidſt but two, even now.

Fal. Four, Hal, I told thee four.

Poins. Ay, ay, he ſaid four.

Fal. Theſe four came all a-front, and mainly thruſt at me; I made no more ado, but took all their ſeven points in my target, thus.

P. Henry. Seven? why there were but four, even now.

Fal. In buckram.

Poins. Ay, four, in buckram-ſuits.

Fal. Seven, by theſe hilts, or I am a villain elſe.

P. Henry. Pr'ythee let him alone, we ſhall have more anon.

Fal. Doſt thou hear me, Hal?

P. Henry. Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

Fal. Do ſo, for it is worth the liſt'ning to. Theſe nine in buckram that I told thee of——

P. Henry. So, two *more* already.

Fal. *Their points being broken*——

Poins.

Poins. Down fell his hoſe.

Fal. Began to give me ground; but I follow'd me cloſe, came in foot and hand; and, with a thought, ſeven of the eleven I pay'd,

P. Henry. O monſtrous! eleven buckram-men grown out of two!

Fal. But as the devil would have it, three miſbegotten knaves in Kendal green came at my back, and let drive at me; (for it was ſo dark, Hal, that thou couldſt not ſee thy hand.)

P. Henry. Theſe lies are like the father that begets them, groſs as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou clay-brain'd guts, thou knotty-pated fool, thou whoreſon obſcene greaſy tallow-catch——

Fal. What, art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth the truth?

P. Henry. Why, how couldſt thou know theſe men in Kendal green, when it was ſo dark thou could'ſt not ſee thy hand? Come, tell us your reaſon: what ſay'ſt thou to this?

Poins. Come, your reaſon, Jack, your reaſon.

Fal. What, upon compulſion? no; were I at the ſtrapado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulſion. Give you a reaſon on compulſion! if reaſons were as plenty as black-berries, I would give no man a reaſon upon compulſion, I.

P. Henry. I'll be no longer guilty of this ſin. This ſanguine coward, this bed-preſſer, this horſe-back-breaker, this huge hill of fleſh——

Fal. Away, you ſtarveling, you eel-ſkin, you dry'd neat's-tongue, bull's-pizzel, you ſtock-fiſh. O for breath to utter! What is like thee? You tailor's yard, you ſheath, you bow-caſe, you vile ſtanding tuck,——

P. Henry. Well, breathe a while, and then to't again; and when thou haſt tir'd thyſelf in baſe compariſons, hear me ſpeak but this.

Poins. Mark, Jack.

P. Henry. We two ſaw you four ſet on four, you bound them, and were maſter of their wealth; mark now how a plain tale ſhall put you down. Then did we two ſet on you four, and with a word outfac'd you *from your* prize, and have it; yea, can ſhew it you

here in the houſe. And, Falſtaff, you carry'd your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roar'd for mercy, and ſtill ran and roar'd, as ever I heard bull-calf. What a ſlave art thou, to hack thy ſword as thou haſt done, and then ſay it was in fight?——What trick? what device? what ſtarting-hole canſt thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparent ſhame!

Poins. Come, let's hear, Jack; what trick haſt thou now?

Fal. By the Lord, I knew ye as well as he that made ye. Why, hear ye, my maſters; was it for me to kill the heir-apparent? Should I turn upon the true prince? Why, thou knoweſt, I am as valiant as Hercules; but beware inſtinct, the lion will not touch the true prince. Inſtinct is a great matter. I was a coward on inſtinct. I ſhall think the better of myſelf and thee during my life; I, for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince. But by the Lord, lads, I am glad you have the money. Hoſteſs, clap to the doors; watch to-night, pray to-morrow. Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold, all the titles of good fellowſhip come to you! What, ſhall we be merry? ſhall we have a play extemporé?

P. Henry. Content:——and the argument ſhall be thy running away.

Fal. Ah!——no more of that, Hal, if thou loveſt me.

SCENE X. *Enter Hoſteſs.*

Hoſt. O Jeſu! my Lord the Prince!

P. Henry. How now, my lady the hoſteſs, what ſay'ſt thou to me?

Hoſt. Marry, my Lord, there is a Nobleman of the court at door would ſpeak with you; he ſays he comes from your father.

P. Henry. Give him as much as will make him a royal man, and ſend him back again to my mother.

Fal. What manner of man is he?

Hoſt. An old man.

Fal. What doth gravity out of his bed at midnight? Shall I give him his anſwer?

P. Henry. Prithee, do, Jack.

Poins. Down [illegible]

Fal. Began to give[illegible] [illegible] you [illegible] close, came in foot and [illegible] Bardolph: you [illegible] of the eleven I pay [illegible] you will not [illegible]

P. Henry. O m[illegible] out of two! [illegible] when I saw others run.

Fal. But as [illegible] now in earnest, how came Fal[illegible] ten knaves in [illegible] drive at me [illegible] hack'd it with his dagger, and [illegible] not see thy [illegible] truth out of England, but he would [illegible]

P. He[illegible] was done in fight, and persuaded us [illegible] them, [illegible] clay [illegible] [illegible], and to tickle our noses with spear-son [illegible] them bleed; and then beslubber our gar[illegible] [illegible] and swear it was the blood of true men. [illegible] did not these seven years before, I blush'd to [illegible] [illegible]strous devices.

P. Henry. O villain, thou stolest a cup of sac[illegible] [illegible] years ago, and wert taken with the man[illegible] [illegible] since thou hast blush'd *extempore;* thou [illegible] [illegible] sword on thy side, and yet thou ranneſt away [illegible] [illegible]inct hadst thou for it?

Bard. My Lord, do you see these meteors? do [illegible] behold these exhalations?

P. Henry. I do.

Bard. What think you they portend?

P. Henry. Hot livers, and cold purses.

Bard. Choler, my Lord, if rightly taken.

P. Henry. No, if rightly taken, halter.

SCENE XI. *Re-enter Falstaff.*

Here comes lean Jack, here comes bare-bone. [illegible] now, my sweet creature of bombast, how long is't [illegible] Jack, since thou saw'st thy own knee?

Fal. My own knee? When I was about thy [illegible] Hal, I was not an eagle's talon in the waste; [illegible] have crept into any alderman's thumb-ring: a p[illegible] sighing and grief, it blows a man up like a [illegible] There's villanous news abroad: here was Sir John [illegible] from your father; you must go to the court in [illegible] ing. That same mad fellow in the North, Pere[illegible]

at gave Amamon the baſtinado, and
d, and ſwore the devil his true Liege-
of a Welch hook: what a plague

ower.
n; the ſame: and his ſon-in-law Mor-
thumberland, and that ſprightly Scot
hat runs a horſeback up a hill per-

at rides at high-ſpeed, and with a piſ-
ying.
it it.
d he never the ſparrow.
raſcal had good mettle in him, he

what a raſcal art thou then, to praiſe

k, ye cuckow,—but a-foot, he will

Jack, upon inſtinct.
upon inſtinct: well, he is there too,
nd a thouſand blue-caps more. Wor-
by night: thy father's beard is turn'd
: you may buy land now as cheap as

'tis like, if there come a hot June,
tting hold, we ſhall buy maidenheads
ils, by the hundred.
s, lad, thou ſay'ſt true; it is like we
ading that way. But tell me, Hal,
ly afeard? thou being heir-apparent,
ck thee out three ſuch enemies again
glas, that ſpirit Percy, and that devil
ou not horribly afraid? doth not thy

a whit, i'faith; I lack ſome of thy in-

u wilt be horribly chid to-morrow,
to thy father: if thou do love me,

thou ſtand for my father, and examine
ulars of my life.

Fal. Shall I? content. This chair ſhall be my ſtate, this dagger my ſceptre, and this cuſhion my crown.

P. Henry. Thy ſtate is taken for a joint-ſtool, thy golden ſceptre for a leaden dagger, and thy precious rich crown for a pitiful bald crown.

Fal. Well, an' the fire of grace be not quite out of thee, now ſhalt thou be moved.——Give me a cup of ſack to make mine eyes look red, that it may be thought I have wept; for I muſt ſpeak in paſſion, and I will do it in King Cambyſes' vein *.

P. Henry. Well, here is my leg.

Fal. And here is my ſpeech——Stand aſide, Nobility——

Hoſt. This is excellent ſport, i'faith.

Fal. Weep not, ſweet Queen, for trickling tears are vain.

Hoſt. O the father! how he holds his countenance!

Fal. For God's ſake, Lords, convey my triſtful Queen,
For tears do ſtop the flood-gates of her eyes.

Hoſt. O rare, he doth it as like one of thoſe harlotry players as I ever ſee.

Fal. Peace, good pint-pot; peace, good tickle-brain. Harry, I do not only marvel, where thou ſpendeſt thy time; but alſo, how thou art accompany'd: for though the camomile, the more it is trodden on, the faſter it grows; yet youth, the more it is waſted, the ſooner it wears. Thou art my ſon, I have partly thy mother's word, partly my own opinion; but chiefly a villanous trick of thine eye, and a foolish hanging of thy nether lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be ſon to me, here lieth the point; why, being ſon to me, art thou ſo pointed at? Shall the bleſſed ſun of heav'n prove a micher †, and eat black-berries? a queſtion not to be aſk'd. Shall the ſon of England prove a thief and take purſes? a queſtion to be aſk'd. There is a thing, Harry, which thou haſt often heard of, and it is known to many in our land by the name of *pitch:* this pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth defile; ſo doth the company thou keep'ſt for, Harry,

* A bombaſt play of that time, intitled, *A lamentable tragedy mixed full of pleaſant mirth, containing the life of Cambyſes King of Perſia.* By Thomas Preſton.

† *i. e.* Truant. To *mich*, is lurk out of ſight, a hedge-creeper.

k to thee in drink, but in tears;
in paſſion; not in words only, but
yet there is a virtuous man, whom
d in thy company, but I know not

manner of man, an' it like your Ma-

ortly man, i'faith, and a corpulent;
a pleaſing eye, and a moſt noble
think, his age ſome fifty, or by'r
threeſcore; and now, I remember
lſtaff. If that man ſhould be lewd-
es me; for, Harry, I ſee virtue in
the fruit may be known by the tree,
fruit, then peremptorily I ſpeak it,
t Falſtaff; him keep with, the reſt,
e now, thou naughty varlet, tell me,
n this month?'

ou ſpeak like a King? do thou ſtand
ny father.

——If thou doſt it half ſo gravely,
n word and matter, hang me up by
ſucker, or a poulterer's hare *.

ere I am ſet.

and; judge, my maſters.

Harry, whence come you?

ord, from Eaſt-cheap.

nplaints I hear of thee are grievous.

Lord, they are falſe.——Nay, I'll
prince.

reſt thou, ungracious boy? hence-
me; thou art valiantly carried a-

here's a devil haunts thee in the
man; a tun of man is thy com-
thou converſe with that trunk of
lting hutch of beaſtlineſs, that
pſies, that huge bombard of ſack,
g of guts, that roaſted Manning-tree
ng in his belly, that reverend vice,

* Shaped on a board uſed by poulterers

'that grey iniquity, that father ruffian, that vanity in 'years? Wherein is he good, but to taſte ſack and drink 'it? wherein neat and cleanly, but to carve a capon and 'eat it? wherein cunning, but in craft? wherein crafty, 'but in villany? wherein villanous, but in all things? 'wherein worthy, but in nothing?'

Fal. I would your Grace would take me with you: whom means your Grace?

P. Henry. That villanous abominable miſleader of youth, Falſtaff, that old white-bearded Satan.

Fal. My Lord, the man I know.

P. Henry. I know thou doſt.

Fal. 'But to ſay, I know more harm in him than in 'myſelf, were to ſay more than I know. That he is 'old, the more is the pity, his white hairs do witness 'it; but that he is (ſaving your reverence) a whore-'maſter, that I utterly deny. If ſack and ſugar be a 'fault, God help the wicked! if to be old and merry 'be a ſin, then many an old hoſt that I know, is damned: 'if to be fat be to be hated, then Pharaoh's lean kine are 'to be lov'd. No, my good Lord, baniſh Peto, baniſh 'Bardolph, baniſh Poins; but for ſweet Jack Falſtaff, 'kind Jack Falſtaff, true Jack Falſtaff, valiant Jack Fal-'ſtaff, and therefore more valiant, being as he is, old Jack 'Falſtaff; baniſh not him thy Harry's company: baniſh not 'plump Jack, and baniſh all the world.'

P. Henry. I do, I will.

[*Knocking; and Hoſteſs goes out.*

Enter Bardolph running.

Bard. O, my Lord, my Lord, the Sheriff, with a moſt monſtrous watch, is at the door.

Fal. Out, you rogue! play out the play: I have much to ſay in behalf of that Falſtaff.

Re-enter the Hoſteſs.

Hoſt. O, my Lord, my Lord!

Fal. Heigh, heigh, the devil rides upon a fiddle-ſtick: what's the matter?

Hoſt. The Sheriff and all the watch are at the door: they are come to ſearch the houſe: ſhall I let them in?

Fal.

[illegible] thou hear, Hal? never call a true piece of [illegible]; thou art essentially mad, without [illegible]

[illegible] And thou a natural coward, without in[illegible]

Fal. I deny your major; if you will deny the Sheriff, [illegible] not, let him enter. If I become not a cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing up; I hope I shall as soon be strangled with a halter as another.

P. Henry. Go, hide thee behind the arras, the rest walk up above. Now, my masters, for a true face and good conscience.

Fal. Both which I have had; but their date is out, [illegible] therefore I'll hide me.

[*Exeunt Falstaff, Bardolph, &c.*

[illegible] Call in the Sheriff.———

SCENE XII. *Enter Sheriff and Carrier.*

[illegible] Sheriff, what is your will with me?

[illegible] First, pardon me, my Lord. A hue and cry [illegible] follow'd certain men unto this house.

[illegible] What men?

[illegible] One of them is well known, my gracious Lord, [illegible] fat man.

[illegible] As fat as butter.

[illegible] The man I do assure you is not here,
[illegible] I myself at this time have employ'd him;
[illegible] Sheriff, I engage my word to thee,
[illegible] I will, by to-morrow dinner-time,
[illegible] to answer thee, or any man,
[illegible] thing he shall be charg'd withal:
[illegible] let me intreat you leave the house.

[illegible] I will, my Lord: there are two gentlemen
[illegible] in this robbery lost three hundred marks.

[illegible] It may be so; if he have robb'd these men,
[illegible] be answerable; and so farewell.

[illegible] Good night, my Noble Lord.

[illegible] I think it is good morrow, is it not?

[illegible] my Lord, I think it be two o'clock.

[illegible] [*Ex. Sheriff and Carrier.*

P. Henry.

P. Henry. This oily raſcal is known as well as Paul's: go call him forth.

Peto. Falſtaff——faſt aſleep behind the arras, and ſnorting like a horſe.

P. Henry. Hark, how hard he fetches breath: ſearch his pockets.

[*He ſearches his pockets, and finds certain papers.*

What haſt thou found?

Peto. Nothing but papers, my Lord.

P. Henry. Let's ſee, what be they? read them.

Peto. Item, a capon, 2s. 2d.

Item, Sauce, 4d.

Item, Sack, two gallons, 5s. 8d.

Item, Anchovies and ſack after ſupper, 2s. 6d.

Item, Bread, a halfpenny.

P. Henry. O monſtrous! but one halfpenny-worth of bread to this intolerable deal of ſack? What there is elſe, keep cloſe, we'll read it at more advantage; there let him ſleep till day. I'll to the court in the morning: we muſt all to the wars, and thy place ſhall be honourable. I'll procure this fat rogue a charge of foot, and I know his death will be a march of twelveſcore†. The money ſhall be paid back again with advantage. Be with me betimes in the morning; and ſo good morrow, Peto.

Peto. Good morrow, good my Lord. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Archdeacon of Bangor's houſe in Wales.

Enter Hot-ſpur, Worceſter, Lord Mortimer, and Owen Glendower.

Mort. THESE promiſes are fair, the parties ſure,
And our induction full of proſp'rous hope.

Hot. Lord Mortimer, and couſin Glendower,
Will you ſit down?
And, uncle Worceſter——a plague upon it!
I have forgot the map.

Glend. No, here it is;

† *i. e.* It will kill him to march ſo far as twelveſcore foot. Mr. Pope.

[illegible] good couſin Hot-ſpur:
[illegible] that name, as oft as Lancaſter
[illegible] of you, his cheek looks pale; and with
A riſing ſigh, he wiſheth you in heav'n.
Hot. And you in hell, as often as he hears
Owen Glendower ſpoke of.
Glend. "I blame him not: at my nativity,
"The front of heav'n was full of fiery ſhapes.
"Of burning creſſets; know that, at my birth,
"The frame and the foundation of the earth
"Shook like a coward."
Hot. "So it wou'd have done
"At the ſame ſeaſon if your mother's cat
"Had kitten'd, though yourſelf had ne'er been born."
Glend. I ſay, the earth did ſhake when I was born.
[illegible] I ſay, the earth then was not of my mind;
[illegible] ſuppoſe, as fearing you, it ſhook.
[illegible] The heav'ns were all on fire, the earth did tremble.
[illegible] O, then the earth ſhook to ſee the heav'ns on fire,
[illegible] in fear of your nativity.
[illegible] nature oftentimes breaks forth
[illegible] ange eruptions; and the teeming earth
[illegible] kind of cholic pinch'd and vex'd,
[illegible] imprifoning of unruly wind
[illegible] her womb; which, for enlargement ſtriving,
[illegible] the old beldame earth, and topples down
[illegible] tow'rs and nibſ-grown ſteeples." At your birth,
[illegible] dam earth, with this diſtemperature,
[illegible] trouble.
[illegible] Caſtis, of many men
[illegible] hear theſe croſſings: give me leave
[illegible] you once again, that at my birth
[illegible] front of heav'n was full of fiery ſhapes?
[illegible] ran from the mountains, and the herds
[illegible] ſtrangely clamorous in the frighted fields:"
[illegible] mark'd me extraordinary,
[illegible] courſes of my life do ſhew,
[illegible] the roll of common men.
[illegible] be living, clipt in with the ſea
[illegible] the banks of England, Wales, or Scotland.
[illegible] pil, or hath read to me?
[illegible] that is but woman's ſong

Can

Can trace me in the tedious ways of art,
Or hold me pace in deep experiments.
Hot. I think there is no man ſpeaks better Welch.
I'll to dinner———
Mort. Peace, couſin Percy; you will make him mad.
Glend. I can call ſpirits from the vaſty deep.
Hot. Why, ſo can I, or ſo can any man:
But will they come when you do call for them?
Glend. Why, I can teach thee to command the devil.
Hot. And I can teach thee, coz, to ſhame the devil,
By telling truth; *Tell truth, and ſhame the devil.*—
If thou haſt pow'r to raiſe him, bring him hither,
And I'll be ſworn, I've pow'r to ſhame him hence.
Oh, while you live, tell truth, and ſhame the devil.
Mort. Come, come!
No more of this unprofitable chat.
Glend. Three times hath Henry Bolingbroke made head
Againſt my pow'r; thrice from the banks of Wye,
And ſandy-bottom'd Severn, have I ſent
Him bootleſs home, and weather-beaten back.
Hot. Home without boots, and in foul weather too!
How ſcapes he agues, in the devil's name?
Glend. Come, here's the map: ſhall we divide our right,
According to our threefold order ta'en?
Mort. Th' Archdeacon hath divided it
Into three limits, very equally:
England, from Trent, and Severn hitherto,
By ſouth and eaſt, is to my part aſſign'd:
All weſtward, Wales, beyond the Severn ſhore,
And all the fertile land within that bound,
To Owen Glendower; and, dear coz, to you
The remnant northward, lying off from Trent.
And our indentures tripartite are drawn:
Which being ſealed interchangeably,
(A buſineſs that this night may execute,)
To-morrow, couſin Percy, you and I,
And my good Lord of Worceſter, will ſet forth,
To meet your father, and the Scottiſh power,
As is appointed us, at Shrewſbury.
My father Glendower is not ready yet,
Nor ſhall we need his help theſe fourteen days:
Within that ſpace you may have drawn together

Your tenants, friends, and neighbouring gentlemen.
Glend. A shorter time shall send me to you, Lords:
And in my conduct shall your ladies come;
From whom you now must steal, and take no leave;
For there will be a world of water shed,
Upon the parting of your wives and you.
Hot. Methinks, my portion, north from Burton here,
In quantity equals not one of yours.
See how this river comes me crankling in,
And cuts me from the best of all my land,
A huge half-moon, a monstrous cantle out.
I'll have the current in this place damm'd up:
And here the smug and silver Trent shall run
In a new channel, fair and evenly:
It shall not wind with such a deep indent,
To rob me of so rich a bottom here.
Glend. Not wind? it shall, it must; you see it doth.
Mort. But mark, he bears his course, and runs me up
With like advantage on the other side,
Gelding th' opposed continent as much,
As on the other side it takes from you.
Wor. Yes, but a little charge will trench him here,
And on this north side win this cape of land,
And then he runs straight and even.
Hot. I'll have it so; a little charge will do it.
Glend. I will not have it alter'd.
Hot. Will not you?
Glend. No; nor you shall not.
Hot. Who shall say me *Nay?*
Glend. Why, that will I.
Hot. Let me not understand you then,
Speak it in Welch.
Glend. I can speak English, Lord, as well as you,
For I was train'd up in the English court:
Where, being young, I framed to the harp
Many an English ditty, lovely well,
And gave the tongue a helpful ornament;
A virtue that was never seen in you.
Hot. Marry, and I'm glad of it with all my heart,
I had rather be a kitten, and cry, Mew!———
Than one of these same metre-ballad mongers;
I had rather hear a Brazen candlestick turn'd,

" Or a dry wheel grate on the axle-tree,
" And that would nothing ſet my teeth on edge,
" Nothing ſo much as mincing poetry;
" 'Tis like the forc'd gait of a ſhuffling nag."
Glend. Come, you ſhall have Trent turn'd.
Hot. I do not care; I'll give thrice ſo much land
To any well deſerving friend;
But in the way of bargain, mark ye me,
I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair.
Are the indentures drawn? ſhall we be gone?
Glend. The moon ſhines fair, you may away by night:
(I'll haſte the writer *,) and withal,
Break with your wives of your departure hence:
I am afraid my daughter will run mad;
So much ſhe doateth on her Mortimer. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Mort. Fie, couſin Percy, how you croſs my father?
Hot. I cannot chuſe: ſometime he angers me,
" With telling of the moldwarp and the ant †,
" Of dreamer Merlin, and his prophecies;
" And of a dragon, and a finleſs fiſh,
" A clipt-wing griffin, and a moulting raven;
" A couching lion, and a ramping cat;
" And ſuch a deal of ſkimble-ſkamble ſtuff,
" As puts me from my faith. I tell you what,
" He held me the laſt night at leaſt nine hours,
" In reck'ning up the ſeveral devils names,
" That were his lackeys: I cry'd, Hum,—and, Well,—
But mark'd him not a word. O, he's as tedious
As a tir'd horſe, or as a railing wife;
Worſe than a ſmoaky houſe. I'd rather live
With cheeſe and garlic, in a windmill, far,
Than feed on cates, and have him talk to me,
In any ſummer-houſe in Chriſtendom.
Mort. In faith, he is a worthy gentleman;
Exceedingly well read, and profited
In ſtrange concealments; valiant as a lion;

* He means the writer of the articles. Mr. Pope.
† This alludes to an old prophecy which is ſaid to have encouraged *Owen Glendower* to take arms againſt King Henry. See Hall's chronicle, folio 20. Mr. Pope.

ondrous affable; as bountiful
es of India. Shall I tell you, coufin?
lds your temper in a high refpect,
urbs himfelf, even of his natural fcope,
you do crofs his humour; 'faith, he does.
ant you, that man is not alive
ſo have tempted him as you have done,
ut the taſte of danger and reproof.
not uſe it oft, let me intreat you.
. In faith, my Lord, you are too wilful-blame,
ſince your coming here, have done enough
t him quite beſides his patience.
uſt needs learn, Lord, to amend this fault:
h ſometimes it ſhews greatneſs, courage, blood,
that's the deareſt grace it renders you;)
tentimes it doth preſent harſh rage,
of manners, want of government,
haughtineſs, opinion, and diſdain:
aſt of which, haunting a nobleman,
mens' hearts, and leaves behind a ſtain
the beauty of all parts beſides,
ing them of commendation.
. Well, I am ſchool'd: good manners be your ſpeed!
ome our wives, and let us take our leave.

ENE III. *Enter Glendower, with the Ladies.*

rt. This is the deadly ſpight that angers me,
ſhe can ſpeak no Engliſh, I no Welch.
d. My daughter weeps, ſhe will not part with you;
he a ſoldier too, ſhe'll to the wars.
rt. Good father, tell her, ſhe and my aunt Percy
follow in your conduct ſpeedily.
Glendower ſpeaks to her in Welch, and ſhe anſwers him in the ſame.
d. She's deſp'rate here: a peeviſh ſelf-will'd har-
no perſuaſion can do good upon. [lotry,
[*Lady ſpeaks in Welch.*
I underſtand thy looks; that pretty Welch,
you pour'ſt down from thoſe two ſwelling heavens,
erfect in: and, but for ſhame,
ſhould I anſwer thee.
[*The Lady again in Welch.*

I underſtand thy kiſſes, and thou mine;
And that's a feeling diſputation:
But I will never be a truant, Love,
Till I have learn'd thy language; for thy tongue
Makes Welch as ſweet as ditties highly penn'd,
Sung by a fair Queen in a ſummer's bower,
With raviſhing diviſion to her lute.

Glend. Nay, if thou melt, then will ſhe run mad.

[*The Lady ſpeaks again in Welch.*

Mort. O, I am Ignorance itſelf in this.

Glend. She bids you,

" All on the wanton ruſhes lay you down,
" And reſt your gentle head upon her lap,
" And ſhe will ſing the ſong that pleaſeth you,
" And on your eye-lids crown the God of Sleep,
" Charming your blood with pleaſing heavineſs;
" Making ſuch diff'rence betwixt wake and ſleep,
" As is the diff'rence betwixt day and night,
" The hour before the heav'nly-harneſs'd team
" Begins his golden progreſs in the eaſt."

Mort. With all my heart I'll ſit, and hear her ſing:
By that time will our book I think be drawn.

Glend. Do ſo;
And though th' muſicians that ſhall play to you
Hang in the air a thouſand leagues from hence;
Yet ſtrait they ſhall be here; ſit, and attend.

Hot. Come, Kate; thou art perfect in lying down: come, quick, quick, that I may lay my head in thy lap.

Lady. Go, ye giddy gooſe. [*The muſic plays.*

Hot. Now I perceive the devil underſtands Welch: and 'tis no marvel, he is ſo humorous, by'r lady, he's a good muſician.

Lady. Then would ye be nothing but muſical, for you are altogether govern'd by humours: lie ſtill, ye thief, and hear the Lady ſing in Welch.

Hot. I had rather hear Lady my brach howl in Iriſh.

Lady. Would'ſt have thy head broken?

Hot. No.

Lady. Then be ſtill.

Hot. Neither, 'tis a woman's fault.

Lady. Now God help thee!

Hot. To the Welch Lady's bed.

Lady.

Lady. What's that?

Hot. Peace, ſhe ſings.

[*Here the Lady ſings a Welch ſong.*

Come, I'll have your ſong too.

Lady. Not mine, in good ſooth.

Hot. Not yours, in good ſooth! you ſwear like a comfit-maker's wife; not you, *in good ſooth;* and, *as true as I live;* and, *as God ſhall mend me;* and, *as ſure as day:* and giv'ſt ſuch ſarcenet ſurety for thy oaths, as if thou never walk'ſt further than Finſbury.

Swear me, Kate, like a Lady, as thou art,
A good mouth-filling oath, and leave *in ſooth,*
And ſuch proteſt of pepper-ginger-bread,
To velvet-guards, and Sunday citizens.

Come, ſing.

Lady. I will not ſing.

Hot. 'Tis the next way to turn tailor, or be Robin-red-breaſt teacher: if the indentures be drawn, I'll away within theſe two hours: and ſo come in when ye will.

[*Exit.*

Mort. Come, come, Lord Mortimer, you are as ſlow,
As hot Lord Percy is on fire to go.
By this our book is drawn: we will but ſeal,
And then to horſe immediately.

Lord. With all my heart. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Changes to the preſence-chamber in Windſor.

Enter King Henry, Prince of Wales, Lords, and others.

King Henry. Lords, give us leave; the Prince of Wales and I
Muſt have ſome private conference: but be near,
For we ſhall preſently have need of you.——

[*Exeunt Lords.*

It is not whether God will have it ſo,
For ſome diſpleaſing ſervice † I have done;
That in his ſecret doom, out of my blood
He'll breed revengement and a ſcourge for me:
But thou doſt in thy paſſages of life
Make me believe, that thou art only mark'd

† *Service,* for *action,* ſimply.

For the hot vengeance † and the rod of Heav'n,
To punish my mis-treadings. Tell me else,
Could such inordinate and low desires,
Such poor, such base, such lewd, such mean attaints,
Such barren pleasures, rude society,
As thou art match'd withal and grafted to,
Accompany the greatness of thy blood,
And hold their level with thy princely heart?

P. Henry. So please your Majesty, I wish I could
Quit all offences with as clear excuse,
As well as, I am doubtless, I can purge
Myself of many I am charg'd withal:
Yet such extenuation let me beg,
As, in reproof of many tales devis'd,
Which oft the ear of greatness needs must hear,
By smiling pick-thanks and base news-mongers;
I may for some things true (wherein my youth
Hath faulty wander'd, and irregular)
Find pardon on my true submission.

K. Henry. Heav'n pardon thee: yet let me wonder, Harry,
At thy affections, which do hold a wing
Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors.
Thy place in council thou hast rudely lost,
Which by thy younger brother is supply'd;
And art almost an alien to the hearts
Of all the court and princes of my blood.
The hope and expectation of thy time
Is ruin'd, and the soul of every man
Prophetically does fore-think thy fall.
' Had I so lavish of my presence been,
' So common hackney'd in the eyes of men,
' So stale and cheap to vulgar company;
' Opinion, that did help me to the crown,
' Had still kept loyal to possession;
' And left me in reputeless banishment,
' A fellow of no mark nor likelihood.
' By being seldom seen, I could not stir,
' But, like a comet, I was wonder'd at!
' That men would tell their children, This is he.
' Others would say, Where? which is Bolingbroke?

' And

† *i. e.* Appointed for the instrument of vengeance.

[b]ade all courteſy from heav'n,
myſelf in much humility,
[p]luck allegiance from mens' hearts,
and ſalutations from their mouths,
preſence of the crowned King.
keep my perſon freſh and new,
, like a robe pontifical,
but wonder'd at; and ſo my ſtate,
ſumptuous, ſhewed like a feaſt,
y rareneſs, ſuch ſolemnity.
g King, he ambled up and down
v jeſters, and raſh bavin wits,
l, and ſoon burnt; 'ſcarded his ſtate;
royalty with carping fools;
at name profaned with their ſcorns;
s countenance, againſt his name,
th gibing boys, and ſtand the puſh
rdleſs, vain comparative:
panion to the common ſtreets,
mſelf to popularity:
daily ſwallow'd by mens' eyes,
ed with honey, and began
e taſte of ſweetneſs; whereof a little
little is by much too much.
had occaſion to be ſeen,
as the cuckow is in June,
regarded; ſeen, but with ſuch eyes,
blunted with community,
traordinary gaze;
ent on ſun-like Majeſty,
nes ſeldom in admiring eyes:
ſtrowz'd, and hung their eye-lids down,
face, and render'd ſuch aſpect
nen uſe to their adverſaries,
his preſence glutted, gorg'd, and full.'
very line, Harry, ſtand'ſt thou;
loſt thy princely privilege
rticipation. Not an eye,
y of thy common ſight,
hich hath deſir'd to ſee thee more;
both what I would not have it do,
ſelf with fooliſh tenderneſs.

P. Henry. I ſhall hereafter, my thrice-gracious Lord,
Be more myſelf.

K. Henry. For all the world,
As thou art at this hour was Richard then,
When I from France ſet foot at Ravenſpurg;
And even as I was then, is Percy now.
Now, by my ſceptre, and my ſoul to boot,
He hath more worthy intereſt to the ſtate,
Than thou, the ſhadow of ſucceſſion!
For, of no right, nor colour like to right,
He doth fill fields with harneſs; in the realm
Turns head againſt the lion's armed jaws;
And, being no more in debt to years than thou,
Leads ancient lords and rev'rend biſhops on,
To bloody battles, and to bruiſing arms.
What never-dying honour hath he got
Againſt renowned Douglas; whoſe high deeds,
Whoſe hot incurſions, and great name in arms,
Holds from all ſoldiers chief majority,
And military title capital,
Through all the kingdoms that acknowledge Chriſt!
Thrice hath this Hot-ſpur, Mars in ſwathing-clothes,
This infant warrior, in his enterpriſes,
Diſcomfited great Douglas, ta'en him once,
Enlarged him, and made a friend of him,
To fill the mouth of deep defiance up,
And ſhake the peace and ſafety of our throne.
And what ſay you to this? Percy, Northumberland,
Th' Archbiſhop's Grace of York, Douglas, and Mortimer,
Capitulate againſt us, and are up.
But wherefore do I tell this news to thee?
Why, Harry, do I tell thee of my foes,
Which art my near'ſt and deareſt enemy?
Thou that art like enough, through vaſſal fear,
Baſe inclination, and the ſtart of ſpleen,
To fight againſt me under Percy's pay;
To dog his heels, and curt'ſy at his frowns,
To ſhow how much thou art degenerate.

P. Henry. Do not think ſo, you ſhall not find it ſo;
And Heav'n forgive them, that ſo much have ſway'd
Your Majeſty's good thoughts away from me!
I will redeem all this on Percy's head,

And

losing of ſome glorious day,
ell you, that I am your ſon;
wear a garment all of blood,
y ſavour in a bloody maſk,
'd away, ſhall ſcour my ſhame with it.
all be the day, whene'er it lights,
me child of honour and renown,
Hot-ſpur, this all-praiſed Knight,
thought-of Harry, chance to meet.
nour fitting on his helm,
were multitudes, and on my head
edoubled! for the time will come,
make this northern youth exchange
deeds for my indignities.
my factor, good my Lord,
glorious deeds on my behalf:
all him to ſo ſtrict account,
render every glory up,
e ſlighteſt worſhip of his time,
r the reck'ning from his heart.
ame of heav'n I promiſe here:
if I perform, and do ſurvive,
your Majeſty, may ſalve
own wounds of my intemperature:
nd of life cancels all bonds;
ie a hundred thouſand deaths,
e ſmalleſt parcel of this vow.
A hundred thouſand rebels die in this?
ave charge, and ſovereign truſt herein.

Enter Blunt.

ood Blunt? thy looks are full of ſpeed.
is the buſineſs that I come to ſpeak of,
ner of Scotland hath ſent word,
as and the Engliſh rebels met
of this month, at Shrewſbury.
d a fearful head they are,
e kept on every hand,
'd foul play in a ſtate.
The Earl of Weſtmoreland ſet forth to-day,
ſon, Lord John of Lancaſter;
rtiſement is five days old.

On Wedneſday next, Harry, thou ſhalt ſet forward.
On Thurſday, we ourſelves will march: our meeting
Is at Bridgnorth; and, Harry, you ſhall march
Through Glo'ſterſhire: by which, ſome twelve days hence,
Our general forces at Bridgnorth ſhall meet.
Our hands are full of buſineſs: let's away,
Advantage feeds them fat, while we delay. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Changes to the Boar's head tavern in Eaſt-cheap.

Enter Falſtaff and Bardolph.

Fal. Bardolph, am not I fall'n away vilely, ſince this laſt action? Do I not 'bate? do I not dwindle? why, my ſkin hangs about me like an old lady's looſe gown: I am wither'd like an old apple, John. Well, I'll repent, and that ſuddenly, while I am in ſome liking. I ſhall be out of heart ſhortly, and then I ſhall have no ſtrength to repent. An' I have not forgotten what the inſide of a church is made of, I am a pepper-corn, a brewer's horſe; the inſide of a church! company, villanous company hath been the ſpoil of me.

Bard. Sir John, you are ſo fretful, you cannot live long.

Fal. Why, there is it; come, ſing me a bawdy ſong, to make me merry. I was as virtuouſly given as a gentleman need to be; virtuous enough; ſwore little; diced not above ſeven times a-week; went to a bawdy-houſe not above once in a quarter of an hour; paid money that I borrow'd, three or four times: liv'd well, and in good compaſs; and now I live out of all order, out of all compaſs.

Bard. Why, you are ſo fat, Sir John, that you muſt needs be out of all compaſs, out of all reaſonable compaſs, Sir John.

Fal. Do thou amend thy face, and I'll amend my life. Thou art our admiral, thou beareſt the lanthorn in the poop, but 'tis in the noſe of thee; thou art the knight of the burning lamp.

Bard. Why, Sir John, my face does you no harm.

Fal. No, I'll be ſworn; I make as good uſe of it as many a man doth of a death's head, or a Memento

hinder see thy face, but I think upon hell-fire, and Dives that liv'd in purple; for there he is in his robes, burning, burning.——If thou wert any way given to virtue, I would swear by thy face; my oath should be, *By this fire:* but thou art altogether given over; and wert indeed, but for the light in thy face, the son of utter darkness. When thou ramm'ſt up Gads-hill in the night to catch my horſe, if I did not think thou had'ſt been an *ignis fatuus*, or a ball of wildfire, there's no purchaſe in money. O, thou art a perpetual triumph, an everlaſting bonefire-light; thou haſt ſaved me a thouſand marks in links and torches, walking with thee in the night betwixt tavern and tavern; but the ſack that thou haſt drunk me, would have bought me lights as good cheap, at the deareſt chandler's in Europe. I have maintain'd that Salamander of yours with fire, any time this two and thirty years, heav'n reward me for it!

Bard. 'Sblood, I would my face were in your belly.

Fal. God-a-mercy! ſo ſhould I be ſure to be heartburn'd.

Enter Hoſteſs.

How now, Dame Partlet the hen, have you inquir'd yet who pick'd my pocket?

Hoſt. Why Sir John, what do you think, Sir John? Do you think I keep thieves in my houſe? I have ſearch'd, I have inquir'd, ſo has my huſband, man by man, boy by boy, ſervant by ſervant: the tithe of a hair was never loſt in my houſe before.

Fal. Ye lie, hoſteſs; Bardolph was ſhav'd, and loſt many a hair; and I'll be ſworn, my pocket was pick'd; go to, you are a woman, go.

Hoſt. Who I? I defy thee; I was never call'd ſo in mine own houſe before.

Fal. Go to, I know you well enough.

Hoſt. No, Sir John: you do not know me, Sir John. I know you, Sir John; you owe me money, Sir John, and now you pick a quarrel to beguile me of it. I bought you ſix or ſeven ſhirts to your back.

Fal. Dowlas, filthy dowlas. I have given them away to baſtards, and they have made boulters of them.

Hoſt. Now, as I am a true woman, Holland of eight ſhillings

ſhillings an ell. You owe money here beſides, Sir John, for your diet, and by-drinkings, and money lent you, four and twenty pounds.

Fal. He had his part of it, let him pay.

Hoſt. He? alas! he is poor, he hath nothing.

Fal. How, poor? look upon his face: what call you rich? let him coin his noſe, let him coin his cheeks: I'll not pay a denier. What, will you make a younker of me? ſhall I not take mine eaſe in mine inn, but I ſhall have my pocket pick'd? I have loſt a ſeal-ring of my grandfather's, worth forty mark.

Hoſt. O Jeſu! I have heard the Prince tell him, I know not how oft, that the ring was copper.

Fal. How? the Prince is a Jack, a ſneak-up; and if he were here, I would cudgel him like a dog, if he would ſay ſo.

SCENE VI.

Enter Prince Henry marching, and Peto playing on his truncheon like a fife. Falſtaff meets them.

Fal. How now, lad? is the wind in that door? muſt we all march?

Bard. Yea, two and two, Newgate-faſhion.

Hoſt. My Lord, I pray you, hear me.

P. Henry. What ſay'ſt thou, Miſtreſs Quickly; how does thy huſband? I love him well, he is an honeſt man.

Hoſt. Good my Lord, hear me.

Fal. Pr'ythee, let her alone, and liſt to me.

P. Henry. What ſay'ſt thou, Jack?

Fal. The other night I fell aſleep here behind the arras, and had my pocket pick'd. This houſe is turn'd bawdy-houſe, they pick pockets.

P. Henry. What didſt thou loſe, Jack?

Fal. Wilt thou believe me, Hal? three or four bonds of forty pounds a piece, and a ſeal-ring of my grandfather's.

P. Henry. A trifle, ſome eight-penny matter.

Hoſt. So I told him, my Lord; and I ſaid, I heard your Grace ſay ſo; and, my Lord, he ſpeaks moſt vilely *of you, like* a foul-mouth'd man as he is; and ſaid, he *would cudgel you.*

P. Henry.

[illegible] he did not?

[illegible] neither faith, truth, nor womanhood in

There's no more faith in thee than in a ſtew'd [illegible] truth in thee than in a drawn fox *; [illegible]manhood, maid Marian may be the deputy's [illegible] ward to thee. Go, you thing, go.

Say, what thing? what thing?

What thing? why, a thing to thank God on.

I am nothing to thank God on, I would thou [illegible] know it: I am an honeſt man's wife; and, ſetting [illegible]hood aſide, thou art a knave to call me ſo.

Setting thy womanhood aſide, thou art a beaſt to [illegible]wife.

Say, what beaſt? thou knave, thou.

What beaſt? why, an otter.

P. Henry. An otter, Sir John, why an otter?

Fal. Why? ſhe's neither fiſh nor fleſh; a man knows where to have her.

Thou art an unjuſt man in ſaying ſo: thou, or man knows where to have me; thou knave, thou!

P. Henry. Thou ſay'ſt true, Hoſteſs, and he ſlanders moſt groſsly.

So he doth you, my Lord, and ſaid this other [illegible] you ow'd him a thouſand pound.

P. Henry. Sirrah, do I owe you a thouſand pound?

A thouſand pound, Hal? a million; thy love is a million: thou ow'ſt me thy love.

Nay, my Lord, he call'd you Jack, and ſaid, he [illegible] cudgel you.

P. Henry. Did I, Bardolph?

Indeed, Sir John, you ſaid ſo.

Yea, if he ſaid my ring was copper.

P. Henry. I ſay, 'tis copper. Dar'ſt thou be as good [illegible] now?

Why, Hal, thou know'ſt, as thou art but a man [illegible] as thou art a Prince, I fear thee, as I fear the [illegible] the lion's whelp.

P. Henry. And why not as the lion?

Fal.

* A fox that hath been often hunted.

Fal. The King himſelf is to be fear'd as the lion; doſt thou think I'll fear thee as I fear thy father; nay, if I do, let my girdle break!

P. Henry. O, if it ſhould, how would thy guts fall about thy knees! But, Sirrah, there's no room for faith, truth, nor honeſty, in this boſom of thine; it is all fill'd up with guts and midriff. Charge an honeſt woman with picking thy pocket! why, thou whoreſon, impudent, imboſs'd raſcal, if there were any thing in thy pocket but tavern-reckonings, memorandums of bawdy-houſes, and one poor penny-worth of ſugar-candy to make thee long-winded; if thy pocket were enrich'd with any other injuries but theſe, I am a villain; and yet you will ſtand to it, you will not pocket up wrongs. Art thou not aſham'd?

Fal. Doſt thou hear, Hal? thou know'ſt, in the ſtate of innocency Adam fell: and what ſhould poor Jack Falſtaff do in the days of villany? thou ſeeſt, I have more fleſh than another man, and therefore more frailty. You confeſs, then, you pick'd my pocket?

P. Henry. It appears ſo by the ſtory.

Fal. Hoſteſs, I forgive thee: go make ready breakfaſt; love thy huſband, look to thy ſervants, and cheriſh thy gueſts: thou ſhalt find me tractable to any honeſt reaſon: thou ſeeſt, I am pacify'd ſtill. Nay, I pr'ythee, be gone. [*Exit Hoſteſs.* Now, Hal, to the news at court: for the robbery, lad, ——how is that anſwer'd?

P. Henry. O my ſweet beef, I muſt ſtill be good angel to thee. The money is paid back again.

Fal. O, I do not like that paying back; 'tis a double labour.

P. Henry. I am good friends with my father, and may do any thing.

Fal. Rob me the exchequer the firſt thing thou do'ſt, and do it with unwaſh'd hands too.

Bard. Do, my Lord.

P. Henry. I have procur'd thee, Jack, a charge of foot.

Fal. I would it had been of horſe. Where ſhall I find one that can ſteal well? O, for a fine thief, of two *and twenty,* or thereabout; I am heinouſly unprovided. Well,

God be thank'd for these rebels, they offend none
virtuous; I laud them, I praise them.
Henry. Bardolph.———
L. My Lord?
Henry. Go bear this letter to Lord John of Lan-
to my brother John; this to my Lord of West-
ad. Go, Peto, to horse, for thou and I have thirty
o ride yet ere dinner-time. Jack, meet me to-
in the Temple-hall at two o'clock in the after-
there shalt thou know thy charge, and there re-
oney and order for their furniture.
nd is burning, Percy stands on high;
ther they or we must lower lie.
Rare words! brave world! Hostess, my breakfast,
come:
ould wish this tavern were my drum! [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Changes to Shrewsbury.

Enter Hot-spur, Worcester, and Douglas.

WELL said, my Noble Scot; if speaking
truth,
fine age, were not thought flattery,
tribution should the Douglas have,
a soldier of this season's stamp
go so gen'ral current through the world.
v'n, I cannot flatter: I defy
ngues of soothers. But a braver place
heart's love hath no man than yourself.
sk me to my word; approve me, Lord.
. Thou art the King of honour:
n so potent breathes upon the ground,
ill beard him.

Enter a Messenger.

Do, and 'tis well.———What letters hast thou
there?———
thank you.
These come from your father.
Letters from him? why comes he not himself?

Meſſ. He cannot come, my Lord, he's grievous ſick.
Hot. Heav'ns! how has he the leiſure to be ſick
In ſuch a juſtling time? who leads his power;
Under whoſe government come they along?
Meſſ. His letters bear his mind, not I.
Hot. His mind!
Wor. I pr'ythee, tell me, doth he keep his bed?
Meſſ. He did, my Lord, four days ere I ſet forth:
And at the time of my departure thence,
He was much fear'd by his phyſicians.
Wor. I would the ſtate of time had firſt been whole,
Ere he by ſickneſs had been viſited;
His health was never better worth than now.
Hot. Sick now! droop now! this ſickneſs doth infect
The very life-blood of our enterpriſe;
'Tis catching hither, even to our camp.
He writes me here, that inward ſickneſs———
And that his friends by deputation
Could not ſo ſoon be drawn: nor thought he meet
To lay ſo dangerous and dear a truſt
On any ſoul remov'd, but on his own.
Yet doth he give us bold advertiſement,
That with our ſmall conjunction we ſhould on,
To ſee how Fortune is diſpos'd to us:
For, as he writes, there is no quailing now;
Becauſe the King is certainly poſſeſs'd
Of all our purpoſes. What ſay you to it?
Wor. Your father's ſickneſs is a maim to us.
Hot. A perilous gaſh, a very limb lopp'd off:
And yet, in faith, 'tis not; his preſent want
Seems more than we ſhall find it. Were it good,
To ſet the exact wealth of all our ſtates
All at one caſt; to ſet ſo rich a main
On the nice hazard of one doubtful hour?
It were not good; for therein ſhould we read
The very bottom, and the ſoul of hope,
The very liſt, the very utmoſt bound
Of all our fortunes.
Doug. 'Faith, and ſo we ſhould;
Where now remains a ſweet reverſion.
We now may boldly ſpend upon the hope
Of what is to come in:

A comfort of retirement lives in this.
Hot. A rendezvous, a home to fly unto,
If that the devil and misfchance look big
Upon the maidenhead of our affairs.
Wor. But yet I would your father had been here:
The quality and hair of our attempt
Brooks no diviſion: it would be thought
By ſome, that know not why he is away,
That wiſdom, loyalty, and mere diſlike
Of our proceedings, kept the Earl from hence.
And think how ſuch an apprehenſion
May turn the tide of fearful faction,
And breed a kind of queſtion in our cauſe:
For well you know, we of th' offending ſide
Muſt keep aloof from ſtrict arbitrement;
And ſtop all ſight-holes, every loop, from whence
The eye of reaſon may pry in upon us.
This abſence of your father draws a curtain,
That ſhews the ignorant a kind of fear
Before not dream'd upon.
Hot. You ſtrain too far.
I rather of his abſence make this uſe:
It lends a luſtre, and more great opinion,
A larger dare to our great enterpriſe,
Than if the Earl were here: for men muſt think,
If we without his help can make a head,
To puſh againſt the kingdom; with his help
We ſhall o'erturn it topſy-turvy down.
Yet all goes well, yet all our joints are whole.
Doug. As heart can think; there is not ſuch a word
Spoke of in Scotland, as this term of fear.

SCENE II. *Enter Sir Richard Vernon.*

Hot. My couſin Vernon, welcome, by my ſoul!
Ver. Pray God my news be worth a welcome, Lord.
The Earl of Weſtmorland, ſeven thouſand ſtrong,
Is marching hither, with Prince John of Lancaſter.
Hot. No harm; what more?
Ver. And further, I have learn'd,
The king himſelf *in perſon* hath ſet forth,
Or hitherwards *intended* ſpeedily,
With *ſtrong and mighty* preparation.

Hot. He ſhall be welcome too: where is his ſon,
The nimble-footed mad-cap Prince of Wales,
And his comrades, that daff'd the world aſide,
And bid it paſs?

Ver. All furniſh'd, all in arms,
All plum'd like eſtridges, that with the wind
Bated * like eagles, having lately bath'd:
Glittering in golden coats like images,
As full of ſpirit as the month of May,
And gorgeous as the ſun at midſummer;
Wanton as youthful goats, wild as young bulls.
I ſaw young Harry with his beaver up,
His cuiſſes on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,
Riſe from the ground like feather'd Mercury;
And vaulted with ſuch eaſe into his ſeat,
As if an angel dropp'd down from the clouds,
To turn and wind a fiery Pegaſus,
And witch † the world with noble horſemanſhip.

Hot. No more, no more; worſe than the ſun in March,
This praiſe doth nouriſh agues; let them come.
They come like ſacrifices in their trim,
And to the fire-ey'd maid of ſmoaky war,
All hot, and bleeding, will we offer them.
The mailed Mars ſhall on his altar ſit
Up to the ears in blood. I am on fire,
To hear this rich reprisal is ſo nigh,
And yet not ours. Come, let me take my horſe,
Who is to bear me, like a thunder-bolt,
Againſt the boſom of the Prince of Wales.
Harry to Harry ſhall (not horſe to horſe)
Meet, and ne'er part, till one drop down a corſe.
Oh, that Glendower were come!

Ver. There is more news:
I learn'd in Worceſter, as I rode along,
He cannot draw his pow'r this fourteen days.

Doug. That's the worſt tidings that I hear of yet.

Wor. Ay, by my faith, that bears a frosty ſound.

Hot. What may the King's whole battle reach unto?

Ver. To thirty thouſand.

Hot.

* *i. e.* Flutter'd the wings. Mr. Pope.
† *i. e.* Bewitch, charm. Mr. Pope.

Hot. Forty let it be;
My father and Glendower being both away,
The pow'r of us may ſerve ſo great a day.
Come, let us take a muſter ſpeedily:
Doom's day is near; die all, die merrily.
Doug. Talk not of dying, I am out of fear
Of death, or death's hand, for this one half-year.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Changes to a public road near Coventry.

Enter Falſtaff and Bardolph.

Fal. Bardolph, get thee before to Coventry; fill me a bottle of ſack: our ſoldiers ſhall march through: we'll to Sutton-cop-hill to-night.

Bard. Will you give me money, Captain?

Fal. Lay out, lay out.

Bard. This bottle makes an angel.

Fal. And if it do, take it for thy labour; and if it make twenty, take them all, I'll anſwer the coinage. Bid my Lieutenant Peto meet me at the town's end.

Bard. I will, Captain; farewell. [*Exit.*

Fal. If I be not aſham'd of my ſoldiers, I am a ſowc'd gurnet. I have miſus'd the King's preſs damnably. I have got, in exchange of an hundred and fifty ſoldiers, three hundred and odd pounds. I preſs me none but good houſeholders, yoemens' ſons; inquire me out contracted bachelors, ſuch as had been aſk'd twice on the bans: ſuch a commodity of warm ſlaves, as had as lief hear the devil as a drum: ſuch as fear the report of a culverin, worſe than a ſtruck deer, or a hurt wild duck. I preſs me none but ſuch toaſts and butter, with hearts in their bellies no bigger than pins' heads, and they have bought out their ſervices: and now my whole charge conſiſts of ancients, corporals, lieutenants, gentlemen of companies, ſlaves as ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth, where the glutton's dogs licked his ſores; and ſuch as indeed were never ſoldiers, but diſcarded unjuſt ſervingmen, younger ſons to younger brothers, revolted tapſters, and *oſtlers trade-fall'n*, the cankers of a calm world *and a long peace*; ten times more diſhonourably rag-

'ged, than an old-feaſt ancient; and ſuch have I to
'up the rooms of them that have bought out their
'vices; that you would think I had a hundred and
'tatter'd prodigals, lately come from ſwine-keep
'from eating draff and huſks. A mad fellow met
'on the way, and told me, I had unloaded all the
'bets, and preſs'd the dead bodies. No eye hath
'ſuch ſcare-crows. I'll not march through Cove
'with them, that's flat. Nay, and the villains m
'wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gyves on;
'indeed, I had the moſt of them out of priſon. Th
'but a ſhirt and a half in all my company, and
'half-ſhirt is two napkins tack'd together, and thr
'over the ſhoulders like a herald's coat without ſle
'and the ſhirt, to ſay the truth, ſtol'n from my ho
'St. Alban's, or the red-nos'd inn-keeper of Dai
'But that's all one, they'll find linen enough on e
'hedge.

Enter Prince Henry and Weſtmorland.

P. Henry. How now, blown Jack? how now, q

Fal. What, Hal? How now, mad wig, what a
doſt thou in Warwickſhire? My good Lord of W
morland, I cry you mercy; I thought your Honou
already been at Shrewſbury.

Weſt. 'Faith, Sir John, 'tis more than time that I
there, and you too; but my powers are there alr
The King, I can tell you, looks for us all; we mu
way all to-night.

Fal. Tut, never fear me, I am as vigilant as a c
ſteal cream.

P. Henry. I think to ſteal cream, indeed; for
theft hath already made thee butter. But tell me,
whoſe fellows are theſe that come after?

Fal. Mine, Hal, mine.

P. Henry. I did never ſee ſuch pitiful raſcals.

Fal. Tut, tut, good enough to toſs; food for po
food for powder; they'll fill a pit as well as be
tuſh, man, mortal men, mortal men.

Weſt. Ay, but, Sir John, methinks they are ex
ing poor and bare, too beggarly.

Fal. 'Faith, for their poverty, I know not whe

had that; and for their bareneſs, I am ſure they never learn'd that of me.

P. Henry. No, I'll be ſworn, unleſs you call three fingers on the ribs bare. But, Sirrah, make haſte. Percy is already in the field.

Fal. What, is the King encamp'd?

Weſt. He is, Sir John: I fear we ſhall ſtay too long.

Fal. Well,
The latter end of a fray, and beginning of a feaſt,
Fits a dull fighter, and a keen gueſt. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Changes to Shrewſbury.*

Enter Hot-ſpur, Worceſter, Douglas, and Vernon.

Hot. We'll fight with him to-night.

Wor. It may not be.

Doug. You give him then advantage.

Ver. Not a whit.

Hot. Why ſay you ſo? looks he not for ſupply?

Ver. So do we.

Hot. His is certain, ours is doubtful.

Wor. Good couſin, be adviſ'd; ſtir not to-night.

Ver. Do not, my Lord.

Doug. You do not counſel well;
You ſpeak it out of fear, and from cold heart.

Ver. Do me no ſlander, Douglas: by my life,
And I dare well maintain it with my life,
If well-reſpected honour bid me on,
I hold as little counſel with weak fear,
As you, my Lord, or any Scot that lives.
Let it be ſeen to-morrow in the battle,
Which of us fears.

Doug. Yea, or to-night.

Ver. Content.

Hot. To-night, ſay I.

Ver. Come, come, it may not be: I wonder much,
Being men of ſuch great leading as you are,
That you foreſee not what impediments
Drag back our expedition; certain horſe
Of my couſin *Vernon's* are not yet come up;
Your uncle *Worceſter's* horſe came but to-day,
And now *their pride* and mettle is aſleep,

Their

Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,
That not a horſe is half the half of himſelf.
Hot. So are the horſes of the enemy,
In gen'ral, journey-bated, and brought low;
The better part of ours are full of reſt.
Wor. The number of the King's exceedeth ours:
For God's ſake, couſin, ſtay till all come in.
[*The trumpet ſounds a parley.*

SCENE V. *Enter Sir Walter Blunt.*

Blunt. I come with gracious offers from the King,
If you vouchſafe me hearing and reſpect.
Hot. Welcome, Sir Walter Blunt: and would to God
You were of our determination.
Some of us love you well; and ev'n thoſe ſome
Envy your great deſervings, and good name,
Becauſe you are not of our quality;
But ſtand againſt us like an enemy.
Blunt. And heav'n defend but ſtill I ſhould ſtand ſo.
So long as out of limit, and true rule,
You ſtand againſt anointed Majeſty!
But to my charge——The King hath ſent to know
The nature of your griefs, and whereupon
You conjure from the breaſt of civil peace
Such bold hoſtility, teaching his duteous land
Audacious cruelty. If that the King
Have any way your good deſerts forgot,
Which he confeſſeth to be manifold,
He bids you name your griefs; and with all ſpeed
You ſhall have your deſires, with intereſt:
And pardon abſolute for yourſelf, and theſe,
Herein miſled by your ſuggeſtion.
Hot. The King is kind: and well we know, the King
Knows at what time to promiſe, when to pay.
My father, and my uncle, and myſelf,
Did give him that ſame royalty he wears:
And when he was not ſix and twenty ſtrong,
Sick in the world's regard, wretched and low,
A poor unminded outlaw, ſneaking home,
My father gave him welcome to the ſhore:
And when we heard him ſwear, and vow to God,
He came to be but Duke of Lancaſter,

To ſue his livery and beg his peace,
With tears of innocence and terms of zeal;
My father, in kind heart and pity mov'd,
Swore him aſſiſtance, and perform'd it too.
Now, when the Lords and Barons of the realm
Perceiv'd Northumberland did lean to him,
They, more and leſs, came in with cap and knee;
Met him in boroughs, cities, villages,
Attended him on bridges, ſtood in lanes,
Laid gifts before him, profer'd him their oaths,
Gave him their heirs, as pages following him
Even at the heels, in golden multitudes.
He preſently, as greatneſs knows itſelf,
Steps me a little higher than his vow
Made to my father, while his blood was poor,
Upon the naked ſhore at Ravenſpurg:
And now, forſooth, takes on him to reform
Some certain edicts, and ſome ſtrait decrees,
That lay too heavy on the commonwealth;
Cries out upon abuſes, ſeems to weep
Over his country's wrongs; and by this face,
This ſeeming brow of juſtice, did he win
The hearts of all that he did angle for:
Proceeded further, cut me off the heads
Of all the fav'rites that the abſent King
In deputation left behind him here,
When he was perſonal in the Iriſh war.

Blunt. I came not to hear this.

Hot. Then, to the point——
In ſhort time after, he depos'd the King;
Soon after that depriv'd him of his life;
And, in the neck of that, taſk'd the whole ſtate.
To make that worſe, ſuffer'd his kinſman March
(Who is, if every owner were right plac'd,
Indeed his King) to be incag'd in Wales,
There without ranſom to lie forfeited:
Diſgrac'd me in my happy victories,
Sought to intrap me by intelligence,
[illegible] my uncle from the council-board,
[illegible] diſmiſs'd *my father* from the court,
[illegible] *with an oath, committed* wrong on wrong,
[illegible] *concluſion drove us* to ſeek out

This

This head of ſafety; and withal to pry
Into his title too, the which we find
Too indirect for long continuance.
Blunt. Shall I return this anſwer to the King?
Hot. Not ſo, Sir Walter; we'll withdraw a while.
Go to the King, and let there be impawn'd
Some ſurety for a ſafe return again;
And in the morning early ſhall my uncle
Bring him our purpoſes: and ſo farewell.
Blunt. I would you would accept of grace and love!
Hot. It may be ſo we ſhall.
Blunt. Pray heav'n you do. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Changes to the Archbiſhop of York's palace.

Enter the Archbiſhop of York, and Sir Michell.

York. Hie, good Sir Michell, bear this ſealed brief
With winged haſte to the Lord Mareſhal;
This to my couſin Scroop; and all the reſt
To whom they are directed: if you knew
How much they do import, you would make haſte.
Sir Mich. My Lord, I gueſs their tenor.
York. Like enough.
To-morrow, good Sir Michell, is a day,
Wherein the fortune of ten thouſand men
Muſt bide the touch. For, Sir, at Shrewſbury,
As I am truly giv'n to underſtand,
The King, with mighty and quick-raiſed power,
Meets with Lord Harry; and, I fear, Sir Michell,
What with the ſickneſs of Northumberland,
Whoſe pow'r was in the firſt proportion;
And what with Owen Glendower's abſence thence,
Who with them was a rated ſinew * too,
And comes not in, o'er-rul'd by prophecies;
I fear the power of Percy is too weak,
To wage an inſtant trial with the King.
Sir Mich. Why, my good Lord, there's Douglas and Lord Mortimer.
York. No, Mortimer is not there.
Sir Mich. But there is Mordac, Vernon, Harry Percy,

* *i. e.* Accounted a ſtrong aid. Mr. Pope.

And there's my Lord of Worceſter, and a head
Of gallant warriors, noble gentlemen.

York. And ſo there is: but yet the King hath drawn
The ſpecial head of all the land together:
The Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaſter,
The noble Weſtmorland, and warlike Blunt;
And many more corrivals, and dear men
Of eſtimation and command in arms.

Sir Mich. Doubt not, my Lord, they ſhall be well oppoſ'd.

York. I hope no leſs: yet, needful 'tis to fear,
And to prevent the worſt, Sir Michell, ſpeed;
For if Lord Percy thrive not, ere the King
Diſmiſs his power, he means to viſit us;
For he hath heard of our confederacy,
And 'tis but wiſdom to make ſtrong againſt him:
Therefore make haſte, I muſt go write again
To other friends; and ſo farewell, Sir Michell. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

The camp at Shrewſbury.

Enter King Henry, Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaſter, Earl of Weſtmorland, Sir Walter Blunt, and Falſtaff.

K. Hen. HOW bloodily the ſun begins to peer
Above yon buſky hill! the day looks pale
At his diſtemperature.

P. Henry. The ſouthern wind
Doth play the trumpet to his purpoſes,
And, by his hollow whiſtling in the leaves,
Foretells a tempeſt, and a bluſt'ring day.

K. Henry. Then with the loſers let it ſympathize,
For nothing can ſeem foul to thoſe that win.
[*The trumpet ſounds.*

Enter Worceſter, and Sir Richard Vernon.

K. Henry. How now, my Lord of Wor'ſter? 'tis not well,
That you and I ſhould meet upon ſuch terms
As now we meet. You have deceiv'd our truſt,
And made us doff our eaſy robes of peace,

To

To cruſh our old limbs in ungentle ſteel:
This is not well, my Lord, this is not well.
What ſay you to't? will you again unknit
The churliſh knot of all-abhorred war,
And move in that obedient orb again,
Where you did give a fair and natural light;
And be no more an exhal'd meteor,
A prodigy of fear, and a portent
Of broached miſchief, to the unborn times?
Wor. Hear me, my Liege.
For mine own part, I could be well content
To entertain the lag end of my life
With quiet hours; for I do proteſt,
I have not ſought the day of this diſlike.
K. Henry. You have not ſought it, Sir; how comes it then?
Fal. Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.
P. Henry. Peace, chewit, peace.
Wor. It pleas'd your Majeſty, to turn your looks
Of favour from myſelf, and all our houſe;
And yet I muſt remember you, my Lord,
We were the firſt and deareſt of your friends:
For you, my ſtaff of office I did break
In Richard's time, and poſted day and night
To meet you on the way, and kiſs your hand;
When yet you were, in place and in account,
Nothing ſo ſtrong and fortunate as I.
It was myſelf, my brother, and his ſon,
That brought you home, and boldly did outdare
The dangers of the time. You ſwore to us,
(And you did ſwear that oath at Doncaſter,)
That you did nothing purpoſe 'gainſt the ſtate,
Nor claim no further than your new fall'n right;
The ſeat of Gaunt, dukedom of Lancaſter.
To this we ſware our aid: but in ſhort ſpace
It rain'd down fortune ſhow'ring on your head,
And ſuch a flood of greatneſs fell on you,
What with our help, what with the abſent King,
What with the injuries of a wanton time,
The ſeeming ſuff'rances that you had borne,
And the contrarious winds that held the King
So long in the unlucky Iriſh wars,

That all in England did [illegible] him dead;
And, from this swarm [illegible] advantages,
You took occasion to [illegible] woo'd,
To gripe the gen'ral sway [illegible] your hand;
Forgot your oath to us at Doncaster;
And being fed by us, you us'd us so,
As that ungentle gull, the cuckow's bird,
Useth the sparrow; did oppress our nest,
Grew by our feeding to so great a bulk,
That ev'n our love durst not come near your sight
For fear of swallowing; but with nimb[illegible]wing
We were inforc'd for safety's sake to [illegible]
Out of your sight, and raise this present head:
Whereby we stand opposed by such means
As you yourself have forg'd against yourself,
By unkind usage, dangerous countenance,
And violation of all faith and troth,
Sworn to us in your younger enterprise.

K. Henry. These things, indeed, you have articulated,
Proclaim'd at market-crosses, read in churches,
To face the garment of rebellion
With some fine colour, that may please the eye
Of fickle changelings and poor discontents;
Which gape, and rub the elbow at the news
Of hurly-burly innovation.——
And never yet did insurrection want
Such water-colours, to impaint his cause;
For moody beggars, starving for a time
Of pell-mell havoc and confusion.

P. Henry. In both our armies there is many a soul
Shall pay full dearly for this bold encounter,
Once they join in trial. Tell your nephew,
The Prince of Wales doth join with all the world
In praise of Henry Percy. By my hopes,
(This present enterprise set off his head,)
I do not think a braver gentleman,
More active, valiant, or more valued young,
More daring, or more bold, is now alive,
To grace this latter age with noble deed.
[illegible] part, I may speak it to my shame,
[illegible] *been to chivalry*
[illegible], *he doth account me too.*

Yet this before my fat[illegible]sty,
I am content that he[illegible]he odds
Of his great name and [illegible]:
And will, to save the b[illegible] either side,
Try fortune with him, in a single sight.

K. Henry. And, Prince of Wales, so dare we venture
Albeit considerations infinite [th
Do make against it. No, good Wor'ster, no,
We love our people well; even those we love
That are misled upon your cousin's part:
And, will they [illegible]ke the offer of our grace,
Both he, and [illegible]y, and you, yea, every man,
Shall be my fri[illegible]d again, and I'll be his.
So tell your cousin, and return me word
What he will do. But if he will not yield,
Rebuke and dread correction wait on us,
And they shall do their office. So be gone;
We will not now be troubled with reply;
We offer fair, take it advisedly.

[*Exit Worcester, with Vern*[illegible]

P. Henry. It will not be accepted, on my life;
The Douglas and the Hot-spur both together
Are confident against the world in arms.

K. Henry. Hence, therefore, every leader to his charge,
For on their answer we will set on them:
And God befriend us, as our cause is just! [*Exeu*[illegible]

SCENE II. *Manent Prince Henry and Falstaff.*

Fal. Hal, if thou see me down in the battle, and be-stride me, so; 'tis a point of friendship.

P. Henry. Nothing but a colossus can do thee that friendship. Say thy prayers, and farewell.

Fal. I would it were bed-time, Hal, and all well.

P. Henry. Why, thou owest heav'n a death. [*E*—

Fal. 'Tis not due yet. I would be loath to pay him before his day. What need I be so forward with him that calls not on me? Well, 'tis no matter, honour pricks me on. But how if honour prick me off, when I come on? 'How then? can honour set to a leg! no: or an 'arm? no: or take away the grief of a wound? no: 'honour hath no skill in surgery then? no. What is 'honour? a word. What is that word honour? air; a 'trim

trim reckoning.—Who [illegible]? he that dy'd a Wednesday. Doth he feel [illegible] Doth he hear it? no. Is it insensible then? [illegible] to the dead: but will it not live with the living? no: why? detraction will not suffer it. Therefore I'll none of it: honour is a mere scutcheon, and so ends my catechism.' [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *Changes to Percy's camp.*

Enter Worcester, and Sir Richard Vernon.

Wor. O no, my nephew must not know, Sir Richard,
The liberal kind offer of the King.
Ver. 'Twere best he did.
Wor. Then we are all undone.
It is not possible, it cannot be,
The King shou'd keep his word in loving us;
He will suspect us still, and find a time
To punish this offence in other faults.
Suspicion, all our lives, shall be stuck full of eyes;
For treason is but trusted like a fox,
Who ne'er so tame, so cherish'd, and lock'd up,
Will have a wild trick of his ancestors.
Look how we can, or sad, or merrily,
Interpretation will misquote our looks;
And we shall feed like oxen at a stall,
The better cherish'd, still the nearer death.
My nephew's trespass may be well forgot,
It hath th' excuse of youth and heat of blood:
And an adopted name of privilege,
A hair-brain'd Hot-spur, govern'd by a spleen.
All his offences live upon my head,
And on his father's. We did train him on;
And his corruption being ta'en from us,
We as the spring of all, shall pay for all.
Therefore, good cousin, let not Harry know,
In any case, the offer of the King.
Ver. Deliver what you will, I say, 'tis so.
Here comes your cousin.

SCENE IV. *Enter Hot-spur and Douglas.*

Hot. My uncle *is return'd:*
Deep my Lord of Westmoreland.

Uncle, what news?

Wor. The King will bid you battle presently.

Doug. Defy him by the Lord of Westmoreland.

Hot. Lord Douglas, go you then and tell him so.

Doug. Marry, I shall; and very willingly.

[*Exit Douglas.*

Wor. There is no seeming mercy in the King.

Hot. Did you beg any? God forbid!

Wor. I told him gently of our grievances,
Of his oath-breaking; which he mended thus,
By now forswearing that he is forsworn.
He calls us rebels, traitors, and will scourge
With haughty arms this hateful name in us.

Enter Douglas.

Doug. Arm, gentlemen, to arms; for I have thrown
A brave defiance in King Henry's teeth:
And Westmoreland, that was engag'd, did bear it;
Which cannot chuse but bring him quickly on.

Wor. The Prince of Wales stept forth before the King,
And, nephew, challeng'd you to single fight.

Hot. O, would the quarrel lay upon our heads,
And that no man might draw short breath to day,
But I and Harry Monmouth! Tell me, tell me,
How shew'd his talking? seem'd it in contempt?

Ver. No, by my soul: I never in my life
Did hear a challenge urg'd more modestly,
Unless a brother should a brother dare
To gentle exercise and proof of arms.
He gave you all the duties of a man,
Trimm'd up your praises with a princely tongue,
Spoke your deservings like a chronicle,
Making you ever better than his praise:
[By still dispraising praise, valued with you! *]
And, which became him like a prince indeed,
He made a blushing cital † of himself,
And chid his truant youth with such a grace,
As if he master'd there a double spirit,
Of teaching, and of learning, instantly.
There did he pause; but let me tell the world,

If

* *This foolish* line is indeed in the folio of 1623, but it is evidently *the players'* nonsense. Mr. Warburton.

† *Cital, for taxation.*

If he outlive the envy of this day,
England did never owe ſo ſweet a hope,
So much miſconſtrued in his wantonneſs.

Hot. Couſin, I think, thou art enamoured
Upon his follies; never did I hear
Of any prince ſo wild, at liberty.
But be he as he will, yet once ere night,
I will embrace him with a ſoldier's arm,
That he ſhall ſhrink under my courteſy.
Arm, arm with ſpeed. And, fellows, ſoldiers, friends,
Better conſider what you have to do,
Than I, that have not well the gift of tongue,
Can lift your blood up with perſuaſion.

SCENE V. *Enter a Meſſenger.*

Meſſ. My Lord, here are letters for you.

Hot. I cannot read them now.
O Gentlemen, the time of life is ſhort:
To ſpend that ſhortneſs baſely were too long,
If life did ride upon a dial's point,
Still ending at th' arrival of an hour.
An if we live, we live to tread on Kings:
If die; brave death, when princes die with us!
Now, for our conſciences, the arms are fair,
When the intent for bearing them is juſt.

Enter another Meſſenger.

Meſſ. My Lord, prepare, the King comes on apace.

Hot. I thank him, that he cuts me from my tale.
For I profeſs not talking: only this,
Let each man do his beſt. And here draw I
A ſword, whoſe temper I intend to ſtain
With the beſt blood that I can meet withal,
In the adventure of this perilous day.
Now, Eſperanza*! Percy! and ſet on:
Sound all the lofty inſtruments of war;
And by that muſic let us all embrace:
For (heaven to earth †) ſome of us never ſhall
A ſecond time do ſuch a courteſy.

[*They embrace, then Exeunt. The trumpets ſound.*

* was the word of battle on Percy's ſide. See Hall's Chron. folio 22. *Mr. Pope.*

† One might wager heaven to earth. Mr. W.

SCENE VI.

The King entereth with his power; alarm to the battle. Then enter Douglas, and Walter Blunt.

Blunt. What is thy name, that thus in battle croſſeſt me?
What honour doſt thou ſeek upon my head?

Doug. Know then, my name is *Douglas*,
And I do haunt thee in the battle thus,
Becauſe ſome tell me that thou art a King.

Blunt. They tell thee true.

Doug. The Lord of Stafford dear to-day hath bought
Thy likeneſs; for inſtead of thee, King Harry,
This ſword hath ended him; ſo ſhall it thee,
Unleſs thou yield thee as my priſoner.

Blunt. I was not born to yield, thou haughty Scot,
And thou ſhalt find a King that will revenge
Lord Stafford's death.

Fight, Blunt is ſlain: then enter Hot-ſpur.

Hot. O Douglas, hadſt thou fought at Holmedon thus,
I never had triumphed o'er a Scot.

Doug. All's done, all's won, here breathleſs lies the King.

Hot. Where?

Doug. Here.

Hot. This, Douglas? no: I know his face full well.
A gallant knight he was, his name was *Blunt*,
Semblably furniſh'd like the King himſelf.

Doug. Ah! fool, go with thy ſoul, whither it goes!
A borrow'd title haſt thou bought too dear.
Why didſt thou tell me that thou wert a King?

Hot. The King hath many marching in his coats.

Doug. Now, by my ſword, I will kill all his coats;
I'll murther all his wardrobe piece by piece,
Until I meet the King.

Hot. Up and away,
Our ſoldiers ſtand full fairly for the day. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *Alarm, enter Falſtaff ſolus.*

Fal. Though I could 'ſcape ſhot-free at London, I fear the ſhot here: here's no ſcoring, but upon the pate.

, who art thou? Sir Walter Blunt? There's ho-
for you: here's no vanity! I am as hot as moulten
, and as heavy too. Heav'n keep lead out of me;
ed no more weight than mine own bowels! " I have
d my rag-o-muffians where they are pepper'd:
ere's not three of my hundred and fifty left alive;
nd they are for the town's end, to beg during life.
ut who comes here?

Enter Prince Henry.

P. *Henry.* What, ſtand'ſt thou idle here? lend me thy
ny a noble man lies ſtark and ſtiff [ſword;
der the hoofs of vaunting enemies;
oſe deaths are unreveng'd. Lend me thy ſword.

Fal. O Hal, I pr'ythee, give me leave to breathe a
le. Turk Gregory * never did ſuch deeds in arms
I have done this day. I have paid Percy, I have
le him ſure.

P. *Henry.* He is indeed, and living to kill thee:
'ythee, lend me thy ſword.

Fal. Nay, Hal, if Percy be alive, thou get'ſt not my
rd: but take my piſtol, if thou wilt.

P. *Henry.* Give it me: what, is it in the caſe?

Fal. Ay, Hal, 'tis hot. There's that will ſack a city.
[*The Prince draws out a bottle of ſack.*

P. *Henry.* What, is it a time to jeſt and dally now?
[*Throws it at him, and Exit.*

Fal. If Percy be alive, he'll pierce him; if he do
e in my way, ſo; if he do not, if I come in his
ngly, let him make a carbonado of me. I like not
n grinning honour as Sir Walter hath: give me life,
ch if I can ſave, ſo; if not, honour comes unlook'd
and there's an end. [*Exit.*

SCENE

* Meaning *Gregory* VII. called *Hildebrand*. This furious frier
ounted almoſt invincible obſtacles to deprive the Emperor
right of inveſtiture of Biſhops, which his predeceſſors had
ttempted in vain. Fox, in his hiſtory, had made this Gre-
ſo odious, that I don't doubt but the good Proteſtants of that
were well pleaſed to hear him thus characteriſed, as uniting
ributes of their two great enemies, the Turk and Pope. W.
Mr. Warburton.

SCENE VIII.

Alarm, Excurſions. Enter the King, the Prince, Lord John of Lancaſter, and the Earl of Weſtmoreland.

K. Henry. I pr'ythee, Harry, withdraw thyſelf, thou bleedeſt too much; Lord John of Lancaſter, go you with him.

Lan. Not I, my Lord, unleſs I did bleed too.

P. Henry. I do beſeech your Majeſty make up,
Leſt your retirement do amaze your friends.

K. Henry. I will do ſo.
My Lord of Weſtmoreland, lead him to his tent.

Weſt. Come, my Lord, I'll lead you to your tent.

P. Henry. Lead me, my Lord! I do not need your help;
And Heav'n forbid, a ſhallow ſcratch ſhould drive
The Prince of Wales from ſuch a field as this,
Where ſtain'd Nobility lies trodden on,
And rebels' arms triumph in maſſacres! [land

Lan. We breathe too long; come, couſin Weſtmore-
Our duty this way lies; for Heav'n's ſake, come.

P. Henry. By Heav'n, thou haſt deceiv'd me, Lancaſter;
I did not think thee lord of ſuch a ſpirit:
Before, I lov'd thee as a brother, John;
But now, I do reſpect thee as my ſoul.

K. Henry. I ſaw him hold Lord Percy at the point,
With luſtier maintenance than I did look for
Of ſuch an ungrown warrior.

P. Henry. Oh, this boy
Lends mettle to us all. [*Exeunt.*

Manet King Henry. Enter Douglas.

Doug. Another King? they grow, like Hydra's heads:
I am the Douglas, fatal to all thoſe
That wear thoſe colours on them. What art thou,
That counterfeit'ſt the perſon of a King?

K. Henry. The King himſelf, who, Douglas, grieves
So many of his ſhadows thou haſt met, [at heart,
And not the very King. I have two boys
Seek Percy and thyſelf about the field;
But ſeeing thou fall'ſt on me ſo luckily,

I will

I will affay thee: ſo defend thyſelf.

Doug. I fear thou art another counterfeit;
And yet, in faith, thou bear'ſt thee like a King:
But mine, I'm ſure, thou art, whoe'er thou be,
And thus I win thee.

[*They fight, the King being in danger.*

Enter Prince Henry.

P. Henry. Hold up thy head, vile Scot, or thou art like
Never to hold it up again: the ſpirits
Of Sherly, Stafford, Blunt, are in my arms;
It is the Prince of Wales that threatens thee,
Who never promiſeth, but means to pay.

[*They fight, Douglas flieth.*

Cheerly, my Lord; how fares your Grace?
Sir Nicholas Gawſey hath for ſuccour ſent,
And ſo hath Clifton: I'll to Clifton ſtrait.

K. Henry. Stay, and breathe a while;
Thou haſt redeem'd my loſt opinion,
And ſhew'd thou mak'ſt ſome tender of my life,
In this fair reſcue thou haſt brought to me.

P. Henry. O Heav'n! they did me too much injury,
That ever ſaid, I hearken'd for your death.
If it were ſo, I might have let alone
The inſulting hand of Douglas over you;
Which would have been as ſpeedy in your end,
As all the poiſ'nous potions in the world,
And ſav'd the treach'rous labour of your ſon.

K. Henry. Make up to Clifton, I'll to Sir Nicholas Gawſey. [*Exit.*

SCENE IX. *Enter Hot-ſpur.*

Hot. If I miſtake not, thou art Harry Monmouth.

P. Henry. Thou ſpeak'ſt as if I would deny my name.

Hot. My name is *Harry Percy*.

P. Henry. Then I ſee
A very valiant rebel of that name.
I am the Prince of Wales: and think not, Percy,
To ſhare with me in glory any more:
Two ſtars keep not their motion in one ſphere;
Nor can one England brook a double reign,
Of Harry Percy and the Prince of Wales.

Hot.

Hot. Nor ſhall it, Harry, for the hour is come
To end the one of us; and would to Heav'n,
Thy name in arms were now as great as mine!

P. Henry. I'll make it greater ere I part from thee;
And all the budding honours on thy creſt,
I'll crop, to make a garland for my head.

Hot. I can no longer brook thy vanities. [*Fight.*

Enter Falſtaff.

Fal. Well ſaid, Hal; to it, Hal. Nay, you ſhall find no boy's play here, I can tell you.

Enter Douglas, he fights with Falſtaff, who falls down as if he were dead. The Prince wounds Percy.

Hot. O, Harry, thou haſt robb'd me of my growth:
I better brook the loſs of brittle life,
Than thoſe proud titles thou haſt won of me;
They wound my thoughts, worſe than thy ſword my fleſh:
But thought's the ſlave of life, and life time's fool;
And time, that takes ſurvey of all the world,
Muſt have a ſtop. O, I could propheſy,
But that the earthy and cold hand of death
Lies on my tongue: no, Percy, thou art duſt,
And food for——— [*Dies.*

P. Henry. Worms, brave Percy. Fare thee well!
Ill-weav'd ambition, how much art thou ſhrunk!
When that this body did contain a ſpirit,
A kingdom for it was too ſmall a bound:
But now two paces of the vileſt earth
Is room enough! this earth, that bears thee dead,
Bears not alive ſo ſtout a gentleman.
If thou wert ſenſible of courteſy,
I ſhould not make ſo great a ſhow of zeal.
But let my favour hide thy mangled face,
And, ev'n in thy behalf, I'll thank myſelf
For doing theſe fair rites of tenderneſs.
Adieu, and take thy praiſe with thee to heav'n;
Thy ignominy ſleep with thee in the grave,
But not remember'd in thy epitaph. [*He ſees Falſtaff.*
—What! old acquaintance! could not all this fleſh
Keep in a little life? poor Jack, farewell!
I could have better ſpar'd a better man.

Oh, I ſhould have a heavy miſs of thee,
If I were much in love with vanity.
Death hath not ſtruck ſo fat a deer to-day,
Though many a dearer in this bloody fray:
Imbowell'd will I ſee thee by and by;
Till then, in blood by noble Percy lie. [*Exit.*

SCENE X. *Falſtaff riſes.*

Fal. Imbowell'd!——if thou embowel me to-day, I'll give you leave to powder me, and eat me to-morrow! 'Sblood, 'twas time to counterfeit, or that hot termagant Scot had paid me ſcot and lot too. Counterfeit? I lie, I am no counterfeit; to die, is to be a counterfeit; for it is but the counterfeit of a man, who hath not the life of a man; but to counterfeit dying, when a man thereby liveth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed. The better part of valour is diſcretion; in the which better part I have ſaved my life. I am afraid of this gun-powder Percy, though he be dead. How if he ſhould counterfeit too, and riſe? I am afraid he would prove the better counterfeit; therefore I'll make him ſure; yea, and I'll ſwear I kill'd him. Why may not he riſe as well as I? nothing confutes me but eyes, and no body ſees me. Therefore, ſirrah, with a new wound in your thigh come you along with me. [*Takes Hot-ſpur on his back.*

SCENE II.

Enter Prince Henry, and John of Lancaſter.

P. Henry. Come, brother John, full bravely haſt thou fleſh'd
Thy maiden ſword. [
Lan. But ſoft! whom have we here?
Did you not tell me this fat man was dead?
P. Henry. I did; I ſaw him dead,
And breathleſs on the ground. Art thou alive,
Or is it fancy plays upon our eye-ſight?
I prythee, ſpeak, we will not truſt our eyes
Without our ears: thou art not what thou ſeem'ſt.
Fal. No, that's certain; I am not a double man; but if I am not Jack Falſtaff, then am I a Jack. There is *your father* will do me any honour, ſo; if not,

not, let him kill the next Percy himſelf. I look either to be Earl or Duke, I can aſſure you.

P. Henry. Why, Percy I kill'd myſelf, and ſaw thee dead.

Fal. Did'ſt thou? Lord, Lord, how the world is giv'n to lying! I grant you, I was down, and out of breath, and ſo was he; but we roſe both at an inſtant, and fought a long hour by Shrewſbury clock: if I may be believed, ſo; if not, let them that ſhould reward valour, bear the ſin upon their own heads. I'll take't on my death, I gave him this wound in the thigh: if the man were alive, and would deny it, I would make him eat a piece of my ſword.

Lan. This is the ſtrangeſt tale that e'er I heard.

P. Henry. This is the ſtrangeſt fellow, brother John.
Come, bring your luggage nobly on your back:
For my part, if a lie may do thee grace,
I'll gild it with the happieſt terms I have.

[*A retreat is ſounded.*

The trumpets ſound retreat, the day is ours:
Come, brother, let's to th' higheſt of the field,
To ſee what friends are living, who are dead.

[*Exeunt.*

Fal. I'll follow, as they ſay, for reward. He that rewards me, Heav'n reward him: If I do grow great, I'll grow leſs; for I'll purge, and leave ſack, and live cleanly, as a nobleman ſhould do. [*Exit.*

SCENE XII.

The trumpets ſound. Enter King Henry, Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaſter, Earl of Weſtmoreland, with Worceſter and Vernon priſoners.

K. Henry. Thus ever did rebellion find rebuke.
Ill-ſpirited Wor'ſter, did we not ſend grace,
Pardon, and terms of love to all of you?
And would'ſt thou turn our offers contrary?
Miſuſe the tenor of thy kinſman's truſt?
Three Knights upon our party ſlain to-day,
A Noble Earl, and many a creature elſe,
Had been alive this hour,
If like a Chriſtian thou had'ſt truly borne

Bet

betwixt our armies true intelligence.
Wor. What I have done, my ſafety urg'd me to;
And I embrace this fortune patiently,
Since not to be avoided it falls on me.
K. Henry. Bear Worceſter to death, and Vernon too,
Other offenders we will pauſe upon.
[*Exeunt Worceſter and Vernon, guarded.*
How goes the field?
P. Henry. The gallant Scot, Lord Douglas, when he
ſaw
the fortune of the day quite turned from him,
the noble Percy ſlain, and all his men
upon the foot of fear, fled with the reſt;
and, falling from a hill, he was ſo bruis'd,
that the purſuers took him. At my tent
the Douglas is, and, I beſeech your Grace,
I may diſpoſe of him.
K. Henry. With all my heart.
P. Henry. Then, brother John of Lancaſter, to you
This honourable bounty ſhall belong.
Go to the Douglas, and deliver him
Up to his pleaſure, ranſomleſs and free.
His valour, ſhewn upon our creſts to-day,
Hath taught us how to cheriſh ſuch high deeds,
Even in the boſom of our adverſaries.
L. John. I thank your Grace for this high courteſy,
Which I ſhall give away immediately.
K. Henry. Then this remains; that we divide our
power.
You ſon John, and my couſin Weſtmoreland,
Towards York ſhall bend you, with your deareſt ſpeed,
To meet Northumberland and Prelate Scroop,
Who, as we hear, are buſily in arms;
Myſelf, and you, ſon Harry, will tow'rds Wales,
To fight with Glendower and the Earl of Marche.
Rebellion in this land ſhall loſe his ſway,
Meeting the check of ſuch another day;
And ſince this buſineſs ſo far fair is done,
Let us not leave, till all our own be won.
[*Exeunt.*

THE

SECOND PART OF HENRY IV.

CONTAINING HIS DEATH;

AND THE

CORONATION OF KING HENRY V.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING HENRY IV.
Prince Henry, *afterwards crowned King Henry* V.
Prince John of *Lancaster*, Humphry of *Gloucester*, Thomas *of Clarence*, — *Sons to Henry* IV. *and brethren to Henry* V.
Northumberland, *The Archbishop of York*, Mowbray, Hastings, Lord Bardolph, Travers, Morton, Colevile, — *Opposites against King Henry* IV.
Warwick, Westmoreland, Surry, Gower, — *of the King's party.*
Harcourt, *Lord Chief Justice*, — *of the King's party.*
Falstaff, Poins, Bardolph, Pistol, Peto, Page, — *irregular humourists.*
Shallow *and* Silence, *country justices.*
Davy, *servant to Shallow.*
Phang *and* Snare, *two serjeants.*
Mouldy, Shadow, Wart, Feeble, Bulcalf, — *country soldiers.*
Lady Northumberland.
Lady Percy.
Hostess Quickly.
Doll Tear-sheet.
Drawers, Beadles, Grooms, &c.

ACT I.

INDUCTION.

Enter Rumour, painted full of tongues.

Rum. OPEN your ears; for which of you will stop
The vent of hearing, when loud Rumour speaks?
I from the orient to the drooping west,
Making the wind my post-horse, still unfold
The acts commenced on this ball of earth.

Upon my tongues continual ſlanders ride,
The which in every language I pronounce;
Stuffing the ears of men with falſe reports.
" I ſpeak of peace, while covert enmity,
" Under the ſmile of ſafety, wounds the world:
" And who but Rumour, who but only I,
" Make fearful muſters and prepar'd defence,
" Whilſt the big year, ſwoll'n with ſome other griefs,
" Is thought with child by the ſtern tyrant War,
" And no ſuch matter?" Rumour is a pipe
Blown by ſurmiſes, jealouſies, conjectures;
And of ſo eaſy and ſo plain a ſtop,
That the blunt monſter with uncounted heads,
The ſtill diſcordant wavering multitude,
Can play upon it. But what need I thus
My well-known body to anatomize
Among my houſehold? Why is Rumour here?
I run before King Harry's victory;
Who in a bloody field by Shrewſbury
Hath beaten down young Hot-ſpur and his troops;
Quenching the flame of bold rebellion
Even with the rebels' blood. But what mean I
To ſpeak ſo true at firſt? my office is
To noiſe abroad, that Harry Monmouth fell
Under the wrath of noble Hot-ſpur's ſword;
And that the King before the Douglas' rage
Stoop'd his anointed head as low as death.
This have I rumour'd through the peaſant-towns,
Between that royal field of Shrewſbury,
And this worm-eaten hold of ragged ſtone;
Where Hot-ſpur's father, old Northumberland,
Lies crafty ſick. The poſts come tiring on;
And not a man of them brings other news
Than they have learn'd of me. From Rumour's tongues,
They bring ſmooth comforts falſe, worſe than true wrongs. [*Exit.*

SCENE I. *Northumberland's caſtle.*

Enter Lord Bardolph; the Porter at the door.

WHO keeps the gate here, hoa? where is the Earl?

Port. What ſhall I ſay you are?
Bard. Tell thou the Earl,
That the Lord Bardolph doth attend him here.
Port. His Lordſhip is walk'd forth into the orchard;
Pleaſe it your Honour, knock but at the gate,
And he himſelf will anſwer.

Enter Northumberland.

Bard. Here's the Earl.
North. What news, Lord Bardolph? "Ev'ry minute now
"Should be the father of ſome ſtratagem *.
"The times are wild: contention like a horſe
"Full of high feeding, madly hath broke looſe,
"And bears down all before him."
Bard. Noble Earl,
I bring you certain news from Shrewſbury.
North. Good, if heav'n will!
Bard. As good as heart can wiſh.
The King is almoſt wounded to the death:
And in the fortune of my Lord your ſon,
Prince Harry ſlain outright; and both the Blunts
Kill'd by the hand of Douglas: young Prince John,
And Weſtmoreland, and Stafford, fled the field.
And Harry Monmouth's brawn, the hulk Sir John,
Is priſoner to your ſon. O ſuch a day,
"So fought, ſo follow'd, and ſo fairly won,
"Came not till now, to dignify the times,
"Since Cæſar's fortunes!"
North. How is this deriv'd?
Saw you the field? came you from Shrewſbury?
Bard. I ſpake with one, my Lord, that came from thence,
A gentleman well bred, and of good name;
That freely render'd me theſe news for true.
North. Here comes my ſervant Travers, whom I ſent
On Tueſday laſt to liſten after news.
Bard. My Lord, I over-rode him on the way.
And he is furniſh'd with no certainties,
More than he, haply, may retail from me.

SCENE

* *Stratagem*, for vigorous action.

SCENE II. *Enter Travers.*

North. Now, Travers, what good tidings come with you!

Tra. My Lord, Sir John Umfrevil turn'd me back
With joyful tidings; and, being better hors'd,
Out-rode me. "After him came ſpurring hard
"A gentleman, almoſt fore-ſpent with ſpeed,
"That ſtopp'd by me to breathe his bloodied horſe.
"He aſk'd the way to Cheſter; and of him
"I did demand what news from Shrewſbury.
"He told me, that rebellion had ill luck;
"And that young Harry Percy's ſpur was cold.
"With that he gave his able horſe the head,
"And, bending forward, ſtruck his agile heels
"Againſt the panting ſides of his poor jade
"Up to the rowel-head; and, ſtarting ſo,
"He ſeem'd in running to devour the way,"
Staying no longer queſtion.

North. Ha! again:
Said he, young Harry Percy's ſpur was cold?
Rebellion had ill luck?

Bard. My Lord, I'll tell you,
If my young Lord your ſon have not the day,
Upon mine honour, for a ſilken point
I'll give my barony. Ne'er talk of it.

North. Why ſhould the gentleman that rode by Travers,
Give then ſuch inſtances of loſs?

Bard. Who he!
He was ſome hilding fellow *, that had ſtol'n
The horſe he rode on; and, upon my life,
Spake at adventure. Look, here comes more news.

SCENE III. *Enter Morton.*

North. "Yea, this man's brow, like to title-leaf,
"Foretells the nature of a tragic volume:
"So looks the ſtrond, whereon th' imperious flood
"Hath left a witneſs'd uſurpation."
Say, Morton, did'ſt thou come from Shrewſbury?

Mort. I ran from Shrewſbury, my Noble Lord,
Where hateful *Death* put on his ugliest maſk

* *hinderling, i. e.* baſe, degenerate. Mr. Pope.

To fright our party.

North. How doth my ſon and brother?
" Thou trembleſt; and the whiteneſs in thy cheek
" Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand.
" Even ſuch a man, ſo faint, ſo ſpiritleſs,
" So dull, ſo dead in look, ſo woe-be-gone,
" Drew Priam's curtain in the dead of night,
" And would have told him, half his Troy was burn'd:
" But Priam found the fire, ere he his tongue;"
And I my Percy's death, ere thou report'ſt it.
This thou would'ſt ſay: Your ſon did thus, and thus:
Your brother, thus: ſo fought the noble Douglas:
Stopping my greedy ear with their bold deeds.
But in the end, to ſtop mine ear indeed,
Thou haſt a ſigh to blow away this praiſe,
Ending with, Brother, ſon, and all are dead!

Mort. Douglas is living, and your brother, yet;
But for my Lord your ſon———

North. Why, he is dead.
See what a ready tongue ſuſpicion hath!
He that but fears the thing he would not know,
Hath, by inſtinct, knowledge from other's eyes,
That what he fear'd is chanc'd. Yet, Morton, ſpeak:
Tell thou thy Earl, his divination lies;
And I will take it as a ſweet diſgrace,
And make thee rich for doing me ſuch wrong.

Mort. You are too great to be by me gainſaid:
Your ſpirit is too true, your fears too certain.

North. Yet, for all this, ſay not that Percy's dead.
I ſee a ſtrange confeſſion in thine eye:
Thou ſhak'ſt thy head, and hold'ſt it fear *, or ſin,
To ſpeak a truth. If he be ſlain, ſay ſo:
The tongue offends not that reports his death:
And he doth ſin, that doth belie the dead,
Not he which ſays the dead is not alive.
Yet the firſt bringer of unwelcome news
Hath but a loſing office; and his tongue
Sounds ever after as a ſullen bell,
Remember'd, tolling a departing friend.

Bard. I cannot think, my Lord, your ſon is dead.

Mort. I'm ſorry I ſhould force you to believe

* *Fear*, for danger.

That which I would to heav'n I had not ſeen.
But theſe mine eyes ſaw him in bloody ſtate,
Rend'ring faint quittance, wearied and out-breath'd,
To Henry Monmouth; whoſe ſwift wrath beat down
The never-daunted Percy to the earth,
From whence, with life, he never more ſprung up.
In few; his death (whoſe ſpirit lent a fire
Even to the dulleſt peaſant in his camp)
Being bruited once, took fire and heat away
From the beſt-temper'd courage in his troops.
For from his metal was his party ſteel'd;
Which once in him rebated, all the reſt
Turn'd on themſelves, like dull and heavy lead.
And as the thing that's heavy in itſelf,
Upon enforcement, flies with greateſt ſpeed;
So did our men, heavy in Hot-ſpur's loſs,
Lend to this weight ſuch lightneſs with their fear,
That arrows fled not ſwifter toward their aim,
Than did our ſoldiers, aiming at their ſafety,
Fly from the field. Then was that noble Wor'ſter
Too ſoon ta'en priſoner: and that furious Scot,
The bloody Douglas, whoſe well-labouring ſword
Had three times ſlain th' appearance of the King,
'Gan vail his ſtomach, and did grace the ſhame
Of thoſe that turn'd their backs; and in his flight,
Stumbling in fear, was took. The ſum of all
Is, that the King hath won; and hath ſent out
A ſpeedy pow'r to encounter you, my Lord,
Under the conduct of young Lancaſter
And Weſtmoreland. This is the news at full.

North. For this I ſhall have time enough to mourn.
In poiſon there is phyſic: and this news,
That would, had I been well, have made me ſick,
Being ſick, hath in ſome meaſure made me well.
And as the wretch, whoſe fever-weaken'd joints,
Like ſtrengthleſs hinges, buckle under life,
Impatient of his fit, breaks like a fire
Out of his keeper's arms; ev'n ſo my limbs,
Weaken'd with grief, being now inrag'd with grief,
Are thrice themſelves. "Hence therefore, thou nice
Crutch; [crutch;
A ſcaly gauntlet now with joints of ſteel
Muſt glove this hand. And hence, thou ſickly quoif,

"Thou

" Thou art a guard too wanton for the head,
" Which princes, fleſh'd with conqueſt, aim to hit.
" Now bind my brows with iron, and approach
" The rugged'ſt hour that time and ſpight dare bring
" To frown upon th' enrag'd Northumberland!
" Let heav'n kiſs earth! now let not nature's hand
" Keep the wild flood confin'd; let order die,
" And let this world no longer be a ſtage
" To feed contention in a ling'ring act:
" But let one ſpirit of the firſt-born Cain
" Reign in all boſoms, that each heart being ſet,
" On bloody courſes, the rude ſcene may end,
" And darkneſs be the burier of the dead!" [Lord!

Bard. This ſtrained paſſion doth you wrong, my Sweet Earl, divorce not wiſdom from your honour.

Mort. The lives of all your loving complices
Lean on your health; the which, if you give o'er
To ſtormy paſſion, muſt perforce decay.
You caſt th' event of war, my Noble Lord.
And ſumm'd th' account of chance, before you ſaid,
Let us make head: it was your preſurmiſe,
That, in the dole of blows, your ſon might drop:
You knew he walk'd o'er perils, on an edge
More likely to fall in, than to get o'er:
You were adviſ'd, his fleſh was capable
Of wounds and ſcars; and that his forward ſpirit
Would lift him where moſt trade of danger rang'd:
Yet did you ſay, Go forth. And none of this,
Though ſtrongly apprehended, could reſtrain
The ſtiff-borne action. What hath then befall'n,
Or what hath this bold enterpriſe brought forth,
More than that being, which was like to be?

Bard. We all that are engaged to this loſs,
Knew, that we ventur'd on ſuch dang'rous ſeas,
That, if we wrought out life, 'twas ten to one:
And yet we ventur'd for the gain propos'd,
Chok'd the reſpect of likely peril fear'd;
And ſince we are o'er ſet, venture again.
Come, we will all put forth, body and goods.

Mort. 'Tis more than time; and, my moſt noble Lord,
I hear for certain, and do ſpeak the truth,
The gentle Archbiſhop of York is up

With

With well appointed powers. He is a man,
Who with a double ſurety binds his followers.
My Lord, your ſon, had only but the corps,
But ſhadows, and the ſhews of men to fight.
For that ſame word, *rebellion*, did divide
The action of their bodies from their ſouls;
And they did fight with queaſineſs, conſtrain'd
As men drink potions, that their weapons only
Seem'd on our ſide: "but for their ſpirits and ſouls,
"This word, *rebellion*, it had froze them up,
"As fiſh are in a pond." But now the Biſhop
Turns inſurrection to religion:
Suppos'd ſincere and holy in his thoughts,
He's follow'd both with body and with mind:
And doth enlard his riſing with the blood
Of fair King Richard, ſcrap'd from Pomfret ſtones;
Derives from heaven his quarrel and his cauſe;
Tells them, he doth beſtride a bleeding land
Gaſping for life, under great Bolingbroke;
And more, and leſs, do flock to follow him.

North. I knew of this before: but to ſpeak truth,
This preſent grief hath wip'd it from my mind.
Go in with me, and counſel every man
The apteſt way for ſafety and revenge:
Get poſts, and letters, and make friends with ſpeed;
Never ſo few, nor never yet more need. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Changes to a ſtreet in London.*

Enter Sir John Falſtaff, with his Page bearing his ſword and buckler.

Fal. Sirrah, you, giant! what ſays the doctor to my water?

Page. He ſaid, Sir, the water itſelf was a good healthy water. But for the party that own'd it, he might have more diſeaſes than he knew for.

Fal. Men of all ſorts take a pride to gird at me. The brain of this fooliſh-compounded-clay, man, is not able to invent any thing that tends to laughter, more than I invent, or is invented on me. I am not only witty in myſelf, but the cauſe that wit is in other men. I do here walk before thee, like a ſow that hath overwhelm-

ed

ed all her litter but one. If the Prince put thee into my ſervice for any other reaſon than to ſet me off, why, then I have no judgment. Thou whoreſon mandrake, thou art fitter to be worn in my cap, than to wait at my heels. I was never mann'd with an agate till now: but I will ſet you neither in gold nor ſilver, but in vile apparel, and ſend you back again to your maſter, for a jewel. The Juvenal, the Prince your maſter! whoſe chin is not yet fledg'd; I will ſooner have a beard grow in the palm of mine hand, than he ſhall get one on his cheek; yet he will not ſtick to ſay, his face is a face-royal. Heav'n may finiſh it when it will, it is not a hair amiſs yet; he may keep it ſtill as a face-royal, for a barber ſhall never earn ſixpence out of it; and yet he will be crowing, as if he had writ man ever ſince his father was a bachelor. He may keep his own grace, but he is almoſt out of mine, I can aſſure him. What ſaid Mr. Dombledon, about the ſattin for my ſhort cloak and ſlops?

Page. He ſaid, Sir, you ſhould procure him better aſſurance than Bardolph: he would not take his bond and yours, he lik'd not the ſecurity.

Fal. Let him be damn'd like the glutton, may his tongue be hotter! a whoreſon Achitophel, a raſcally yea-forſooth-knave, to bear a gentleman in hand, and then ſtand upon *ſecurity!* the whoreſon-ſmooth-pates now wear nothing but high ſhoes, and bunches of ke at their girdles; and if a man is thorough with them in honeſt taking up, then they muſt ſtand upon *ſecurity.* had as lief they would put rat's-bane in my mouth, as offer to ſtop it with *ſecurity.* I looked he ſhould have ſent me two and twenty yards of ſattin, as I am a true Knight, and he ſends me *ſecurity.* Well, he may ſleep in *ſecurity*, for he hath the horn of abundance. And the lightneſs of his wife ſhines through it, and yet cannot he ſee, though he have his own lanthorn to light him. Where's Bardolph?

Page. He's gone into Smithfield to buy your Worſhip a horſe.

Fal. I bought him in Paul's *, and he'll buy me a horſe

* *At that time the* [redacted] *of idle people, cheats, and knights of the poſt.*

horſe in Smithfield. If I could get me but a wife in the ſtews, I were mann'd, hors'd, and wiv'd.

SCENE V. *Enter Chief Juſtice, and Servants.*

Page. Sir, here comes the Nobleman that committed the Prince for ſtriking him, about Bardolph.

Fal. Wait cloſe, I will not ſee him.

Ch. Juſt. What's he that goes there?

Serv. Falſtaff, an't pleaſe your Lordſhip.

Ch. Juſt. He that was in queſtion for the robbery?

Serv. He, my Lord. But he hath ſince done good ſervice at Shrewſbury; and, as I hear, is now going with ſome charge to the Lord John of Lancaſter.

Ch. Juſt. What, to York? call him back again.

Serv. Sir John Falſtaff!———

Fal. Boy, tell him I am deaf.

Page. You muſt ſpeak louder, my maſter is deaf.

Ch. Juſt. I am ſure he is, to the hearing of any thing good. Go, pluck him by the elbow. I muſt ſpeak with him.

Serv. Sir John!———

Ch. Juſt. What! a young knave and beg! Is there not wars? is not employment? doth not the King lack ſubjects? do not the rebels need ſoldiers? though it be to be on any ſide but one, it is worſe ſhame to beg than to be on the worſt ſide, were it worſe than the name of rebellion can tell how to make it.

Fal. You miſtake me, Sir.

Ch. Juſt. Why, Sir, did I ſay you were an honeſt man? ſetting my knighthood and my ſoldierſhip aſide, I had lied in my throat, if I had ſaid ſo.

Fal. I pray you, Sir, then ſet your knighthood and your ſoldierſhip aſide, and give me leave to tell you, you lie in your throat, if you ſay I am any other than an honeſt man.

Ch. Juſt. I give thee leave to tell me ſo? I lay aſide that which grows to me! if thou gett'ſt any leave of me, hang; if thou tak'ſt leave, thou wert better be hang'd: you hunt-counter, hence; avaunt.

Serv. Sir, my Lord would ſpeak with you.

Ch. Juſt. Sir John Falſtaff, a word with you.

Fal. My good Lord! God give your Lordſhip good time

time of day. I am glad to ſee your Lordſhip abroad; I heard ſay your Lordſhip was ſick. I hope your Lordſhip goes abroad by advice. Your Lordſhip, though not clean paſt your youth, hath yet ſome ſmack of age in you, ſome reliſh of the faltneſs of time; and I muſt humbly beſeech your Lordſhip, to have a reverend care of your health.

Ch. Juſt. Sir John, I ſent for you before your expedition to Shrewſbury,——

Fal. If it pleaſe your Lordſhip, I hear his Majeſty is return'd with ſome diſcomfort from Wales.

Ch. Juſt. I talk not of his Majeſty: you would not come when I ſent for you;——

Fal. And I hear moreover, his Highneſs is fallen into this ſame whoreſon apoplexy.

Ch. Juſt. Well, heav'n mend him! I pray, let me ſpeak with you.

Fal. This apoplexy is, as I take it, a kind of lethargy, an't pleaſe your Lordſhip, a kind of ſleeping in the blood, a whoreſon tingling.

Ch. Juſt. What tell you me of it? be it as it is.

Fal. It hath its original from much grief, from ſtudy and perturbation of the brain. I have read the cauſe of it in Galen. It is a kind of deafneſs.

Ch. Juſt. I think you are fallen into that diſeaſe; for you hear not what I ſay to you.

Fal. Very well, my Lord, very well: rather, an't pleaſe you, it is the diſeaſe of not liſt'ning, the malady of not marking, that I am troubled withal.

Ch. Juſt. To puniſh you by the heels, would amend the attention of your ears; and I care not if I do become your phyſician.

Fal. I am as poor as Job, my Lord, but not ſo patient: your Lordſhip may miniſter the potion of impriſonment to me, in reſpect of poverty; but how I ſhould be your patient to follow your preſcriptions, the wiſe may make ſome dram of a ſcruple, or, indeed, a ſcruple itſelf.

Ch. Juſt. I ſent for you, when there were matters againſt you for your life, to come ſpeak with me.

Fal. As I was then adviſ'd by my counſel learned in the laws of this land-ſervice, I did not come.

Ch. Juſt.

Ch. Juſt. Well, the truth is, Sir John, you live in great infamy.

Fal. He that buckles him in my belt, cannot live in leſs.

Ch. Juſt. Your means are very ſlender, and your waſte great.

Fal. I would it were otherwiſe: I would my means were greater, and my waſte ſlenderer.

Ch. Juſt. You have miſled the youthful Prince.

Fal. The young Prince hath miſled me. I am the fellow with the great belly, and he my dog.

Ch. Juſt. Well, I'm loath to gall a new heal'd wound; your day's ſervice at Shrewſbury hath a little gilded over your night's exploit on Gad's-hill. You may thank the unquiet time, for your quiet o'er-poſting that action.

Fal. My Lord!——

Ch. Juſt. But ſince all is well, keep it ſo: wake not the ſleeping wolf.

Fal. To wake a wolf, is as bad as to ſmell a fox.

Ch. Juſt. What? you are as a candle, the better part burnt out.

Fal. A waſſel candle, my Lord; all tallow: but if I did ſay of wax, my growth would approve the truth.

Ch. Juſt. There is not a white hair on your face, but ſhould have his effect of gravity.

Fal. His effect of gravy, gravy, gravy.——

Ch. Juſt. You follow the young Prince up and down, like his ill angel.

Fal. Not ſo, my Lord, your ill angel is light: but I hope he that looks upon me, will take me without weighing; and yet, in ſome reſpects, I grant I cannot go——I cannot tell. Virtue is of ſo little regard in theſe coſter-mongers' days, that true valour is turned bear-herd. Pregnancy is made a tapſter, and hath his quick wit waſted in giving reckonings; all the other gifts appertinent to man, as the malice of this age ſhapes them, are not worth a gooſeberry. You that are old, conſider not the capacities of us that are young; you meaſure the heat of our livers, with the bitterneſs of your galls; and we that are in the va-ward of our youth, I muſt confeſs are wags too.

Ch. Juſt. Do you ſet down your name in the ſcroll of

youth, that are written down old, with all the characters of age? Have you not a moiſt eye? a dry hand? a yellow cheek? a white beard? a decreaſing leg? an increaſing belly? is not your voice broken? your wind ſhort? your chin double? your wit ſingle? and every part about you blaſted with antiquity? and will you yet call yourſelf young? Fie, fie, fie, Sir John.

Fal. "My Lord, I was born about three of the clock "in the afternoon, with a white head, and ſomething "a round belly." For my voice, I have loſt it with hallowing and ſinging of anthems. To approve my youth further, I will not. The truth is, I am only old in judgment and underſtanding; and he that will caper with me for a thouſand merks, let him lend me the money, and have at him. For the box o' th' ear that the Prince gave you, he gave it like a rude prince, and you took it like a ſenſible lord. I have check'd him for it; and the young lion repents: marry, not in aſhes and ſackcloth, but in new ſilk and old ſack.

Ch. Juſt. Well, Heav'n ſend the Prince a better companion!

Fal. Heav'n ſend the companion a better Prince! I cannot rid my hands of him.

Ch. Juſt. Well, the King hath ſever'd you and Prince Harry. I hear you are going with Lord John of Lancaſter, againſt the Archbiſhop and the Earl of Northumberland.

Fal. Yes, I thank your pretty ſweet wit for it: but look you, pray, all you that kiſs my Lady Peace at home, that our armies join not in a hot day: for, by the Lord, I take but two ſhirts out with me, and I mean not to ſweat extraordinarily; if it be a hot day, if I brandiſh any thing but a bottle, would I might never ſpit white again. There is not a dangerous action can peep out his head, but I am thruſt upon it. Well, I cannot laſt ever.——"But it was always yet the trick "of our Engliſh nation, if they have a good thing, to "make it too common." If ye will needs ſay I am an old man, you ſhould give me reſt. I would to God, my name were not ſo terrible to the enemy as it is! I were *better* to be eaten to death with a ruſt, than to be ſcour'd to nothing with perpetual motion.

Ch. Juſt.

Ch. Juſt. Well, be honeſt, be honeſt, and Heav'n bleſs our expedition!

Fal. Will your Lordſhip lend me a thouſand pound to furniſh me forth?

Ch. Juſt. Not a penny, not a penny; you are too impatient to bear croſſes. Fare you well. Commend me to my couſin Weſtmoreland. [*Exit.*

Fal. If I do, fillip me with a three-man beetle *——— A man can no more ſeparate age and covetouſneſs, than he can part young limbs and letchery: but the gout galls the one, and the pox pinches the other, and ſo both the degrees prevent my curſes. Boy,———

Page. Sir?

Fal. What money is in my purſe?

Page. Seven groats and two pence.

Fal. I can get no remedy againſt this conſumption of the purſe. Borrowing only lingers and lingers it out, but the diſeaſe is incurable. Go bear this letter to my Lord of Lancaſter, this to the Prince, this to the Earl of Weſtmoreland, and this to old Mrs Urſula, whom I have weekly ſworn to marry ſince I perceived the firſt white hair on my chin. About it; you know where to find me. A pox of this gout! or, a gout of this pox! for the one, or t'other, plays the rogue with my great toe: it is no matter, if I do halt, I have the wars for my colour, and my penſion ſhall ſeem the more reaſonable: a good wit will make uſe of any thing; I will turn diſeaſes to commodity. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Changes to the Archbiſhop of York's palace.

Enter Archbiſhop of York, Haſtings, Thomas Mowbray (Earl Marſhal,) and Lord Bardolph.

York. Thus have you heard our cauſe, and know our [means:
my moſt noble friends, I pray you all,
plainly your opinions of our hopes;
, Lord Marſhal, what ſay you to it?
. I well allow th' occaſion of our arms,

* *A rammer big enough to require three men to lift it.*

But gladly would be better ſatisfied
How in our means we ſhould advance ourſelves,
To look with forehead bold and big enough
Upon the pow'r and puiſſance of the King?
Haſt. Our preſent muſters grow upon the file
To five and twenty thouſand men of choice;
And our ſupplies live largely in the hope
Of great Northumberland, whoſe boſom burns
With an incenſed fire of injuries.
Bard. The queſtion then, Lord Haſtings, ſtandeth thus:
Whether our preſent five and twenty thouſand
May hold up head without Northumberland?
Haſt. With him we may.
Bard. Ay, marry, there's the point:
But if without him we be thought too feeble,
My judgment is, we ſhould not ſtep too far
Till we had his aſſiſtance by the hand.
For in a theme ſo bloody fac'd as this,
Conjecture, expectation, and ſurmiſe,
Of aids uncertain, ſhould not be admitted.
York. 'Tis very true, Lord Bardolph; for indeed
It was young Hot-ſpur's caſe at Shrewſbury.
Bard. It was, my Lord, who lin'd himſelf with hope,
Eating the air, on promiſe of ſupply;
Flatt'ring himſelf with project of a power
Much ſmaller than the ſmalleſt of his thoughts;
And ſo, with great imagination,
Proper to madmen, led his pow'rs to death,
And, winking, leap'd into deſtruction.
Haſt. But, by your leave, it never yet did hurt
To lay down likelihoods and forms of hope.
Bard. Yes, if this preſent quality of war
Impede the inſtant act; a cauſe on foot
Lives ſo in hope, as in an early ſpring
We ſee th' appearing buds; which, to prove fruit,
Hope gives not ſo much warrant, as deſpair
That froſts will bite them. When we mean to build,
We firſt ſurvey the plot, then draw the model;
And when we ſee the figure of the houſe,
Then muſt we rate the coſt of the erection;
Which if we find out-weighs ability,
What do we then but draw a-new the model

n fewer offices? or elſe, deſiſt
'o build at all? Much more, in this great work,
Which is almoſt to pluck a kingdom down,
\nd ſet another up,) ſhould we ſurvey
'he plot of ſituation, and the model;
'onſent upon a ſure foundation,
Queſtion ſurveyors, know our own eſtate,
How able ſuch a work to undergo,
To weigh againſt his oppoſite: or elſe,
We fortify in paper and in figures,
Uſing the names of men inſtead of men:
Like one, that draws the model of a houſe
Beyond his pow'r to build it; who, half through,
Gives o'er, and leaves his part-created coſt *
" A naked ſubject to the weeping clouds,
" And waſte for churliſh winter's tyranny."

Haſt. Grant that our hopes, yet likely of fair birth,
Should be ſtill-born; and that we now poſſeſs'd
The utmoſt man of expectation:
I think we are a body ſtrong enough,
Ev'n as we are, to equal with the King. [ſand?

Bard. What, is the King but five and twenty thou-

Haſt. To us, no more; nay, not ſo much, Lord Bar-
For his diviſions, as the times do brawl, [dolph,
Are in three heads; one pow'r againſt the French,
And one againſt Glendower; perforce, a third
Muſt take up us; ſo is the unfirm King
In three divided; and his coffers ſound
With hollow poverty and emptineſs.

York. That he ſhould draw his ſev'ral ſtrengths toge-
And come againſt us in full puiſſance, [ther,
Need not be dreaded.

Haſt. If he ſhould do ſo,
He leaves his back unarm'd, the French and Welch
Baying him at the heels; never fear that.

Bard. Who is it like ſhould lead his forces hither?

Haſt. The Duke of Lancaſter, and Weſtmoreland:
Againſt the Welch, himſelf and Harry Monmouth:
But who is ſubſtituted 'gainſt the French,
I have no certain notice.

York. Let us on:

* *Coſt, for work.*

And publiſh the occaſion of our arms.
The commonwealth is ſick of their own choice;
Their over-greedy love hath ſurfeited.
An habitation giddy and unſure
Hath he that buildeth on the vulgar heart.
O thou fond many! with what loud applauſe
Didſt thou beat heav'n with bleſſing Bolingbroke,
Before he was what thou wouldſt have him be?
And now, being trimm'd up in thine own deſires,
Thou, beaſtly feeder, art ſo full of him,
That thou provok'ſt thyſelf to caſt him up.
So, ſo, thou common dog, didſt thou diſgorge
Thy glutton-boſom of the Royal Richard,
And now thou would'ſt eat thy dead vomit up,
And howl'ſt to find it. What truſt is in theſe times?
They, that when Richard liv'd, would have him die,
Are now become enamour'd on his grave;
Thou that threw'ſt duſt upon his goodly head,
When through proud London he came ſighing on
After th' admired heels of Bolingbroke,
Cry'ſt now, O earth, yield us that King again,
And take thou this. O thoughts of men accurs'd!
Paſt and to come, ſeem beſt; things preſent, worſt.

Mowb. Shall we go draw our numbers, and ſet on?

Haſt. We are Time's ſubjects, and Time bids, be gone.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

A ſtreet in London.

Enter Hoſteſs, with two officers, Phang and Snare.

Hoſt. MR. Phang, have you enter'd the action?

Phang. It is enter'd.

Hoſt. Where's your yeoman? is he a luſty yeoman? will he ſtand to it?

Phang. Sirrah, where's Snare?

Hoſt. O Lord, ay, good Mr. Snare.

Snare. Here, here.

Phang. Snare, we muſt arreſt Sir John Falſtaff.

Hoſt. Ay, good Mr. Snare, I have enter'd him and all.

Snare

Snare. It may chance coſt ſome of us our lives: for he will ſtab.

Hoſt. Alas the day! take heed of him; he ſtabb'd me in mine own houſe, and that moſt beaſtly; he cares not what miſchief he doth, if his weapon be out. He will foin like any devil; he will ſpare neither man, woman, nor child.

Phang. If I can cloſe with him, I care not for his thruſt.

Hoſt. No, nor I neither;——I'll be at your elbow.

Phang. If I but faſt him once; if he come but within my vice *.

Hoſt. I am undone by his going; I warrant you, he is an infinitive thing upon my ſcore. Good Mr. Phang, hold him ſure; good Mr. Snare, let him not 'ſcape. He comes continually to Pie-corner, ſaving your manhoods, to buy a ſaddle; and he is indited to dinner to the Lubber's-head in Lombard-ſtreet, to Mr. Smooth's the Silkman. I pray ye, ſince my action is enter'd, and my caſe ſo openly known to the world, let him be brought in to his anſwer. A hundred mark is a long loan, for a poor lone woman to bear; and I have borne, and borne, and borne, and have been ſubb'd off, and ſubb'd off, from this day to that day, that it is a ſhame to be thought on. There is no honeſty in ſuch dealing, unleſs a woman ſhould be made an aſs and a beaſt, to bear every knave's wrong.

Enter Falſtaff, Bardolph, and the Boy.

Yonder he comes, and that arrant malmſey-noſe knave Bardolph with him. Do your offices, do your offices: Mr. Phang and Mr. Snare, do me, do me your offices.

Fal. How now? whoſe mare's dead? what's the matter?

Phang. Sir John, I arreſt you at the ſuit of Mrs. Quickly.

Fal. Away, varlets; draw, Bardolph: cut me off the villain's head: throw the quean in the kennel.

Hoſt. Throw me in the kennel? I'll throw thee in the

* *Vice*, a metaphor taken from a ſmith's vice. Mr. Pope.

the kennel. Wilt thou? wilt thou? thou baſtardly rogue. Murder, murder! O thou honey-ſuckle villain *, wilt thou kill God's officers and the King's! O thou honey ſeed rogue *! thou art a honey-ſeed, a man queller, and a woman-queller.

Fal. Keep them off, Bardolph.

Phang. A reſcue, a reſcue!

Hoſt. Good people, bring a reſcue or two; thou wo't, wo't thou? thou wo't, wo't thou? do, do, thou rogue, do, thou hemp-ſeed!

Fal. Away, you ſcullion, you rampallian, you fuſtilarian: I'll tickle your cataſtrophe.

SCENE II. *Enter Chief Juſtice attended.*

Ch. Juſt. What's the matter? keep the peace here, hoa!

Hoſt. Good my Lord, be good to me. I beſeech you, ſtand to me.

Ch. Juſt. How now, Sir John? what, are you brawling here?
Doth this become your place, your time, and buſineſs?
You ſhould have been well on your way to York.
Stand from him, fellow; wherefore hang'ſt thou on him?

Hoſt. O my moſt worſhipful Lord, an't pleaſe your Grace, I am a poor widow of Eaſt-cheap, and he is arreſted at my ſuit.

Ch. Juſt. For what ſum?

Hoſt. It is more than for ſome, my Lord, it is for all; all I have: he hath eaten me out of houſe and home; he hath put all my ſubſtance into that fat belly of his: but I will have ſome of it out again, or I'll ride thee o'nights, like the mare.

Fal. I think I am as like to ride the mare, if I have any 'vantage of ground to get up.

Ch. Juſt. How comes this, Sir John? Fie, what man of good temper would endure this tempeſt of exclamation? are you not aſham'd to inforce a poor widow to ſo rough a courſe to come by her own?

Fal. What is the groſs ſum that I owe thee?

Hoſt. Marry, if thou wert an honeſt man, thyſelf and

* She means to ſay, homicidal villain, and homicide rogue.

and the money too. Thou didſt ſwear to me on a parcel-gilt goblet, ſitting in my Dolphin chamber, at the round table, by a ſea-coal fire, on Wedneſday in Whitſun-week, when the Prince broke thy head for likening him to a ſinging-man of Windſor; thou didſt ſwear to me then, as I was waſhing thy wound, to marry me, and make me my lady thy wife. Canſt thou deny it? did not good-wife Keech, the butcher's wife, come in then, and call me *Goſſip Quickly*? coming in to borrow a meſs of vinegar; telling us, ſhe had a good diſh of prawns; whereby thou did deſire to eat ſome; whereby I told thee, they were ill for a green wound; and didſt not thou, when ſhe was gone down ſtairs, deſire me to be no more ſo familiarity with ſuch poor people, ſaying, that ere long they ſhould call me Madam? and didſt thou not kiſs me, and bid me fetch thee thirty ſhillings? I put thee now to thy book-oath; deny it, if thou canſt.

Fal. My Lord, this is a poor mad ſoul; and ſhe ſays up and down the town, that her eldeſt ſon is like you. She hath been in good caſe, and the truth is, poverty hath diſtracted her; but for theſe foolish officers, I beſeech you, I may have redreſs againſt them.

Ch. Juſt. Sir John, Sir John, I am well acquainted with your manner of wrenching the true cauſe the falſe way. It is not a confident brow, nor the throng of words that come with ſuch more than impudent ſaucineſs from you, can thruſt me from a level conſideration. I know you have practis'd upon the eaſy-yielding ſpirit of this woman.——

Hoſt. Yes in troth, my Lord.

Ch. Juſt. Pr'ythee, peace; pay her the debt you owe her, and unpay the villany you have done her; the one you may do with Sterling money, and the other with current repentance.

Fal. My Lord, I will not undergo this ſneap * without reply. You call honourable boldneſs impudent ſaucineſs: if a man will court'ſy and ſay nothing, he is virtuous. No, my Lord, my humble duty remember'd, I will not be your ſuitor: I ſay to you, I deſire deliverance from theſe officers, being upon haſty employment in the King's affairs.

Ch. Juſt.

* *A Yorkſhire word, for rebuke.*

Ch. Juſt. You ſpeak as having power to do wrong; but anſwer in the effect your reputation, and ſatisfy the poor woman.

Fal. Come hither, hoſteſs. [*Aſide.*

SCENE III. *Enter Mr. Gower.*

Ch. Juſt. Maſter Gower, what news?

Gower. The King, my Lord, and Henry Prince of Wales, Are near at hand: the reſt the paper tells.

Fal. As I am a gentleman———

Hoſt. Nay, you ſaid ſo before.

Fal. As I am a gentleman;—come, no more words of it.

Hoſt. By this heav'nly ground I tread on, I muſt be fain to pawn both my plate, and the tapeſtry of my dining chambers.

Fal. "Glaſſes, glaſſes, is the only drinking; and for "thy walls, a pretty ſlight drollery, or the ſtory of "the prodigal, or the German hunting in water-work*, "is worth a thouſand of theſe dead-hangings, and theſe "fly-bitten tapeſtries: let it be ten pound, if thou canſt." Come, if it were not for thy humours, there is not a better wench in England. Go, waſh thy face, and draw thy action: come, thou muſt not be in this humour with me; do'ſt not know me? Come, come, I know thou waſt ſet on to this.

Hoſt. Pr'ythee, Sir John, let it be but twenty nobles; I am loath to pawn my plate, in good earneſt, la.

Fal. Let it alone, I'll make other ſhift; you'll be a fool ſtill.———

Hoſt. Well, you ſhall have it, though I pawn my gown. I hope you'll come to ſupper: you'll pay me all together?

Fal. Will I live? go with her, with her: hook on, hook on.

Hoſt. Will you have Doll Tear-ſheet meet you at ſupper?

Fal. No more words. Let's have her.

[*Exeunt Hoſteſs and Serjeants.*

Ch. Juſt. I have heard better news.

Fal. What's the news, my good Lord?

Ch. Juſt.

* i. e. in water-colours.

Ch. Juſt. Where lay the King laſt night?

Gower. At Baſingſtoke, my Lord.

Fal. I hope, my Lord, all's well. What is the news, my Lord?

Ch. Juſt. Come all his forces back?

Gower. No; fifteen hundred foot, five hundred horſe Are march'd up to my Lord of Lancaſter,
Againſt Northumberland and the Archbiſhop.

Fal. Comes the King back from Wales, my Noble Lord?

Ch. Juſt. You ſhall have letters of me preſently. Come, go along with me, good Mr. Gower.

Fal. My Lord,———

Ch. Juſt. What's the matter?

Fal. Maſter Gower, ſhall I entreat you with me to dinner?

Gower. I muſt wait upon my good Lord here? I thank you, good Sir John.

Ch. Juſt. Sir John, you loiter here too long, being you are to take ſoldiers up in the countries as you go.

Fal. Will you ſup with me, Maſter Gower?

Ch. Juſt. What fooliſh maſter taught you theſe manners, Sir John?

Fal. Maſter Gower, if they become me not, he was a fool that taught them me. This is the right fencing grace, my Lord, tap for tap, and ſo part fair.

Ch. Juſt. Now the Lord lighten thee, thou art a great fool! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Continues in London.*

Enter Prince Henry and Poins.

P. Henry. Truſt me, I am exceeding weary.

Poins. Is it come to that? I had thought, wearineſs durſt not have attach'd one of ſo high blood.

P. Henry. It doth me, though it diſcolours the complexion of my greatneſs to acknowledge it. Doth it not ſhew vilely in me to deſire ſmall beer?

Poins. Why, a prince ſhould not be ſo looſely ſtudied, as to remember ſo weak a compoſition.

P. Henry. Belike then my appetite was not princely got: for, in truth, I do now remember the poor creature,

ture, ſmall beer. But, indeed, theſe humble conſiderations make me out of love with my greatneſs. "What "a diſgrace is it to me to remember thy name? or to "know thy face to-morrow, or to take note how "many pair of ſilk ſtockings thou haſt? (*viz.* theſe, "and thoſe that were the peach-colour'd ones; or to "bear the inventory of thy ſhirts, as one for ſuperfluity, "and one other for uſe?" but that the tennis-court-keeper knows better than I; for it is a low ebb of linen with thee, when thou keepeſt not racket there, as thou haſt not done a great while, becauſe the reſt of thy low countries have made a ſhift to eat up thy holland. And God knows, whether thoſe that bawl out of the ruins of thy linen, ſhall inherit his kingdom: but the midwives ſay the children are not in the fault; whereupon the world increaſes, and kindreds are mightily ſtrengthened.

Poins. How ill it follows, after you have labour'd ſo hard, you ſhould talk ſo idly? Tell me, how many good young princes would do ſo, their fathers lying ſo ſick as yours at this time is.

P. Henry. Shall I tell this one thing, Poins?

Poins. Yes, and let it be an excellent good thing.

P. Henry. It ſhall ſerve among wits of no higher breeding than thine.

Poins. Go to; I ſtand the puſh of your one thing that you'll tell.

P. Henry. Why, I tell thee, it is not meet that I ſhould be ſad now my father is ſick; albeit I could tell to thee, (as to one it pleaſes me, for fault of a better, to call my friend,) I could be ſad, and ſad indeed too.

Poins. Very hardly upon ſuch a ſubject.

P. Henry. By this hand, thou think'ſt me as far in the devil's book, as thou and Falſtaff, for obduracy and perſiſtency. Let the end try the man. But I tell thee, my heart bleeds inwardly, that my father is ſo ſick; and keeping ſuch vile company as thou art, hath in reaſon taken from me all oſtentation of ſorrow.

Poins. The reaſon?

P. Henry. What would'ſt thou think of me if I ſhould weep?

Poins. I would think thee a moſt princely hypocrite.

P. Henry. It would be every man's thought; and

thou art a bleſſed fellow, to think as every man thinks. Never a man's thought in the world keeps the road-way better than thine; every man would think me an hypocrite indeed. And what excites your moſt worſhipful thought to think ſo?

Poins. Why, becauſe you have ſeemed ſo lewd, and ſo much ingraffed to Falſtaff.

P. Henry. And to thee.

Poins. Nay, by this light, I am well ſpoken of, I can hear it with mine own ears. The worſt they can ſay of me is, that I am a ſecond brother, and that I am a proper fellow of my hands: and thoſe two things I confeſs I cannot help. Look, look, here comes Bardolph.

P. Henry. And the boy that I gave Falſtaff. He had him from me Chriſtian, and ſee if the fat villain have not transform'd him ape.

SCENE V. *Enter Bardolph and Page.*

Bard. Save your Grace.

P. Henry. And yours, moſt noble Bardolph.

Bard. Come, you virtuous aſs, and baſhful fool, muſt you be bluſhing? Wherefore bluſh you now? what a maidenly man at arms are you become? Is it ſuch a matter to get a pottle-pot's maidenhead?

Page. He call'd me ev'n now, my Lord, through a red lattice, and I could diſcern no part of his face from the window; at laſt I ſpy'd his eyes, and methought he had made two holes in the ale-wife's new petticoat, and peep'd through.

P. Henry. Hath not the boy profited?

Bard. Away, you whoreſon upright rabbet, away!

Page. Away, you raſcally Althea's dream, away!

P. Henry. Inſtruct us, boy, what dream, boy?

Page. Marry, my Lord, Althea dream'd ſhe was deliver'd of a firebrand; and therefore I call him her dream.

P. Henry. A crown's-worth of good interpretation; there it is, boy. [*Gives him money.*

Poins. O that this good bloſſom could be kept from cankers! well, there is ſixpence to preſerve thee.

Bard. If you do not make him be hang'd among you, the gallows ſhall be wrong'd.

P. Henry. And how doth thy maſter, Bardolph?

Bard. Well, my good Lord. He heard of your Grace's coming to town. There's a letter for you.

P. Henry. Deliver'd with good reſpect?——and how doth the Martlemas, your maſter?

Bard. In bodily health, Sir.

Poins. Marry, the immortal part needs a phyſician; but that moves not him; though that be ſick, it dies not.

P. Henry. I do allow this wen to be as familiar with me as my dog; and he holds his place: for, look you, how he writes. [*Gives Poins the letter.*

Poins reads. John Falſtaff, Knight,——Every man muſt know that as often as he hath occaſion to name himſelf: even like thoſe that are kin to the King; for they never prick their finger but they ſay, *There is ſome of the King's blood ſpilt.* How comes that? ſays he that takes upon him not to conceive: the anſwer is as ready as a borrower's cap; *I am the King's poor couſin, Sir.*

P. Henry. Nay, they will be kin to us, or they will fetch it from Japhet. But, to the letter.

Poins. Sir John Falſtaff, Knight, to the ſon of the King, neareſt his father, Harry Prince of Wales, greeting. Why, this is a certificate.

P. Henry. Peace.

*Poins. I will imitate the Honourable Roman * in brevity.* Sure, he means brevity in breath; ſhort-winded. *I commend me to thee, I commend thee, and I love thee. Be not too familiar with Poins; for he miſuſes thy favours ſo much, that he ſwears thou art to marry his ſiſter Nell. Repent at idle times as thou may'ſt, and ſo farewell. Thine by yea and no; which is as much as to ſay, as thou uſeſt him: Jack Falſtaff with my familiars: John with my brothers and ſiſters: and Sir John with all Europe.* My Lord, I will ſteep this letter in ſack, and make him eat it.

P. Henry. That's to make him eat plenty of his words. But do you uſe me thus, Ned? muſt I marry your ſiſter?

Poins.

* Meaning *M. Brutus*, who affected great brevity of ſtyle. Mr. Warburton.

Poins. May the wench have no worſe fortune! But never ſaid ſo.

P. Henry. Well, thus we play the fool with the time, nd the ſpirits of the wiſe ſit in the clouds and mock us. s your maſter here in London?

Bard. Yes, my Lord.

P. Henry. Where ſups he? doth the old boar feed in he old frank?

Bard. At the old place, my Lord, in Eaſt-cheap.

P. Henry. What company?

Page. Epheſians, my Lord, of the old church.

P. Henry. Sup any women with him?

Page. None, my Lord, but old Mrs. Quickly, and Mrs. Doll Tear-ſheet.

P. Henry. What Pagan may that be?

Page. A proper gentlewoman, Sir, and a kinſwoman of my maſter's.

P. Henry. Even ſuch kin as the pariſh-heifers are to the town-bull. Shall we ſteal upon them, Ned, at ſupper?

Poins. I am your ſhadow, my Lord, I'll follow you.

P. Henry. Sirrah, you boy, and Bardolph, no word to your maſter that I am yet come to town. There's for your ſilence.

Bard. I have no tongue, Sir.

Page. And for mine, Sir, I will govern it.

P. Henry. Fare ye well: go. This Doll Tear-ſheet ſhould be ſome road.

Poins. I warrant you, as common as the way between St. Alban's and London.

P. Henry. How might we ſee Falſtaff beſtow himſelf to-night in his true colours, and not ourſelves be ſeen?

Poins. Put on two leather jerkins and aprons, and wait upon him at his table, as drawers.

P. Henry. From a god to a bull? a heavy deſcenſion! it was Jove's caſe. From a prince to a prentice? a low tranſformation; that ſhall be mine: for in every thing, the purpoſe muſt weigh with the folly. Follow me, Ned. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *Changes to Northumberland's caſtle.*

Enter Northumberland, Lady Northumberland, and Lady Percy.

North. I pr'ythee, loving wife, and gentle daughter,
Give even way unto my rough affairs.
Put not you on the viſage of the times,
And be like them to Percy, troubleſome.

L. North. I have giv'n over, I will ſpeak no more:
Do what you will; your wiſdom be your guide.

North. Alas, ſweet wife, my honour is at pawn,
And, but my going, nothing can redeem it.

L. Percy. Oh, yet, for heav'n's ſake, go not to theſe wars.
The time was, father, that you broke your word,
When you were more endear'd to it than now;
When your own Percy, when my heart-dear Harry,
Threw many a northward look, to ſee his father
Bring up his pow'rs: but he did long in vain!
Who then perſuaded you to ſtay at home?
There were two honours loſt, yours and your ſons.
For yours, may heav'nly glory brighten it!
For his, it ſtuck upon him as the ſun
In the grey vault of heav'n; and by his light
Did all the chivalry of England move
To do brave acts. He was indeed the glaſs,
Wherein the noble youth did dreſs themſelves.
He had no legs that practis'd not his gait:
And ſpeaking thick, which Nature made his blemiſh,
Became the accents of the valiant:
For thoſe that could ſpeak low and tardily,
Would turn their own perfection to abuſe,
To ſeem like him. So that in ſpeech, and gait,
In diet, in affections of delight,
In military rules, humours of blood,
He was the mark and glaſs, copy and book,
That faſhion'd others. And him, wond'rous him!
O miracle of men! him did you leave
(Second to none, unſeconded by you)
To look upon the hideous god of war
In diſadvantage; to abide a field,
Where nothing but the ſound of Hot-ſpur's name

Did

Did ſeem defenſible: ſo you left him.
Never, O, never do his ghoſt the wrong,
To hold your honour more preciſe and nice
With others, than with him. Let them alone.
The Marſhal and the Archbiſhop are ſtrong.
Had my ſweet Harry had but half their numbers,
"To-day might I (hanging on Hot-ſpur's neck)
"Have talk'd of Monmouth's grave."

North. Beſhrew your heart,
Fair daughter, you do draw my ſpirits from me,
With new-lamenting ancient overſights.
But I muſt go and meet with danger there;
Or it will ſeek me in another place,
And find me worſe provided.

L. North. Fly to Scotland,
Till that the nobles and the armed commons
Have of their puiſſance made a little taſte.

L. Percy. If they get ground and 'vantage of the King,
Then join you with them, like a rib of ſteel,
To make ſtrength ſtronger. But, for all our loves,
Firſt let them try themſelves. So did your ſon:
He was ſo ſuffer'd; ſo came I a widow;
And never ſhall have length of life enough,
To rain upon remembrance * with mine eyes,
That it may grow and ſprout as high as heav'n,
For recordation to my noble huſband.

North. Come, come, go in with me: 'tis with my mind
As with the tide ſwell'd up into his height,
That makes a ſtill-ſtand, running neither way.
Fain would I go to meet the Archbiſhop,
But many thouſand reaſons hold me back:
I will reſolve for Scotland; there am I,
Till time and 'vantage crave my company. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Changes to the Boar's-head tavern in Eaſt-cheap.

Enter two Drawers.

1 *Draw.* What the devil haſt thou brought there? Apple-Johns? thou know'ſt Sir John cannot endure an Apple-John.

* *ing to the plant roſemary*, ſo called, and uſed in funerals.

2 *Draw.* Maſs! thou ſayeſt true; the Prince once ſet a diſh of Apple-Johns before him, and told him there were five more Sir Johns; and, putting off his hat, ſaid, I will now take my leave of theſe ſix dry, round, old, wither'd knights. It anger'd him to the heart; but he hath forgot that.

1 *Draw.* Why, then, cover, and ſet them down; and ſee if thou can'ſt find out Sneak's noiſe; Mrs. Tear-ſheet would fain hear ſome muſic. Diſpatch; the room where they ſup is too hot, they'll come in ſtraight.

2 *Draw.* Sirrah, here will be the Prince, and Maſter Poins anon; and they will put on two of our jerkins and aprons, and Sir John muſt not know of it. Bardolph hath brought word.

1 *Draw.* Then here will be old Utis: it will be an excellent ſtratagem.

2 *Draw.* I'll ſee if I can find out Sneak. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII. *Enter Hoſteſs and Doll.*

Hoſt. I'faith, ſweet-heart, methinks now you are in an excellent good temperality. Your pulſidge beats as extraordinarily as heart would deſire; and your colour, I warrant you, is as red as any roſe: but, i'faith, you have drank too much canaries, and that's a marvellous ſearching wine; and it perfumes the blood ere we can ſay what's this. How do you now?

Dol. Better than I was: hem.——

Hoſt. Why, that was well ſaid: a good heart's worth gold. Look, here comes Sir John.

Enter Falſtaff.

Fal. When Arthur firſt in court——empty the jorden ——*and was a worthy King.* How now, Mrs. Doll.

Hoſt. Sick of a calm: yea, good ſooth.

Fal. So is all her ſect; if they be once in a calm, they are ſick.

Dol. You muddy raſcal, is that all the comfort you give me?

Fal. You make fat raſcals, Mrs. Doll.

Dol. I make them! gluttony and diſeaſes make them; I make them not.

Fal. If the cook make the gluttony, you help to make

make the diſeaſes, Doll; we catch of you, Doll, we catch of you; grant that, my poor virtue, grant that.

Dol. Ay, marry, our chains and our jewels.

Fal. Your brooches, pearls, and ouches: for to ſerve bravely, is to come halting off, you know; to come off the breach with his pike bent bravely, and to ſurgery bravely; to venture upon the charg'd chambers bravely——

Dol. Hang yourſelf, you muddy conger, hang yourſelf!

Hoſt. By my troth, this is the old faſhion; you two never meet, but you fall to ſome diſcord; you are both, in good troth, as rheumatic * as two dry toaſts, you cannot one bear with another's confirmities. What the good-jer? one muſt bear, and that muſt be you: you are the weaker veſſel, as they ſay, the emptier veſſel.

[*To Doll.*

Dol. Can a weak empty veſſel bear ſuch a huge full hogſhead? there's a whole merchant's venture of Bourdeaux ſtuff in him; you have not ſeen a hulk better ſtuff'd in the hold. Come, I'll be friends with thee, Jack: thou art going to the wars, and whether I ſhall ever ſee thee again or no, there is no body cares.

SCENE IX. *Enter Drawer.*

Draw. Sir, Ancient Piſtol is below, and would ſpeak with you.

Dol. Hang him, ſwaggering raſcal, let him not come hither; it is the foul-mouth'dſt rogue in England.

Hoſt. If he ſwagger, let him not come here: no, by my faith. I muſt live amongſt my neighbours, I'll no ſwaggerers. I am in good name and fame with the very beſt: ſhut the door, there comes no ſwaggerers here. I have not liv'd all this while to have ſwaggering now: ſhut the door, I pray you.

Fal. Doſt thou hear, hoſteſs?——

Hoſt. Pray you, pacify yourſelf, Sir John; there comes no ſwaggerers here.

Fal. Doſt thou hear——it is mine Ancient.

Hoſt. Tilly-fally, Sir John, never tell me; your ancient ſwaggerer comes not in my doors. I was before Maſter

* *She means to ſay ſplenetic.*

Maſter Tiſick the deputy the other day; and, as he ſaid to me——it was no longer ago than Wedneſday laſt—Neighbour Quickly, ſays he;—Maſter Domb our miniſter was by then;—neighbour Quickly, ſays he, receive thoſe that are civil; for, faith he, you are in an ill name; (now he ſaid ſo, I can tell whereupon;) for, ſays he, you are an honeſt woman, and well thought on; therefore take heed what gueſts you receive: receive, ſays he, no ſwaggering companions.——There come none here. You would bleſs you to hear what he ſaid. No, I'll no ſwaggerers.

Fal. He's no ſwaggerer, hoſteſs; a tame cheater, i'faith; you may ſtroak him as gently as a puppy-greyhound; he will not ſwagger with a Barbary hen, if her feathers turn back in any ſhew of reſiſtance. Call him up, drawer.

Hoſt. Cheater, call you him? I will bar no honeſt man my houſe, nor no cheater; but I do not love ſwaggering, by my troth; I am the worſe, when one ſays *ſwagger*. Feel, Maſters, how I ſhake, look you, I warrant you.

Dol. So you do, hoſteſs.

Hoſt. Do I? yea, in very truth, do I, as if it were an aſpen-leaf. I cannot abide ſwaggerers.

SCENE X. *Enter Piſtol, Bardolph, and Page.*

Piſt. Save you, Sir John.

Fal. Welcome, Ancient Piſtol. Here, Piſtol, I charge you with a cup of ſack: do you diſcharge upon mine hoſteſs.

Piſt. I will diſcharge upon her, Sir John, with two bullets.

Fal. She is piſtol-proof, Sir, you ſhall hardly offend her.

Hoſt. Come, I'll drink no proofs, nor no bullets. I will drink no more than will do me good, for no man's pleaſure, I.

Piſt. Then to you, Mrs. Dorothy, I will charge you.

Dol. Charge me! I ſcorn you, ſcurvy companion! what? you poor, baſe, raſcally, cheating, lack-linen mate; away, you mouldy rogue, away, I'm meat for *your maſter.*

Piſt. I know you, Miſtreſs Dorothy.

Dol.

Dol. Away, you cut-purſe raſcal, you filthy bung, away: by this wine, I'll thruſt my knife in your mouldy chaps, if you play the ſaucy cuttle with me. Away, you bottle-ale raſcal, you baſket-hilt ſtale juggler, you. Since when, I pray you, Sir? what, with two points on your ſhoulder? much *!

Piſt. I will murder your ruff for this.

Fal. No more, Piſtol; I wou'd not have you go off here: diſcharge yourſelf of our company, Piſtol.

Hoſt. No, good Captain Piſtol: not here, ſweet Captain.

Dol. Captain! thou abominable damn'd cheater, art thou not aſham'd to be call'd *Captain?* if Captains were of my mind, they would truncheon you out of taking their names upon you before you have earn'd them. "You a Captain! you ſlave! for what? for tearing a "poor whore's ruff in a bawdy-houſe!" He a Captain! hang him, rogue, he lives upon mouldy ſtew'd prunes and dry'd cakes. A Captain! theſe villains will make the word *captain* as odious as the word *occupy;* which was an excellent good word before it was ill ſorted: therefore Captains had need look to it.

Bard. Pray thee, go down, good Ancient.

Fal. Hark thee hither, Miſtreſs Doll.

Piſt. Not I: I tell thee what, Corporal Bardolph, I could tear her: I'll be reveng'd on her.

Page. Pray thee, go down.

Piſt. I'll ſee her damn'd firſt; to Pluto's damned lake, to the infernal deep, to Erebus and tortures vile alſo. Hold hook and line, ſay I: down! down, dogs; down, fates: have we not Hiren † here?

Hoſt. Good Captain Peeſel, be quiet, it is very late: I beſeech you now, aggravate your choler.

Piſt. Theſe be good humours indeed. Shall pack-horſes,
And hollow-pamper'd jades of Aſia ‡,
Which cannot go but thirty miles a-day,

Compare

* A common expreſſion of diſdain at that time.

† The name of Piſtol's and Amadis du Gaul's ſword. Mr. Theobald.

‡ *Theſe lines are in part a quotation out of an old abſurd ſuſtian tragedy, Tamburlain's conqueſts;* or, *The Scythian ſhepherd.* Theobald.

Compare with Cæsars, and with Cannibals,
And Trojan Greeks? nay, rather damn them with
King Cerberus, and let the welkin roar:
Shall we fall foul for toys?

Hoſt. By my troth, Captain, theſe are very bitter words.

Bard. Begone, good Ancient: this will grow to a brawl anon.

Piſt. Die men like dogs; give crowns like pins: have we not Hiren here?

Hoſt. O' my word, Captain, there's none ſuch here. What the good-jer! do you think I would deny her? I pray, be quiet.

Piſt. Then feed, and be fat, my fair Calipolis: come, give me ſome ſack. *Si fortuna me tormenta, il ſperare me contenta.*
Fear we broad-ſides? no, let the fiend give fire:
Give me ſome ſack: and, ſweet-heart, lie thou there:
Come we to full points here; and are &c. *cætera's* nothing?

Fal. Piſtol, I would be quiet.

Piſt. Sweet Knight, I kiſs thy neif: what! we have ſeen the ſeven ſtars.

Dol. Thruſt him down ſtairs, I cannot endure ſuch a fuſtian raſcal.

Piſt. Thruſt him down ſtairs? know we not Galloway nags?

Fal. Quoit him down, Bardolph, like a ſhove-groat ſhilling: nay, if he do nothing but ſpeak nothing, he ſhall be nothing here.

Bard. Come, get you down ſtairs.

Piſt. What, ſhall we have inciſion? ſhall we embrew? then Death rock me aſleep, abridge my doleful days: why, then let grievous, ghaſtly, gaping wounds untwine the ſiſters three. Come, Atropos, I ſay.

[*Drawing his ſword.*

Hoſt. Here's goodly ſtuff toward.

Fal. Give me my rapier, boy.

Dol. I pr'ythee, Jack, I pr'ythee, do not draw.

Fal. Get you down ſtairs.

[*Drawing, and driving Piſtol out.*

Hoſt. Here's a goodly tumult; I'll forſwear keeping houſe before I'll be in theſe tirrits and frights. So, murther,

murther, I warrant now. Alas, alas, put up your naked weapons, put up your naked weapons.

Dol. I pr'ythee, Jack, be quiet, the raſcal is gone: ah, you whoreſon, little valiant villain, you!

Hoſt. Are you not hurt i' th' groin? methought he made a ſhrewd thruſt at your belly.

Fal. Have you turn'd him out of doors?

Bard. Yes, Sir, the raſcal's drunk: you have hurt him, Sir, in the ſhoulder.

Fal. A raſcal, to brave me!———

Dol. Ah, you ſweet little rogue, you: alas, poor ape, how thou ſweat'ſt? come, let me wipe thy face—come on, you whoreſon chops—ah, rogue! I love thee, —thou art as valorous as Hector of Troy, worth five of Agamemnon: and ten times better than the nine worthies: a villain!

Fal. A raſcally ſlave! I will toſs the rogue in a blanket.

Dol. Do, if thou dar'ſt for thy heart; if thou doſt, I'll canvaſs thee between a pair of ſheets.

Enter Muſic.

Page. The muſic is come, Sir.

Fal. Let them play; play, Sirs. Sit on my knee, Doll. A raſcal, bragging ſlave! the rogue fled from me like quick-ſilver.

Dol. I'faith, and thou follow'dſt him like a church: thou whoreſon little tydie Bartholomew boar-pig, when wilt thou leave fighting on days, and foining on nights, and begin to patch up thine old body for heaven?

SCENE XI. *Enter Prince Henry and Poins.*

Fal. Peace, good Dol, do not ſpeak like a death's-head: do not bid me remember mine end.

Dol. Sirrah, what humour is the Prince of?

Fal. A good ſhallow young fellow: he would have made a good pantler, he would have chipp'd bread well.

Dol. They ſay, Poins has a good wit.

Fal. He a good wit? hang him, baboon!——his wit is as thick as *Tewkſbury* muſtard: there is no more conceit *in him, than is in* a mallet.

Dol.

Dol. Why doth the Prince love him ſo then?

Fal. Becauſe their legs are both of a bigneſs: and he plays at quoits well, and eats conger and fennel, and drinks off candles' ends for flap-dragons, and rides the wild mare with the boys, and jumps upon joint-ſtools, and ſwears with a good grace, and wears his boot very ſmooth like unto the ſign of the leg, and breeds no hate with telling of indiſcreet ſtories; and ſuch other gambol faculties he hath, that ſhew a weak mind and an able body, for the which the Prince admits him: for the Prince himſelf is ſuch another: the weight of an hair will turn the ſcales between their Avoirdupois.

P. Henry. Would not this nave of a wheel have his ears cut off?

Poins. Let us beat him before his whore.

P. Henry. Look, if the wither'd elder hath not his poll claw'd like a parrot.

Poins. Is it not ſtrange, that deſire ſhould ſo many years out-live performance?

Fal. Kiſs me, Doll.

P. Henry. Saturn and Venus this year in conjunction! what ſays the almanack to that?

Poins. And look whether the fiery Trigon, his man, be not claſping to his maſter's old tables, his note-book, his counſel-keeper?

Fal. Thou doſt give me flattering buſſes.

Dol. By my troth, I kiſs thee with a moſt conſtant heart.

Fal. I am old, I am old.

Dol. I love thee better than I love e'er a ſcurvy young boy of them all.

Fal. What ſtuff wilt thou have a kirtle of? I ſhall receive money on Thurſday: thou ſhalt have a cap to-morrow. A merry ſong, come: it grows late, we will to bed. Thou wilt forget me when I am gone.

Dol. By my troth, thou wilt ſet me a weeping if thou ſay'ſt ſo: prove that ever I dreſs myſelf handſome till thy return——Well, hearken the end.

Fal. Some ſack, Francis.

P. Henry. Poins. Anon, anon, Sir.

Fal. Ha! a baſtard ſon of the King's! and art not thou Poins his brother?

P. Henry.

P. Henry. Why, thou globe of ſinful continents, what a life doſt thou lead?

Fal. A better than thou: I am a gentleman, thou art a drawer.

P. Henry. Very true, Sir; and I come to draw you out by the ears.

Hoſt. Oh, the Lord preſerve thy good Grace! Welcome to London.—Now Heav'n bleſs that ſweet face of thine. What, are you come from Wales?

Fal. Thou whoreſon mad compound of majeſty, by this light fleſh and corrupt blood, thou art welcome.

[*Leaning his hand upon Doll.*

Dol. How! you fat fool, I ſcorn you.

Poins. My Lord, he will drive you out of your revenge, and turn all to a merriment, if you take not the heat.

P. Henry. You whoreſon candle-myne, you, how vilely did you ſpeak of me even now, before this honeſt, virtuous, civil gentlewoman?

Hoſt. 'Bleſſing on your heart, and ſo ſhe is, by my troth.

Fal. Didſt thou hear me?

P. Henry. Yes; and you knew me, as you did when you ran away by Gads-hill; you knew I was at your back, and ſpoke it on purpoſe to try my patience.

Fal. No, no, no; not ſo; I did not think thou waſt within hearing.

P. Henry. I ſhall drive you then to confeſs the wilful abuſe, and then I know how to handle you.

Fal. No abuſe, Hal; on my honour, no abuſe.

P. Henry. Not to diſpraiſe me, and call me pantler, and bread-chipper, and I know not what!

Fal. No abuſe, Hal.

Poins. No abuſe!

Fal. No abuſe, Ned, in the world; honeſt Ned, none. I diſprais'd him before the wicked, that the wicked might not fall in love with him; in which doing, I have done the part of a careful friend, and a true ſubject, and thy father is to give me thanks for it. No abuſe, Hal; none, Ned, none; no, boys, none.

P. Henry. See now, whether pure fear and entire [illegible] doth not make thee wrong this virtuous gentlewoman,

tlewoman, to close with us? Is she of the wicked? is thine hostess here of the wicked? or is the boy of the wicked? or honest Bardolph, whose zeal burns in his nose, of the wicked?

Poins. Answer, thou dead elm, answer.

Fal. The fiend hath prick'd down Bardolph irrecoverable, and his face is Lucifer's privy-kitchen, where he doth nothing but roast malt-worms: for the boy, there is a good angel about him, but the devil out-bids him too.

P. Henry. For the women,——

Fal. For one of them, she is in hell already, and burns, poor soul! for the other, I owe her money; and whether she be damn'd for that, I know not.

Host. No, I warrant you.

Fal. No, I think thou art not: I think thou art quit for that. Marry, there is another indictment upon thee, for suffering flesh to be eaten in thy house, contrary to the law, for the which I think thou wilt howl.

Host. All victuallers do so: what is a joint of mutton or two in a whole Lent?

P. Henry. You, gentlewoman,———

Dol. What says your Grace?

Fal. His Grace says that which his flesh rebels against.

Host. Who knocks so loud at door? Look to the door there, Francis.

SCENE XII. *Enter Peto.*

P. Henry. Peto, how now? what news?

Peto. The King your father is at Westminster,
And there are twenty weak and wearied posts
Come from the north; and, as I came along,
I met and overtook a dozen captains,
Bare headed, sweating, knocking at the taverns,
And asking every one for Sir John Falstaff.

P. Henry. By Heaven, Poins, I feel me much to blame,
So idly to profane the precious time;
When tempest of commotion, like the south
Borne with black vapour, doth begin to melt
And drop upon our bare unarmed heads.

Give

Give me my ſword and cloak. Falſtaff, good night.

[*Exeunt Prince and Poins.*

Fal. Now comes in the ſweeteſt morſel of the night, and we muſt hence, and leave it unpick'd. More knocking at the door? how now? what's the matter?

Bard. You muſt away to court, Sir, preſently: a dozen captains ſtay at door for you.

Fal. Pay the muſicians, ſirrah. Farewell, hoſteſs; farewell, Doll. You ſee, my good wenches, how men of merit are ſought after; the undeſerver may ſleep, when the man of action is call'd on. Farewell, good wenches; if I be not ſent away poſt, I will ſee you again ere I go.

Dol. I cannot ſpeak; if my heart be not ready to burſt——Well, ſweet Jack, have a care of thyſelf.

Hal. Farewell, farewell. [*Exit.*

Foſt. Well, fare thee well: I have known thee theſe twenty-nine years, come peſcod-time; but an honeſter and truer-hearted man——well, fare thee well.

Bard. Mrs. Tear-ſheet,——

Hoſt. What's the matter?

Bard. Bid Miſtreſs Tear-ſheet come to my maſter.

Hoſt. O run, Doll, run; run, good Doll. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The palace in London.

Enter King Henry in his night-gown, with a Page.

K. Henry. GO, call the Earls of Surrey and of Warwick;
But, ere they come, bid them o'er-read theſe letters,
And well conſider of them: make good ſpeed.

[*Exit Page.*

How many thouſands of my pooreſt ſubjects
Are at this hour aſleep! O gentle Sleep,
Nature's ſoft nurſe, how have I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eye-lids down,
And ſteep my ſenſes in forgetfulneſs?
Why rather, Sleep, ly'ſt thou in ſmoaky cribs,
Upon uneaſy pallets ſtretching thee,

'And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber;
'Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great,
'Under the canopies of costly state,
'And lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody?
'O thou dull god, why ly'st thou with the vile
'In loathsome beds, and leav'st the kingly couch,
'A watch-case to a common larum-bell*?
'Wilt thou, upon the high and giddy mast,
'Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains,
'In cradle of the rude imperious surge;
'And in the visitation of the winds,
'Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
'Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
'With deaf'ning clamours in the slipp'ry shrouds,
'That, with the hurly, death itself awakes:
'Can'st thou, O partial sleep, give thy repose
'To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude;
'And, in the calmest and the stillest night,
'With all appliances and means to boot,
'Deny it to a king?' Then, happy low! lie down;
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

SCENE II. *Enter Warwick and Surrey.*

War. Many good morrows to your Majesty!
K. Henry. Is it good morrow, Lords?
War. 'Tis one o'clock, and past.
K. Henry. Why, then, good morrow to you. Well, my Lords,
Have you read o'er the letters I sent you?
War. We have, my Leige.
K. Henry. Then you perceive the body of our kingdom,
How foul it is; what rank diseases grow,
And with what danger, near the heart of it.
War. It is but as a body slight distemper'd,
Which to its former strength may be restor'd,
With good advice and little medicine.

My

* This alludes to the watchmen set in garrison-towns upon some eminence, attending upon an alarum-bell, which he was to ring out in case of fire, or any approaching danger. He had a case or box to *shelter him* from the weather; but at his utmost peril he was not to *sleep whilst* he was upon duty. These alarum-bells are mentioned in several other places of Shakespeare. Oxford Editor.

ord Northumberland will ſoon be ſchool'd.
Henry. Oh, heav'n, that one might read the book
:e the revolution of the times [of fate,
mountains level, and the continent,
· of ſolid firmneſs, melt itſelf
he ſea; and, other times, to ſee
eachy girdle of the ocean
ide for Neptune's hips; how chances mock,
hanges fill the cup of alteration
divers liquors! O, if this were ſeen,
appieſt youth viewing his progreſs through,
perils paſt, what croſſes to enſue,
l ſhut the book, and ſit him down and die.
ot ten years gone,
Richard and Northumberland, great friends,
aſt together; and in two years after
they at wars. It is but eight years ſince,
Percy was the man neareſt my ſoul;
like a brother, toil'd in my affairs,
aid his love and life under my foot;
or my ſake, ev'n to the eyes of Richard,
him defiance. But which of you was by?
couſin Nevil, as I may remember) [*To War.*
Richard, with his eye brim full of tears,
check'd and rated by Northumberland,
eak theſe words, now prov'd a prophecy.
humberland, thou ladder by the which
couſin Bolingbroke aſcends my throne;'
igh then, Heav'n knows, I had no ſuch intent;
iat neceſſity ſo bow'd the ſtate,
I and greatneſs were compell'd to kiſs:)
time ſhall come, (thus did he follow it,)
time will come, that foul ſin, gathering head,
l break into corruption:' ſo went on,
elling this ſame time's condition,
he diviſion of our amity.
r. There is a hiſtory in all mens' lives,
ing the nature of the times deceas'd;
hich obſerv'd, a man may propheſy,
near aim, of the main chance of things
not come to life, which in their ſeeds
beginnings lie intreaſured.

Such things become the hatch and brood of time;
And by the neceſſary form of this,
King Richard might create a perfect gueſs,
That great Northumberland, then falſe to him,
Would of that ſeed grow to a greater falſeneſs,
Which ſhould not find a ground to root upon,
Unleſs on you.

K. Henry. Are theſe things then neceſſities?
Then let us meet them like neceſſities;
And that ſame word even now cries out on us.
They ſay the Biſhop and Northumberland
Are fifty thouſand ſtrong.

War. It cannot be:
Rumour doth double, like the voice and echo,
The numbers of the fear'd. Pleaſe it your Grace
To go to bed. Upon my life, my Lord,
The pow'rs that you already have ſent forth,
Shall bring this prize in very eaſily.
To comfort you the more, I have receiv'd
A certain inſtance that Glendower is dead.
Your Majeſty hath been this fortnight ill,
And theſe unſeaſon'd hours perforce muſt add
Unto your ſickneſs.

K. Henry. I will take your counſel:
And were theſe inward wars once out of hand,
We would, dear Lords, unto the holy land. [*Exeun*

SCENE III.

Changes to Juſtice Shallow's ſeat in Glouceſterſhire.

Enter Shallow and Silence, juſtices; with Mouldy, Shado Wart, Feeble, and Bull-calf.

Shal. Come on, come on, come on; give me yo hand, Sir; an early ſtirrer, by the rood *. And how do my good couſin Silence?

Sil. Good morrow, good couſin Shallow.

Shal. And how doth my couſin, your bed-fello and your faireſt daughter, and mine, my god-daught Ellen?

Sil. Alas, a black ouzel, couſin Shallow.

Sh

* *i. e.* The croſs.

Shal. By yea and nay, Sir, I dare ſay my couſin William is become a good ſcholar: he is at Oxford ſtill, is he not?

Sil. Indeed, Sir, to my coſt.

Shal. He muſt then to the inns of court ſhortly; I was once of Clement's inn; where, I think, they will talk of *mad Shallow* yet.

Sil. You were call'd *luſty Shallow* then, couſin.

Shal. I was call'd any thing, and I would have done any thing, indeed, too, and roundly too. There was I, and little John Doit of Staffordſhire, and black George Bare, and Francis Pickbone, and Will Squele a Cotſwold man, you had not four ſuch ſwinge-bucklers in all the inns of court again; and I may ſay to you, we knew where the *Bona-Roba's* were, and had the beſt of them all at commandment. Then was Jack Falſtaff, (now Sir John) a boy, and page to Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk.

Sil. This Sir John, couſin, that comes hither anon about ſoldiers?

Shal. The ſame Sir John, the very ſame: I ſaw him break Schoggan's head at the court-gate, when he was a crack, not thus high; and the very ſame day I did fight with one Samſon Stockfiſh, a fruiterer, behind Gray's-Inn. O the mad days that I have ſpent! and to ſee how many of mine old acquaintance are dead?

Sil. We ſhall all follow, couſin.

Shal. Certain, 'tis certain, very ſure, very ſure: death (as the Pſalmiſt ſaith) is certain to all; all ſhall die. How a good yoke of bullocks at Stamford fair?

Sil. Truly, couſin, I was not there.

Shal. Death is certain. Is old Double of your town living yet?

Sil. Dead, Sir.

Shal. Dead! ſee, ſee, he drew a good bow: and dead! he ſhot a fine ſhoot. John of Gaunt loved him well, and betted much money on his head. Dead! he would have clapp'd in the clowt‡ at twelve ſcore, and carried you a fore-hand ſhaft at fourteen and fourteen and a half, that it would have done a man's heart good to ſee.——How a ſcore of ewes now?

Sil.

‡ *i. e. Hit the white mark.*

Sil. Thereafter as they be: a ſcore of good ewes may be worth ten pounds.

Shal. And is old Double dead?

SCENE IV. *Enter Bardolph and Page.*

Sil. Here come two of Sir John Falſtaff's men, as I think.

Shal. Good morrow, honeſt gentlemen.

Bard. I beſeech you, which is Juſtice Shallow?

Shal. I am Robert Shallow, Sir, a poor Eſquire of this county, one of the King's Juſtices of the peace. What is your good pleaſure with me?

Bard. My Captain, Sir, commends him to you; my Captain Sir John Falſtaff, a tall gentleman, by heav'n! and a moſt gallant leader.

Shal. He greets me well: Sir, I knew him a good back-ſword man. How doth the good Knight? may I aſk how my Lady his wife doth?

Bard. Sir, pardon, a ſoldier is better accommodated than with a wife.

Shal. It is well ſaid, Sir; and it is well ſaid, indeed, too: better accommodated——it is good, yea, indeed, is it; good phraſes, ſurely, are, and ever were, very commendable. Accommodated—it comes of *accommodo*: very good, a good phraſe.

Bard. "Pardon me, Sir, I have heard the word. "Phraſe call you it? by this day, I know not the "phraſe: but I will maintain the word with my ſword, "to be a ſoldier-like word, and a word of exceeding "good command. Accommodated, that is, when a "man is, as they ſay, accommodated; or, when a "man is, being whereby he may be thought to be ac-"commodated, which is an excellent thing."

SCENE V. *Enter Falſtaff.*

Shal. It is very juſt. Look, here comes good Sir John. Give me your good hand; give me your Worſhip's good hand: truſt me, you look well, and bear your years very well. Welcome, good Sir John.

Fal. I am glad to ſee you well, good Maſter Robert *Shallow*. Maſter Sure-card, as I think,——

Shal.

Shal. No, Sir John, it is my couſin Silence, in commiſſion with me.

Fal. Good Maſter Silence, it well befits you ſhould be of the peace.

Sil. Your good Worſhip is welcome.

Fal. Fie, this is hot weather, Gentlemen; have you provided me here half a dozen of ſufficient men?

Shal. Marry, have we, Sir: will you ſit?

Fal. Let me ſee them, I beſeech you.

Shal. Where's the roll? where's the roll? where's the roll? let me ſee, let me ſee, let me ſee: ſo, ſo, ſo, ſo: yea, marry, Sir. Ralph Mouldy: let them appear as I call: let them do ſo, let them do ſo. Let me ſee, where is Mouldy?

Moul. Here, if it pleaſe you.

Shal. What think you, Sir John? a good limb'd fellow; young, ſtrong, and of good friends.

Fal. Is thy name *Mouldy?*

Moul. Yea, if it pleaſe you.

Fal. 'Tis the more time thou wert us'd.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha, moſt excellent, i'faith. Things that are mouldy, lack uſe: very ſingular good. Well ſaid, Sir John, very well ſaid.

Fal. Prick him.

Moul. I was prick'd well enough before, if you could have let me alone: my old dame will be undone now for one to do her huſbandry, and her drudgery; you need not to have prick'd me, there are other men fitter to go out than I.

Fal. Go to: peace, Mouldy, you ſhall go. Mouldy, it is time you were ſpent.

Moul. Spent?

Shal. Peace, fellow, peace: ſtand aſide: know you where you are? For the other, Sir John.—Let me ſee: Simon Shadow.

Fal. Ay, marry, let me have him to ſit under: he's like to be a cold ſoldier.

Shal. Where's Shadow?

Shad. Here, Sir.

Fal. Shadow, whoſe ſon art thou?

Shad. My mother's ſon, Sir.

Fal. Thy mother's ſon! like enough; and thy father's

ther's ſhadow: ſo the ſon of the female is the ſhadow of the male: it is often ſo, indeed, but not of the father's ſubſtance.

Shal. Do you like him, Sir John?

Fal. Shadow will ſerve for ſummer; prick him; for we have a number of ſhadows to fill up the muſter-book.

Shal. Thomas Wart.

Fal. Where's he?

Wart. Here, Sir.

Fal. Is thy name *Wart?*

Wart. Yea, Sir.

Fal. Thou art a very ragged wart.

Shal. Shall I prick him down, Sir John?

Fal. It were ſuperfluous; for his apparel is built upon his back, and the whole frame ſtands upon pins; prick him no more.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha, you can do it, Sir *; you can do it: I commend you well. Francis Feeble.

Feeble. Here, Sir.

Fal. What trade art thou, Feeble?

Feeble. A woman's tailor, Sir.

Shal. Shall I prick him, Sir?

Fal. You may: but if he had been a man's tailor, he would have prick'd you. Wilt thou make as many holes in an enemy's battle, as thou haſt done in a woman's petticoat?

Feeble. I will do my good will, Sir; you can have no more.

Fal. Well ſaid, good woman's tailor; well ſaid, courageous Feeble: thou wilt be as valiant as the wrathful dove, or moſt magnanimous mouſe. Prick the woman's tailor well, Maſter Shallow, deep, Maſter Shallow.

Feeble. I would Wart might have gone, Sir.

Fal. I would thou wert a man's tailor, that thou might'ſt mend him, and make him fit to go. I cannot put him to be a private ſoldier, that is the leader of ſo many thouſands. Let that ſuffice, moſt forcible Feeble.

Feeble. It ſhall ſuffice.

Fal. I am bound to thee, reverend Feeble. Who is *the next?*

Shal.

* *i. e.* You know how to jeſt.

Shal. Peter Bull-calf of the green.

Fal. Yea, marry, let us ſee Bull-calf.

Bul. Here, Sir.

Fal. Truſt me, a likely fellow. Come, prick me Bull-calf, till he roar again.

Bul. Oh, good my Lord Captain———

Fal. What, doſt thou roar before th'art prick'd?

Bul. Oh, Sir, I am a diſeaſed man.

Fal. What diſeaſe haſt thou?

Bul. A whoreſon cold, Sir; a cough, Sir, which I caught with ringing in the King's affairs, upon his coronation-day, Sir.

Fal. Come, thou ſhalt go to the wars in a gown: we will have away thy cold, and I will take ſuch order that thy friends ſhall ring for thee. Is here all?

Shal. There is two more called than your number; you muſt have but four here, Sir; and ſo, I pray you, go in with me to dinner.

Fal. Come, I will go drink with you, but I cannot tarry dinner. I am glad to ſee you, in good troth, Maſter Shallow.

Shal. O, Sir John, do you remember ſince we lay all night in the wind-mill in St. George's fields?

Fal. No more of that, good Maſter Shallow, no more of that.

Shal. Ha! it was a merry night. And is Jane Night-work alive!

Fal. She lives, Maſter Shallow.

Shal. She never could away with me.

Fal. Never, never: ſhe would always ſay, ſhe could not abide Maſter Shallow.

Shal. By the maſs, I could anger her to the heart: ſhe was then a *Bona-roba*. Doth ſhe hold her own well?

Fal. Old, old, Maſter Shallow.

Shal. Nay, ſhe muſt be old, ſhe cannot chuſe but be old; certain, ſhe's old, and had Robin Night-work by old Night-work, before I came to Clement's inn.

Sil. That's fifty-five years ago.

Shal. Ha, couſin Silence, that thou hadſt ſeen that that this Knight and I have ſeen!———Hah, Sir John, ſaid I well?

Fal.

Fal. We have heard the chimes at midnight, Maſter Shallow.

Shal. That we have, that we have, in faith, Sir John, we have: our watchword was, Hem, boys.——Come, let's to dinner; oh, the days that we have ſeen! come, come.

Bul. Good Maſter Corporate Bardolph, ſtand my friend, and here is four Harry ten ſhillings in French crowns for you: in very truth, Sir, I had as lief be hang'd, Sir, as go; and yet for my own part, Sir, I do not care, but rather becauſe I am unwilling, and; for mine own part, have a deſire to ſtay with my friends; elſe, Sir, I did not care for mine own part ſo much.

Bard. Go to; ſtand aſide.

Moul. And, good Maſter Corporal Captain, for my old dame's ſake ſtand my friend: ſhe hath no body to do any thing about her when I am gone, and ſhe's old, and cannot help herſelf: you ſhall have forty, Sir.

Bard. Go to; ſtand aſide.

Feeble. I care not, a man can die but once; we owe God a death; I will never bear a baſe mind: if it be my deſtiny, ſo; if it be not, ſo. No man is too good to ſerve his prince; and let it go which way it will, he that dies this year, is quit for the next.

Bard. Well ſaid, thou art a good fellow.

Feeble. 'Faith, I will bear no baſe mind.

Fal. Come, Sir, which men ſhall I have?

Shal. Four of which you pleaſe.

Bard. Sir, a word with you,—I have three pound to free Mouldy and Bull-calf.

Fal. Go to; well.

Shal. Come, Sir John, which four will you have?

Fal. Do you chuſe for me.

Shal. Marry then, Mouldy, Bull-calf, Feeble, and Shadow.

Fal. Mouldy, and Bull-calf;——for you, Mouldy, ſtay at home till you are paſt ſervice; and for your part, Bull-calf, grow till you come unto it. I will none of you.

Shal. Sir John, Sir John, do not yourſelf wrong; *they are* your likelieſt men, and I would have you ſerv'd *with the beſt.*

Fal

Will you tell me, Maſter Shallow, how to chuſe
Care I for the limb, the thewes, the ſtature,
nd big ſemblance of a man? give me the ſpirit,
Shallow. Here's Wart, you ſee what a ragged
nce it is: he ſhall charge you and diſcharge
th the motion of a pewterer's hammer; come off
ſwifter than he that gibbets on the brewer's buc-
ınd this ſame half fac'd fellow Shadow, give me
ın, he preſents no mark to the enemy; the foe-
ıy with as great aim level at the edge of a pen-
and, for a retreat, how ſwiftly will this Feeble,
ıman's tailor, run off? O give me the ſpare
ınd ſpare me the great ones. Put me a caliver
'art's hand, Bardolph.
l. Hold, Wart, traverſe: thus, thus, thus.
Come, manage me your caliver: ſo, very well,
very good, exceeding good. O, give me always
lean, old, chopt, bald ſhot. Well ſaid, Wart,
't a good ſcab: hold, there is a teſter for thee.
. He is not his craft-maſter, he doth not do it
I remember at Mile-end Green, when I lay at
it's inn, I was then Sir Dagonet in Arthur's
there was a little quiver fellow, and he would
: you his piece thus; and he would about, and
and come you in, and come you in: Rah, tah,
ould he ſay; Bounce, would he ſay, and away
vould he go, and again would he come. I ſhall
ee ſuch a fellow.
Theſe fellows will do well. Maſter Shallow,
eep you; farewell, Maſter Silence. I will not uſe
words with you, fare you well, Gentlemen both.
k you, I muſt a dozen mile to-night. Bardolph,
ıe ſoldiers coats.
'. Sir John, heaven bleſs you, and proſper your
and ſend us peace. As you return, viſit my
Let our old acquaintance be renewed: perad-
e I will with you to the court.
. I would you would, Maſter Shallow.
'. Go to. I have ſpoke at a word. Fare you
well. [*Exit.*
Fare *you well,* gentle gentlemen. On, Bar-
lead the men away. " As I return, I will fetch
" off

Fal. We have heard the chimes at
Shallow.

Shal. That we have, that we have
we have: our watchword was, H
let's to dinner; oh, the days th
come.

Bul. Good Master Corp
friend, and here is four
crowns for you: in ver
hang'd, Sir, as go; a
do not care, but
for mine own part, h
else, Sir, I did no ... lecherou

Bard. Go to, ... him *mandrake:*

Moul. And ... the fashion; and
old dame's ... ch'd * housewives that he
to do any th ... and sware they were his *fanc*
old, and ... And now is this vice's dagger

Bard. ... and talks as familiarly of John of Gaun

Feel. ... been sworn brother to him: and I'll be
God ... saw him but once in the tilt-yard, and
my ... his head for crowding among the Marsh
to ... it, and told John of Gaunt he beat
t ... me; for you might have truss'd him and all
... into an eel-skin: the case of a treble hautb
mansion for him, a court; and now hath he
beeves. Well, I will be acquainted with
return; and it shall go hard but I will mal
philosopher's two stones † to me. If the yo
be a bait for the old pike, I see no reason in
of nature but I may snap at him. Let time sh
there's an end.

* *i. e.* Whipp'd, carted.

† One of which was an universal medicine, and the ot
muter of baser metals into gold. Mr. Warburton.

V. SCENE I.

a foreſt in Yorkſhire.

f York, Mowbray, Haſtings and
Colevile.

foreſt call'd?

d ſend diſcoverers forth,
..es.
..eady.

..ren in theſe great affairs,
.. you, that I have receiv'd
letters from Northumberland;
intent, tenor, and ſubſtance thus:
he wiſh his perſon, with ſuch powers
hold fortance with his quality,
he could not levy: whereupon
d, to ripe his growing fortunes,
d: and concludes in hearty prayers,
attempts may over-live the hazard
l meeting of their oppoſite.
Thus do the hopes we have in him touch
themſelves to pieces. [ground,

Enter a Meſſenger.

ow, what news?
Weſt of this foreſt, ſcarcely off a mile,
form comes on the enemy:
e ground they hide, I judge their number
ear, the rate of thirty thouſand.
The juſt proportion that we gave them out.
on, and face them in the field.

SCENE II. *Enter Weſtmoreland.*

hat well-appointed leader fronts us here?
I think it is my Lord of Weſtmoreland.
lth and fair greeting from our general,
Lord *John*, and Duke of Lancaſter.
on, my Lord of Weſtmoreland, in peace:

Fal. We have heard the chimes at the bottom of Juſtice Shallow. [illegible] we old men are to this vice

Shal. That we have [illegible]arv'd Juſtice hath done no- we have: our [illegible] me of the wildneſs of his youth, let's to dinner; [illegible] hath done about Turnbull-ſtreet; and come.

Bul. Qo [illegible] a lie, more duly paid to the hearer friend, ar [illegible] tribute. I do remember him at Cl- crowns [illegible] like a man made after ſupper of a cheeſe- hang' [illegible] When he was naked, he was for all the do [illegible] like a forked radiſh, with a head fantaſtically fc [illegible] it with a knife. He was ſo forlorn, that [illegible] dimenſions to any thick ſight were inviſible." He was the very genius of famine, yet lecherous as a monkey, and the whores call'd him *mandrake:* he came ever in the rere-ward of the faſhion; and ſung thoſe tunes to the over-ſcutch'd * houſewives that he heard the carmen whiſtle, and ſware they were his *fancies* or his *good-nights.* And now is this vice's dagger become a ſquire, and talks as familiarly of John of Gaunt as if he had been ſworn brother to him: and I'll be ſworn, he never ſaw him but once in the tilt-yard, and then he broke his head for crowding among the Marſhal's men. I ſaw it, and told John of Gaunt he beat his own name; for you might have truſs'd him and all his apparel into an eel-ſkin: the caſe of a treble hautboy was a manſion for him, a court; and now hath he land and beeves. Well, I will be acquainted with him, if I return; and it ſhall go hard but I will make him a philoſopher's two ſtones † to me. If the young dace be a bait for the old pike, I ſee no reaſon in the law of nature but I may ſnap at him. Let time ſhape, and there's an end. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

* *i. e.* Whipp'd, catted.

† One of which was an univerſal medicine, and the other a tranſmuter of baſer metals into gold. Mr. Warburton.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Changes to a foreſt in Yorkſhire.

the Archbiſhop of York, Mowbray, Haſtings and Colevile.

York. WHAT is this foreſt call'd?

Haſt. 'Tis Gaultree foreſt.

York. Here ſtand, my Lords, and ſend diſcoverers forth,
To know the numbers of our enemies.

Haſt. We have ſent forth already.

York. 'Tis well done.
My friends and brethren in theſe great affairs,
I muſt acquaint you, that I have receiv'd
New-dated letters from Northumberland;
Their cold intent, tenor, and ſubſtance thus:
Here doth he wiſh his perſon, with ſuch powers
As might hold fortance with his quality,
The which he could not levy; whereupon
He is retir'd, to ripe his growing fortunes,
To Scotland; and concludes in hearty prayers,
That your attempts may over-live the hazard
And fearful meeting of their oppoſite.

Mowb. Thus do the hopes we have in him touch ground,
And daſh themſelves to pieces.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Haſt. Now, what news?

Meſſ. Weſt of this foreſt, ſcarcely off a mile,
In goodly form comes on the enemy:
And by the ground they hide, I judge their number
Upon, or near, the rate of thirty thouſand.

Mowb. The juſt proportion that we gave them out.
Let us way on, and face them in the field.

SCENE II. *Enter Weſtmoreland.*

York. What well-appointed leader fronts us here?

Mowb. I think it is my Lord of Weſtmoreland.

Weſt. Health and fair greeting from our general,
The Prince, Lord John, and Duke of Lancaſter.

York. Say on, my Lord of Weſtmoreland, in peace:

What doth concern your coming?
Weſt. Then, my Lord,
Unto your Grace do I in chief addreſs
The ſubſtance of my ſpeech. If that rebellion
Came like itſelf, in baſe and abject routs,
Led on by heady youth, goaded with rage,
And countenanc'd by boys and beggary;
I ſay, if damn'd commotion ſo appear'd
In his true, native, and moſt proper ſhape,
You, reverend father, and theſe Noble Lords,
Had not been here to dreſs the ugly form
Of baſe and bloody inſurrection
With your fair honours. You, my Lord Archbiſhop,
Whoſe ſee is by a civil peace maintain'd,
Whoſe beard the ſilver hand of peace hath touch'd,
Whoſe learning and good letters peace hath tutor'd,
Whoſe white inveſtments figure innocence,
The dove and very bleſſed Spirit of peace;
Wherefore do you ſo ill tranſlate yourſelf,
Out of the ſpeech of peace, that bears ſuch grace,
Into the harſh and boiſt'rous tongue of war?
Turning your books to glaves, your ink to blood,
Your pens to launces, and your tongue divine *
To a loud trumpet and a point of war?
York. Wherefore do I this? ſo the queſtion ſtands.
Briefly, to this end: we are all diſeas'd,
And with our ſurfeiting and wanton hours,
Have brought ourſelves into a burning fever,
And we muſt bleed for it; of which diſeaſe
Our late King Richard being infected, dy'd.
But, my moſt Noble Lord of Weſtmoreland,
I take not on me here as a phyſician:
Nor do I, as an enemy to peace,
Troop in the throngs of military men:
But rather ſhew a while like fearful war,
To diet rank minds, ſick of happineſs;
And purge th' obſtructions which begin to ſtop
Our very veins of life. Hear me more plainly.
I have in equal balance juſtly weigh'd
What wrongs our arms may do, what wrongs we ſuffer;
And find our griefs heavier than our offences.

We

* *i. e.* Preaching in the meekneſs of the goſpel.

We ſee which way the ſtream of time doth run,
And are inforc'd from our moſt quiet ſphere,
By the rough torrent of occaſion;
And have the ſummary of all our griefs,
When time ſhall ſerve, to ſhew in articles;
Which long ere this we offer'd to the King,
And might by no ſuit gain our audience.
When we are wrong'd, and would unfold our griefs,
We are deny'd acceſs unto his perſon,
Ev'n by thoſe men that moſt have done us wrong.
The danger of the days but newly gone,
(Whoſe memory is written on the earth
With yet-appearing blood,) and the examples
Of every minute's inſtance, preſent now,
Have put us in theſe ill-beſeeming arms:
Not to break peace, or any branch of it;
But to eſtabliſh here a peace indeed,
Concurring both in name and quality.

Weſt. When ever yet was your appeal deny'd?
Wherein have you been galled by the King?
What Peer hath been ſuborn'd to grate on you,
That you ſhould ſeal this lawleſs bloody book
Of forg'd rebellion with a ſeal divine,
And conſecrate Commotion's civil edge?

York. My brother general, the commonwealth,
To brother born an houſehold-cruelty,
I make my quarrel in particular.

Weſt. There is no need of any ſuch redreſs;
Or if there were, it not belongs to you.

Mowb. Why not to him in part, and to us all,
That feel the bruiſes of the days before;
And ſuffer the condition of theſe times
To lay an heavy and unequal hand
Upon our honours?

Weſt. O my good Lord Mowbray,
Conſtrue the times to their neceſſities,
And you ſhall ſay indeed it is the time,
And not the King, that doth you injuries.
Yet, for your part, it not appears to me,
Either from the King, or in the preſent time,
That you ſhould *have an inch* of any ground
To build a grief on. Were you not reſtor'd

To all the Duke of Norfolk's ſeigniories,
Your noble and right-well-remember'd father?

Mowb. What thing, in honour, had my father loſt,
That need to be reviv'd and breath'd in me?
The King, that lov'd him, as the ſtate ſtood then,
Was, force perforce, compell'd to baniſh him.
And then, when Harry Bolingbroke and he
Being mounted, and both rouſed in their ſeats,
Their neighing courſers daring of the ſpur,
Their armed ſtaves in charge, their beavers down,
Their eyes of fire ſparkling through ſights of ſteel,
And the loud trumpet blowing them together;
Then, then, when there was nothing could have ſtaid
My father from the breaſt of Bolingbroke;
O, when the King did throw his warder down,
His own life hung upon the ſtaff he threw;
Then threw he down himſelf, and all their lives,
That by indictment, or by dint of ſword,
Have ſince miſcarried under Bolingbroke.

Weſt. You ſpeak, Lord Mowbray, now, you know not what!
The Earl of Hereford was reputed then
In England the moſt valiant gentleman.
Who knows on whom Fortune would then have ſmil'd?
But if your father had been victor there,
He ne'er had borne it out of Coventry;
For all the country in a general voice
Cry'd hate upon him; all their prayers and love
Were ſet on Hereford, whom they doated on,
And bleſs'd, and grac'd, indeed, more than the King.
But this is mere digreſſion from my purpoſe.——
Here come I from our princely General,
To know your griefs; to tell you from his Grace,
That he will give you audience; and wherein
It ſhall appear that your demands are juſt,
You ſhall enjoy them; every thing ſet off,
That might ſo much as think you enemies.

Mowb. But he hath forc'd us to compel this offer,
And it proceeds from policy, not love.

Weſt. Mowbray, you over-ween to take it ſo:
This offer comes from mercy, not from fear.
For, lo! within a ken, our army lies;
Upon mine honour, all too confident

To give admittance to a thought of fear.
Our battle is more full of names than yours,
Our men more perfect in the uſe of arms,
Our armour all as ſtrong, our cauſe the beſt;
Then reaſon wills our hearts ſhould be as good.
Say you not then, our offer is compell'd.

Mowb. Well; by my will, we ſhall admit no parley.

Weſt. That argues but the ſhame of your offence:
A rotten caſe abides no handling.

Haſt. Hath the Prince John a full commiſſion,
In very ample virtue of his father,
To hear and abſolutely to determine
Of what conditions we ſhall ſtand upon?

Weſt. That is intended in the General's name:
I muſe you make ſo ſlight a queſtion.

York. Then take, my Lord of Weſtmoreland, this ſchedule,
For this contains our general grievances:
Each ſeveral article herein redreſs'd,
All members of our cauſe, both here and hence,
That are inſinewed to this action,
Acquitted by a true ſubſtantial form;
And preſent executions of our wills
To us, and to our properties, confin'd;
We come within our lawful banks again,
And knit our powers to the arm of peace.

Weſt. This will I ſhew the General. Pleaſe you, Lords,
In ſight of both our battles, we may meet;
And either end in peace, (which Heav'n ſo frame!)
Or to the place of difference call the ſwords,
Which muſt decide it.

York. My Lord, we will do ſo. [*Exit Weſt.*

SCENE III.

Mowb. There is a thing within my boſom tells me,
That no conditions of our peace can ſtand.

Haſt. Fear you not that: if we can make our peace
Upon ſuch large terms and ſo abſolute,
As our conditions ſhall inſiſt upon,
Our peace ſhall ſtand as firm as rocky mountains.

Mowb. Ay, but our valuation ſhall be ſuch,
That ev'ry ſlight and falſe-derived cauſe,
Yea, ev'ry *idle, nice* and wanton reaſon,

Shall

Shall to the King taſte of this action.
That were our royal faiths martyrs in love,
We ſhall be winnow'd with ſo rough a wind,
That ev'n our corn ſhall ſeem as light as chaff,
And good from bad find no partition.

York. No, no, my Lord; note this: the King is weary
Of dainty and ſuch picking grievances:
For he hath found, to end one doubt by death,
Revives two greater in the heirs of life.
And therefore will he wipe his tables clean,
And keep no tell-tale to his memory,
That may repeat and hiſtory his loſs
To new remembrance. For full well he knows,
He cannot ſo preciſely weed this land,
As his miſdoubts preſent occaſion;
His foes are ſo enrooted with his friends,
That, plucking to unfix an enemy,
He doth unfaſten ſo and ſhake a friend.
So that this land, like an offenſive wife,
That hath enrag'd him on to offer ſtrokes,
As he is ſtriking, holds his infant up,
And hangs reſolv'd correction in the arm
That was uprear'd to execution.

Haſt. Beſides, the King hath waſted all his rods
On late offenders, that he now doth lack
The very inſtruments of chaſtiſement:
So that his pow'r, like to a fangleſs lion,
May offer, but not hold.

York. 'Tis very true:
And therefore be aſſur'd, my good Lord Marſhal,
If we do now make our atonement well,
Our peace will, like a broken limb united,
Grow ſtronger for the breaking.

Mowb. Be it ſo.
Here is return'd my Lord of Weſtmoreland.

Enter Weſtmoreland.

Weſt. The Prince is here at hand: pleaſeth your Lordſhip
To meet his Grace, juſt diſtance 'tween our armies?

Mowb. Your Grace of York in God's name then ſet forward.

York.

York. Before, and greet his Grace; my Lord, we come.

SCENE IV. *Enter Prince John of Lancaſter.*

Lan. You're well encounter'd here, my couſin Mowbray;
Good day to you, my gentle Lord Archbiſhop,
And ſo to you, Lord Haſtings, and to all.
My Lord of York, it better ſhew'd with you,
When that your flock, aſſembled by the bell,
Encircled you, to hear with reverence
Your expoſition on the holy text;
Than now to ſee you here an iron man,
Cheering a rout of rebels with your drum,
Turning the word to ſword, and life to death.
That man that ſits within a monarch's heart,
And ripens in the ſunſhine of his favour,
Would he abuſe the count'nance of the King,
Alack, what miſchiefs might he ſet abroach,
In ſhadow of ſuch greatneſs? With you, Lord Biſhop,
It is even ſo. Who hath not heard it ſpoken,
How deep you were within the books of heav'n?
To us, the ſpeaker in his parliament:
To us, th' imagin'd voice of heav'n itſelf;
The very opener and intelligencer
Between the grace, the ſanctities of heav'n,
And our dull workings. O, who ſhall believe
But you miſuſe the rev'rence of your place,
Employ the countenance and grace of Heav'n,
As a falſe favourite doth his prince's name
In deeds diſhon'rable! you've taken up,
Under the counterfeited zeal of God,
The ſubjects of his ſubſtitute, my father;
And both againſt the peace of heav'n and him
Have hene up-ſwarm'd them.

York. Good my Lord of Lancaſter,
I am not here againſt your father's peace:
But, as I told my Lord of Weſtmoreland,
The time miſ-order'd doth in common fence
Compel us, and cruſh us to this monſtrous form,
To hold our ſafety up. I ſent your Grace
The parcels and particulars of our grief,
The which hath been with ſcorn ſhov'd from the court:

Whereon

Whereon this Hydra-ſon of war is born,
Whoſe dangerous eyes may well be charm'd aſleep
With grant of our moſt juſt and right deſire;
And true obedience, of this madneſs cur'd,
Stoop tamely to the foot of majeſty.

Mowb. If not, we ready are to try our fortunes
To the laſt man.

Haſt. And though we here fall down,
We have ſupplies to ſecond our attempt:
If they miſcarry, theirs ſhall ſecond them.
And ſo ſucceſs * of miſchief ſhall be born,
And heir from heir ſhall hold his quarrel up,
While England ſhall have generation.

Lan. You are too ſhallow, Haſtings, much too ſhallow,
To ſound the bottom of the after-times.

Weſt. Pleaſeth your Grace, to anſwer them directly,
How far-forth you do like their articles?

Lan. I like them all, and do allow them well:
And ſwear here, by the honour of my blood,
My father's purpoſes have been miſtook;
And ſome about him have too laviſhly
Wreſted his meaning and authority.
My Lord, theſe griefs ſhall be with ſpeed redreſs'd;
Upon my life, they ſhall. If this may pleaſe you,
Diſcharge your pow'rs unto their ſeveral counties,
As we will ours; and here, between the armies,
Let's drink together friendly, and embrace;
That all their eyes may bear thoſe tokens home,
Of our reſtored love and amity.

York. I take your princely word for theſe redreſſes.

Lan. I give it you; and will maintain my word;
And thereupon I drink unto your Grace.

Haſt. Go, Captain, and deliver to the army
This news of peace; let them have pay, and part:
I know it will pleaſe them. Hie thee, Captain.

[*Exit Colevile.*

York. To you, my Noble Lord of Weſtmoreland.

Weſt. I pledge your Grace; and if you knew what
I have beſtow'd, to breed this preſent peace, [pains
You would drink freely; but my love to ye
Shall ſhew itſelf more openly hereafter.

York.

† *Succeſs*, for ſucceſſion.

York. I do not doubt you.

Weſt. I am glad of it.

Health to my Lord, and gentle couſin Mowbray.

Mowb. You wiſh me health in very happy ſeaſon,
For I am on the ſudden ſomething ill.

York. Againſt ill chances men are ever merry,
But heavineſs fore-runs the good event.

Weſt. Therefore be merry, coz, ſince ſudden ſorrow
Serves to ſay thus, Some good thing comes to-morrow.

York. Believe me, I am paſſing light in ſpirit.

Mowb. So much the worſe, if your own rule be true.
[*Shouts.*

Lan. The word of peace is render'd; hark! they

Mowb. This had been chearful after victory. [ſhout.

York. A peace is of the nature of a conqueſt;
For then both parties nobly are ſubdu'd,
And neither party loſer.

Lan. Go, my Lord,
And let our army be diſcharged too. [*Exit Weſt.*
And, good my Lord, ſo pleaſe you, let our trains
March by us, that we may peruſe the men
We ſhould have cop'd withal.

York. Go, good Lord Haſtings;
And, ere they be diſmiſs'd, let them march by.
[*Exit Haſtings.*

Lan. I truſt, Lords, we ſhall lie to-night together.

SCENE V. *Re-enter Weſtmoreland.*

Now, couſin, wherefore ſtands our army ſtill?

Weſt. The leaders, having charge from you to ſtand,
Will not go off until they hear you ſpeak.

Lan. They know their duties.

Re-enter Haſtings.

Haſt. My Lord, our army is diſpers'd already:
Like youthful ſteers unyok'd, they took their courſe
Eaſt, weſt, north, ſouth; or, like a ſchool broke up,
Each hurries towards his home and ſporting-place.

Weſt. Good tidings, my Lord Haſtings; for the which
I do arreſt thee, traitor, of high treaſon:
And you, Lord Archbiſhop, and you, Lord Mowbray,
Of *capital treaſon I* attach you both.

Mowb.

Mowb. Is this proceeding juſt and honourable?
Weſt. Is your aſſembly ſo?
York. Will you thus break your faith?
Lan. I pawn'd you none:
I promis'd you redreſs of theſe ſame grievances,
Whereof you did complain; which, by mine honour,
I will perform with a moſt Chriſtian care.
But for you, rebels, look to taſte the due
Meet for rebellion and ſuch acts as yours.
Moſt ſhallowly did you theſe arms commence,
Fondly brought here, and fooliſhly ſent hence.
Strike up our drums, purſue the ſcatter'd ſtray;
Heav'n, and not we, hath ſafely fought to-day.
Some guard theſe traitors to the block of death,
Treaſon's true bed and yielder up of breath. [*Exeunt.*

[*Alarm. Excurſions.*

SCENE VI. *Enter Falſtaff and Colevile.*

Fal. What's your name, Sir? of what condition are you? and of what place, I pray?

Cole. I am a Knight, Sir; and my name is *Colevile* of the dale.

Fal. Well then, Colevile is your name, a Knight is your degree, and your place, the dale. Coleville ſhall ſtill be your name, a traitor your degree, and the dungeon your place, a place deep enough: ſo ſhall you ſtill be Colevile of the dale.

Cole. Are not you Sir John Falſtaff?

Fal. As good a man as he, Sir, whoe'er I am: do ye yield, Sir, or ſhall I ſweat for you? if I do ſweat, they are the drops of thy lovers, and they weep for thy death; therefore rouſe up fear and trembling, and do obſervance to my mercy.

Cole. I think you are Sir John Falſtaff, and in that thought yield me.

Fal. I have a whole ſchool of tongues in this belly of mine, and not a tongue of them all ſpeaks any other word but my name: an' I had but a belly of any indifferency, I were ſimply the moſt active fellow in Europe: *my* womb, my womb, my womb undoes me. Here comes our General.

Enter

Enter Prince John of Lancaſter, and Weſtmoreland.

Lan. The heat is paſs'd, follow no farther now,
Call in the pow'rs, good couſin Weſtmoreland.
[*Exit Weſt.*
Now, Falſtaff, where have you been all this while?
When every thing is ended, then you come.
Theſe tardy tricks of yours will, on my life,
One time or other break ſome gallow's back.

Fal. I would be ſorry, my Lord, but it ſhould be thus: I never knew yet, but rebuke and check was the reward of valour. Do you think me a ſwallow, an arrow, or a bullet? have I, in my poor and old motion, the expedition of thought? I ſpeeded hither with the very extremeſt inch of poſſibility. I have founder'd nineſcore and odd poſts: and here, travel-tainted as I am, have in my pure and immaculate valour taken Sir John Colevile of the dale, a moſt furious Knight and valorous enemy: but what of that? he ſaw me and yielded; that I may juſtly ſay with the hook-nos'd fellow of Rome there, Cæſar,——I came, ſaw, and overcame.

Lan. It was more of his courteſy than your deſerving.

Fal. I know not. Here he is, and here I yield him; and I beſeech your Grace, let it be book'd with the reſt of this day's deeds; or, by the Lord, I will have it in a particular ballad elſe, with mine own picture on the top of it, Colevile kiſſing my foot: to the which courſe if I be enforc'd, if you do not all ſhew like gilt twopences to me; and I, in the clear ſky of fame, o'erſhine you as much as the full moon doth the cinders of the element, which ſhew like pins heads to her; believe not the word of the noble. Therefore let me have right, and let deſert mount.

Lan. Thine's too heavy to mount.

Fal. Let it ſhine then.

Lan. Thine's too thick to ſhine.

Fal. Let it do ſomething, my good Lord, that may do me good, and call it what you will.

Lan. Is thy name *Colevile?*

Cole. It is, my Lord.

Lan. A *famous* rebel art thou, Colevile.

Fal. And a famous true subject took him.

Cole. I am, my Lord, but as my betters are,
That led me hither; had they been rul'd by me,
You should have won them dearer than you have.

Fal. I know not how they sold themselves; but thou, like a kind fellow, gav'st thyself away *gratis*; and I thank thee for thee.

SCENE VII. *Enter Westmoreland.*

Lan. Now, have you left pursuit?

West. Retreat is made, and execution stay'd.

Lan. Send Colevile then with his confederates
To York, to present execution.
Blunt, lead him hence; and see you guard him sure.
[*Ex. with Colevile.*
And now dispatch we tow'rd the court, my Lords;
I hear the King, my father, is sore sick:
Our news shall go before us to his Majesty,
Which, cousin, you shall bear to comfort him;
And we with sober speed will follow you.

Fal. My Lord, I beseech you, give me leave to go through Glo'stershire; and when you come to court, 'pray stand my good Lord in your good report.

Lan. Fare you well, Falstaff; I, in my condition,
Shall better speak of you than you deserve. [*Exit.*

Fal. I would you had but the wit; 'twere better than your dukedom. Good faith, this same young sober-blooded boy doth not love me; nor a man cannot make him laugh; but that's no marvel, he drinks no wine. There's never any of these demure boys come to any proof; for thin drink doth so over-cool their blood, and making many fish-meals, that they fall into a kind of male green-sickness; and then, when they marry, they get wenches. They are generally fools and cowards; which some of us should be too, but for inflammation. A good sherris-sack hath a twofold operation in it; it ascends me into the brain; dries me there all the foolish, dull, and crudy vapours which inviron it; makes it apprehensive, quick, forgetive, full of nimble, fiery, and delectable shapes; which deliver'd o'er to the voice, the tongue, which is the birth, becomes excellent wit. The second property of your excellent sherris, is the warming

warming of the blood; which before cold and ſettled, left the liver white and pale; which is the badge of puſillanimity and cowardice: but the ſherris warms it, and makes it courſe from the inwards, to the parts extreme; it illuminateth the face, which, as a beacon, gives ſignal to all the reſt of this little kingdom, man, to arm; and then the vital commoners and inland petty ſpirits muſter me all to their captain, the heart; who, great, and puff'd up with this retinue, doth any deed of courage: and this valour comes of ſherris. So that ſkill in the weapon is nothing without ſack, for that ſets it a-work; and learning a mere hoard of gold kept by a devil, till ſack commences it, and ſets it in act and uſe. Hereof comes it, that Prince Harry is valiant; for the cold blood he did naturally inherit of his father, he hath, like lean, ſterile, and bare land, manured, huſbanded, and till'd, with excellent endeavour of drinking good and good ſtore of fertile ſherris, that he is become very hot and valiant. If I had a thouſand ſons, the firſt human principle I would teach them, ſhould be to forſwear thin potations, and to addict themſelves to ſack.

Enter Bardolph.

How now, Bardolph?

Bard. The army is diſcharged all, and gone.

Fal. Let them go; I'll through Glouceſterſhire, and there I will viſit Maſter Robert Shallow, Eſquire; I have him already tempering between my finger and my thumb, and ſhortly will I ſeal with him. Come away.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

Changes to the palace at Weſtminſter.

Enter King Henry, Warwick, Clarence, and Glouceſter.

K. Henry. Now, Lords, if heav'n doth give ſucceſsful end
To this debate that bleedeth at our doors,
We will our youth lead on to higher fields,
And draw no ſwords but what are ſanctify'd.
Our navy is addreſs'd, our pow'r collected,

Our ſubſtitutes in abſence well inveſted,
And every thing lies level to our wiſh:
Only we want a little perſonal ſtrength;
And pauſe us, till theſe rebels, now a-foot,
Come underneath the yoke of government.

War. Both which, we doubt not, but your Majeſty
Shall ſoon enjoy.

K. Henry. Humphry, my ſon of Glouceſter,
Where is the Prince your brother?

Glou. I think he's gone to hunt, my Lord, at Windſor.

K. Henry. And how accompanied?

Glou. I do not know, my Lord.

K. Henry. Is not his brother, Thomas of Clarence, with him?

Glou. No, my good Lord, he is in preſence here.

Cla. What would my Lord and Father?

K. Henry. Nothing but well to thee, Thomas of Clarence.
How chance thou art not with the Prince thy brother?
He loves thee, and thou doſt neglect him, Thomas;
Thou haſt a better place in his affection
Than all thy brothers: cheriſh it, my boy;
And noble offices thou may'ſt effect
Of mediation, after I am dead,
Between his greatneſs and thy other brethren.
Therefore omit him not; blunt not his love;
Nor loſe the good advantage of his grace,
By ſeeming cold, or careleſs of his will.
" For he is gracious, if he be obſerv'd:
" He hath a tear for pity, and a hand
" Open as day, for melting charity:
" Yet notwithſtanding, being incens'd, he's flint;
" As humorous as winter, and as ſudden
" As flaws congealed in the ſpring of day *.
" His temper therefore muſt be well obſerv'd:
" Chide him for faults, and do it reverently,
" When you perceive his blood inclin'd to mirth;
" But

* Alluding to the opinion of ſome philoſophers, that the vapours being congealed in the air by cold, (which is moſt intenſe towards *the morning*:) and being afterwards rarified and let looſe by the warmth of the ſun, occaſion thoſe ſudden impetuous guſts of wind *which* are called *flaws*. Oxford editor.

" But being moody, give him line and ſcope,
" Till that his paſſions, like a whale on ground,
" Confound themſelves with working." Learn this, Thomas,
And thou ſhalt prove a ſhelter to thy friends;
A hoop of gold to bind thy brothers in,
That the united veſſel of their blood,
Mingled with venom of ſuggeſtion,
As, force perforce, the age will pour it in,)
Shall never leak, though it do work as ſtrong
As aconitum, or raſh gun-powder.

Cla. I ſhall obſerve him with all care and love.

K. Henry. Why art thou not at Windſor with him, Thomas?

Cla. He is not there to-day; he dines in London.

K. Henry. And how accompanied? canſt thou tell that?

Cla. With Poins, and other his continual followers.

K. Henry. Moiſt ſubject is the fatteſt ſoil to weeds:
And he, the noble image of my youth,
Is overſpread with them; therefore my grief
Stretches itſelf beyond the hour of death.
The blood weeps from my heart, when I do ſhape,
In forms imaginary, th' unguided days
And rotten times that you ſhall look upon,
When I am ſleeping with my anceſtors.
For when his headſtrong riot hath no curb,
When rage and hot blood are his counſellors,
When means and laviſh manners meet together,
O, with what wings ſhall his affection fly
Towards fronting peril and oppoſ'd decay?

War. My gracious Lord, you look beyond him quite:
The Prince but ſtudies his companions,
Like a ſtrange tongue; wherein, to gain the language,
'Tis needful that the moſt immodeſt word
Be look'd upon, and learn'd; which once attain'd,
Your Highneſs knows, comes to no farther uſe,
But to be known and hated. So, like groſs terms,
The Prince will in the perfectneſs of time
Caſt off his followers; and their memory
Shall as a pattern or a meaſure live,
By which his Grace muſt mete the lives of others,

Turning paſt evils to advantages.

K. Henry. 'Tis ſeldom, when the bee doth leave her comb
In the dead carrion.——Who's here? Weſtmoreland!

SCENE IX. *Enter Weſtmoreland.*

Weſt. Health to my Sovereign, and new happineſs
Added to that which I am to deliver!
Prince John, your ſon, doth kiſs your Grace's hand:
Mowbray, the Biſhop Scroop, Haſtings, and all,
Are brought to the correction of your law:
There is not now a rebel's ſword unſheath'd,
But peace puts forth her olive ev'ry where.
The manner how this action hath been borne,
Here at more leiſure may your Highneſs read,
With every courſe, in his particular.

K. Henry. O Weſtmoreland, thou art a ſummer-bird,
Which ever in the haunch of winter ſings
The lifting up of day.

Enter Harcourt.

Look, here's more news.

Har. From enemies heav'n keep your Majeſty:
And, when they ſtand againſt you, may they fall
As thoſe that I am come to tell you of!
The Earl Northumberland, and the Lord Bardolph,
With a great pow'r of Engliſh and of Scots,
Are by the Sh'riff of Yorkſhire overthrown:
The manner and true order of the fight,
This packet, pleaſe it you, contains at large.

K. Henry. And wherefore ſhould theſe good news make me ſick?
Will fortune never come with both hands full,
But write her fair words ſtill in fouleſt letters?
She either gives a ſtomach, and no food;
(Such are the poor, in health;) or elſe a feaſt,
And takes away the ſtomach; (ſuch the rich,
That have abundance, and enjoy it not.)
I ſhould rejoice now at this happy news;
And now my ſight fails, and my brain is giddy.
O *me*, come near me, now I am much ill!

Glou. Comfort your Majeſty!

Cla. Oh, my royal father!
Weſt. My ſovereign Lord, chear up yourſelf, look up,
War. Be patient, Princes; you do know, theſe fits
Are with his Highneſs very ordinary.
Stand from him, give him air: he'll ſtraight be well.
Cla. No, no, he cannot long hold out theſe pangs;
The inceſſant care and labour of his mind
Hath wrought the mure that ſhould confine it in,
So thin, that life looks through, and will break out.
Glou. The people fear me; for they do obſerve
Unfather'd heirs and loathly birds of nature.
The ſeaſons change their manners, as the year
Had found ſome months aſleep, and leap'd them over.
Cla. The river hath thrice flow'd, no ebb between;
And the old folk (time's doating chronicles)
Say, it did ſo a little time before
That our great grandſire Edward ſick'd and dy'd.
War. Speak lower, Princes, for the King recovers.
Glou. This apoplex will, certain, be his end.
K. Henry. I pray you, take me up, and bear me hence
Into ſome other chamber: ſoftly, 'pray.
Let there be no noiſe made, my gentle friends,
Unleſs ſome dulling *, favourable hand
Will whiſper muſic to my weary ſpirit.
War. Call for the muſic in the other room.
K. Henry. Set me the crown upon my pillow here.
Cla. His eye is hollow, and he changes much.
War. Leſs noiſe, leſs noiſe.

SCENE X. *Enter Prince Henry.*

P. Henry. Who ſaw the Duke of Clarence?
Cla. I am here, brother, full of heavineſs.
P. Henry. How now! rain within doors, and none abroad?
How doth the King? [broad?
Glou. Exceeding ill.
P. Henry. Heard he the good news yet?
Tell him.
Glou. He alter'd much upon the hearing it.
P. Henry. If he be ſick with joy,
He'll recover without phyſic.
War.

* *i. e. A hand uſing* ſoft melancholy *airs.*

War. Not ſo much noiſe, my Lords? ſweet Prince
ſpeak low;
The King, your father, is diſpos'd to ſleep.
Cla. Let us withdraw into the other room.
War. Will't pleaſe your Grace to go along with us?
P. Henry. No; I will ſit, and watch here by the King.
[*Exeunt all but Prince Henry.*
Why doth the crown lie there upon his pillow,
Being ſo troubleſome a bed-fellow?
" O poliſh'd perturbation! golden care!
" That keep'ſt the ports of ſlumber open wide
" To many a watchful night: ſleep with it now!
" Yet not ſo ſound, and half ſo deeply ſweet,
" As he whoſe brow, with homely biggen bound,
" Snores out the watch of night. O Majeſty!
" When thou doſt pinch thy bearer, thou doſt ſit
" Like a rich armour worn in heat of day,
" That ſcalds with ſafety." By his gates of breath
There lies a downy feather, which ſtirs not.
Did he ſuſpire, that light and weightleſs down
Perforce muſt move. My gracious Lord! my father!
This ſleep is ſound, indeed; this is a ſleep,
That from this golden rigol hath divorc'd
So many Engliſh Kings. Thy due from me
Is tears, and heavy ſorrows of the blood;
Which nature, love, and filial tenderneſs
Shall, O dear father, pay thee plenteouſly.
My due from thee is this imperial crown,
Which, as immediate from thy place and blood,
Derives itſelf to me. Lo, here it ſits,
Which heav'n ſhall guard: and put the world's whole
Into one giant arm, it ſhall not force [ſtrength
This lineal honour from me. This from thee
Will I to mine leave, as 'tis left to me. [*Exit.*

SCENE XI.

Enter Warwick, Glouceſter, and Clarence.

K. Henry. Warwick! Glouceſter! Clarence!
Cla. Doth the King call!
War. What would your Majeſty! How fares your
Grace?
K. Henry.

Henry. Why did you leave me here alone, my Lords?

We left the Prince my brother here, my Liege, undertook to ſit and watch by you.

Henry. The Prince of Wales! where is he? let me a.

r. This door is open, he is gone this way.

. He came not through the chamber where we ſtay'd.

Henry. Where is the crown? who took it from my pillow?

r. When we withdrew, my Liege, we left it here.

Henry. The Prince hath ta'en it hence? go ſeek ſo haſty, that he doth ſuppoſe [him out. eep my death? find him, my Lord of Warwick, hide him hither ſtraight; this part of his ins with my diſeaſe, and helps to end me. ons, what things you are! how quickly nature to revolt, when gold becomes her object? his, the fooliſh over-careful fathers [care, broke their ſleeps with thought, their brains with bones with induſtry: for this, ingroſſed anker'd heaps of ſtrange-atchieved gold: his, they have been thoughtful to inveſt, ſons with arts and martial exerciſes: , like the bee, culling from ev'ry flow'r, highs are pack'd with wax, our mouths with honey, ring it to the hive; and, like the bees, nurder'd for our pains! this bitter taſte his ingroſſments to the dying father.

Enter Warwick.

where is he, that will not ſtay ſo long, is friend, Sickneſs, hath determin'd me?

r. My Lord, I found the Prince in the next room, ing with kindly tears his gentle cheeks, ſuch a deep demeanour in great ſorrow, Tyranny, which never quaff'd but blood, d by beholding him have waſh'd his knife gentle eye-drops. He is coming hither.

Henry. *But wherefore* did he take away the crown?

Enter

Enter Prince Henry.

Lo, where he comes. Come hither to me, Harry;
Depart the chamber, leave us here alone. [*Exe. Lords*

P. Henry. I never thought to hear you speak again.

K. Henry. Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought
I ſtay too long by thee, I weary thee.
Doſt thou ſo hunger for my empty chair,
That thou wilt needs inveſt thee with my honours,
Before thy hour be ripe? O foolish youth!
Thou ſeek'ſt the greatneſs that will overwhelm thee.
Stay but a little; for my cloud of dignity
Is held from falling with ſo weak a wind,
That it will quickly drop; my day is dim.
Thou haſt ſtol'n that, which, after ſome few hours,
Were thine without offence; and at my death
Thou haſt ſeal'd up my expectation;
Thy life did manifeſt, thou lov'dſt me not;
And thou wilt have me die aſſur'd of it.
Thou hid'ſt a thouſand daggers in thy thoughts,
Which thou haſt whetted on thy ſtony heart,
To ſtab at half an hour of my frail life.
What! canſt thou not forbear me half an hour?
Then get thee gone, and dig my grave thyſelf,
And bid the merry bells ring to thy ear,
That thou art crowned, not that I am dead.
Let all the tears that ſhould bedew my herſe,
Be drops of balm to ſanctify thy head;
Only compound me with forgotten duſt,
Give that which gave thee life unto the worms.
Pluck down my officers, break my decrees;
For now a time is come to mock at form;
Henry the Fifth is crown'd: up, Vanity!
Down, Royal ſtate! all you ſage counſellors, hence!
" And to the Engliſh court aſſemble now,
" From ev'ry region, apes of idleneſs:
" Now, neighbour confines, purge you off your ſcum;
" Have you a ruffian that will ſwear? drink? dance?
" Revel the night? rob? murder? and commit
" The oldeſt ſins the neweſt kind of ways?
" Be happy, he will trouble you no more:
[*England ſhall double gild his treble guilt* *;]

" Engl

* Evidently the nonſenſe of ſome fooliſh player. Mr. W.

" England ſhall give him office, honour, might:
" For the Fifth Harry from curb'd licence plucks
" The muzzle of reſtraint; and the wild dog
" Shall fleſh his tooth on every innocent."
O my poor kingdom, ſick with civil blows!
When that my care could not with-hold thy riots,
What wilt thou do when riot is thy care?
O, thou wilt be a wilderneſs again,
Peopled with wolves, thy old inhabitants.

P. Henry. O pardon me, my Liege! but for my tears, *Kneeling.*
(The moiſt impediments unto my ſpeech,)
I had foreſtall'd this dear and deep rebuke,
Ere you with grief had ſpoke, and I had heard
The courſe of it ſo far. There is your crown;
And he that wears the crown immortally,
Long guard it yours! If I affect it more,
Than as your honour, and as your renown,
Let me no more from this obedience riſe,
Which my moſt true and inward-duteous ſpirit
Teacheth this proſtrate and exterior bending.
Heav'n witneſs with me, when I here came in,
And found no courſe of breath within your Majeſty,
How cold it ſtruck my heart! If I do feign,
O let me in my preſent wildneſs die,
And never live to ſhew th' incredulous world
The noble change that I have purpoſed.
Coming to look on you, thinking you dead,
(And dead almoſt, my Liege, to think you were,)
I ſpake unto the crown, as having ſenſe,
And thus upbraided it. The care on thee depending
Hath fed upon the body of my father,
Therefore thou beſt of gold art worſt of gold;
Other, leſs fine in carrat, is more precious,
Preſerving life in med'cine potable:
But thou, moſt fine, moſt honour'd, moſt renown'd,
Haſt eat thy bearer up. Thus, Royal Liege,
Accuſing it, I put it on my head,
To try with it (as with an enemy,
That had before my face murder'd my father)
The quarrel of a true inheritor.
But if it did infect my blood with joy,

Or

Or ſwell my thoughts to any ſtrain of pride,
If any rebel or vain ſpirit of mine
Did with the leaſt affection of a welcome
Give entertainment to the might of it;
Let heav'n for ever keep it from my head,
And make me as the pooreſt vaſſal is,
That doth with awe and terror kneel to it!

K. Henry. O my ſon!
Heav'n put it in thy mind to take it hence,
That thou might'ſt win the more thy father's love,
Pleading ſo wiſely in excuſe of it.
Come hither, Harry, ſit thou by my bed;
And hear, I think, the very lateſt counſel
That ever I ſhall breathe. Heav'n knows, my ſon,
By what by-paths and indirect crook'd ways
I met this crown; and I myſelf know well,
How troubleſome it ſat upon my head.
To thee it ſhall deſcend with better quiet,
Better opinion, better confirmation:
For all the ſoil of the atchievement goes
With me into the earth. It ſeem'd in me
But as an honour ſnatch'd with boiſt'rous hand,
And I had many living to upbraid
My gain of it by their aſſiſtances;
Which daily grew to quarrel and to bloodſhed,
Wounding ſuppoſed * peace. All their bold feats,
Thou ſeeſt, with peril I have anſwered.
For all my reign hath been but as a ſcene
Acting that argument: and now my death
Changes the mode †; for what in me was purchas'd,
Falls upon thee in a much fairer ſort;
For thou the garland wear'ſt ſucceſſively.
Yet though thou ſtand'ſt more ſure than I could do,
Thou art not firm enough, ſince griefs are green;
And all thy friends, which thou muſt make thy friends,
Have but their ſtings and teeth newly ta'en out;
By whoſe fell working I was firſt advanc'd,
And by whoſe pow'r I well might lodge a fear,
To be again diſplac'd: which to avoid

* *Suppoſed*, for *undermined*.
† *Mode*, here, does not ſignify *faſhion*; but tune and meaſure in *ſinging* or the *pitch* in ſpeaking. Mr. W.

I cut them off, and had a purpoſe now
To lead our many to the holy land;
Leſt reſt and lying ſtill might make them look
Too near into my ſtate. Therefore, my Harry,
Be it thy courſe to buſy giddy minds
With foreign quarrels; that action, hence, borne out,
May waſte the memory of former days.
More would I, but my lungs were waſted ſo,
That ſtrength of ſpeech is utterly deny'd me.
How I came by the crown, O God, forgive!
And grant it may with thee in true peace live!

P. Henry. My gracious Liege,
You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me;
Then plain and right muſt my poſſeſſion be;
Which I with more than with a common pain,
'Gainſt all the world, will rightfully maintain.

Enter Lord John of Lancaſter, and Warwick.

K. Henry. Look, look, here comes my John of Lancaſter.

Lan. Health, peace and happineſs to my Royal father!

K. Henry. Thou bring'ſt me happineſs and peace, ſon John; But health, alack, with youthful wings is flown From this bare, wither'd trunk. Upon thy ſight My worldly buſineſs makes a period.
Where is my Lord of Warwick?

P. Henry. My Lord of Warwick.——

K. Henry. Doth any name particular belong Unto the lodging where I firſt did ſwoon?

War. 'Tis call'd *Jeruſalem*, my Noble Lord.

K. Henry. Laud be to God! even there my life muſt end.
It hath been propheſy'd to me many years,
I ſhould not die but in Jeruſalem:
Which vainly I ſuppos'd the holy land.
But bear me to that chamber, there I'll lie:
In that Jeruſalem ſhall Harry die. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Shallow's ſeat in Glo'ſterſhire.

Enter Shallow, Silence, Falſtaff, Bardolph, and Page.

Shal. BY cock and pye, Sir, you ſhall not away to-night. What! Davy, I ſay ———

Fal. You muſt excuſe me, Maſter Robert Shallow.

Shal. I will not excuſe you; you ſhall not be excuſed. Excuſes ſhall not be admitted: there is no excuſe ſhall ſerve: you ſhall not be excus'd, Why, Davy, ———

Enter Davy.

Davy. Here, Sir.

Shal. Davy, Davy, Davy, let me ſee; Davy, let me ſee; yea, marry, William Cook, bid him come hither, ——Sir John, you ſhall not be excus'd.

Davy. Marry, Sir, thus: thoſe precepts cannot be ſerv'd; and, again, Sir, ſhall we ſow the head-land with wheat?

Shal. With red wheat, Davy. But, for William Cook,——are there no young pidgeons?

Davy. Yea, Sir———Here is now the ſmith's note for ſhoeing, and plough-irons.

Shal. Let it be caſt and paid———Sir John, you ſhall not be excus'd.

Davy. Now, Sir, a new link to the bucket muſt needs be had. And, Sir, do you mean to ſtop any of William's wages about the ſack he loſt the other day at Hinckly fair?

Shal. He ſhall anſwer it. Some pidgeons, Davy, a couple of ſhort-legg'd hens, a joint of mutton, and any pretty little tiny kickſhaws: tell William Cook.

Davy. Doth the man of war ſtay all night, Sir?

Shal. Yes, Davy. I will uſe him well. A friend i'th' court is better than a penny in purſe. Uſe his men well, Davy; for they are arrant knaves, and will backbite.

Davy. No worſe than they are backbitten, Sir; for they have marvellous foul linen.

Shal.

Shal. Well conceited, Davy. About thy buſineſs, Davy.

Davy. I beſeech you, Sir, to countenance William Viſor of Woncot againſt Clement Perkes of the hill.

Shal. There are many complaints, Davy, againſt that Viſor; that Viſor is an arrant knave, on my knowledge.

Davy. "I grant your Worſhip, that he is a knave, "Sir; but yet God forbid, Sir, but a knave ſhould have "ſome countenance at his friend's requeſt. An honeſt "man, Sir, is able to ſpeak for himſelf, when a knave is "not. I have ſerv'd your Worſhip truly, Sir, theſe "eight years; and if I cannot once or twice in a quar-"ter bear out a knave againſt an honeſt man, I have but "very little credit with your Worſhip. The knave is "mine honeſt friend, Sir; therefore, I beſeech your Wor-"ſhip, let him be countenanc'd."

Shal. Go to, I ſay, he ſhall have no wrong. Look about, Davy. Where are you, Sir John? come, off with your boots. Give me your hand, Maſter Bardolph.

Bard. I am glad to ſee your Worſhip.

Shal. I thank thee with all my heart, kind Maſter Bardolph; and welcome, my tall fellow. [*To the Page.*] Come, Sir John.

Fal. I'll follow you, good Maſter Robert Shallow. [*Exeunt Shallow, Silence, &c.*] Bardolph, look to our horſes.——If I were ſaw'd into quantities, I ſhould make four dozen of ſuch bearded hermits-ſtaves as Maſter Shallow. "It is a wonderful thing to ſee the ſem-"blable coherence of his mens' ſpirits and his: they, "by obſerving of him, do bear themſelves like fooliſh "juſtices; he, by converſing with them, is turn'd into "a juſtice-like ſervingman. Their ſpirits are ſo mar-"ried in conjunction, with the participation of ſociety, "that they flock together in conſent, like ſo many wild "geeſe. If I had a ſuit to Maſter Shallow, I would "humour his men with the imputation of being near "their maſter: if to his men, I would curry with Maſ-"ter Shallow, that no man could better command his "ſervants. It is certain, that either wiſe bearing or "ignorant carriage is caught, as men take diſeaſes one "of another: therefore let men take heed of their

" company." I will deviſe matter enough out of this Shallow to keep Prince Henry in continual laughter the wearing out of ſix faſhions, which is four terms or two actions, and he ſhall laugh without intervallums. " O, " it is much, that a lie with a ſlight oath, and a jeſt with " a ſad brow, will do with a fellow that never had the " ache in his ſhoulders." O, you ſhall ſee him laugh till his face be like a wet cloak ill laid up.

Shal. [*Within.*] Sir John———

Fal. I come, Maſter Shallow; I come, Maſter Shallow. [*Exit Falſtaff.*

SCENE II. *Changes to the court in London.*

Enter the Earl of Warwick, and the Lord Chief Juſtice.

War. How now, my Lord Chief Juſtice, whither away?

Ch. Juſt. How doth the King?

War. Exceeding well: his cares are now all ended.

Ch. Juſt. I hope, not dead?

War. He's walk'd the way of Nature;
And to our purpoſes he lives no more.

Ch. Juſt. I would his Majeſty had call'd me with him.
The ſervice that I truly did his life,
Hath left me open to all injuries.

War. Indeed I think the young King loves you not.

Ch. Juſt. I know he doth not; and do arm myſelf,
To welcome the condition of the time:
Which cannot look more hideouſly on me,
Than I have drawn it in my fantaſy.

Enter Lord John of Lancaſter, Glouceſter, and Clarence.

War. Here come the heavy iſſue of dead Harry.
O that the living Harry had the temper
Of him, the worſt of theſe three gentlemen:
How many Nobles then ſhould hold their places,
That muſt ſtrike ſail to ſpirits of vile ſort!

Ch. Juſt. Alas, I fear all will be overturn'd.

Lan. Good morrow, couſin Warwick.

Glou. Cla. Good morrow, couſin.

Lan. We meet, like men that had forgot to ſpeak.

War. We do remember; but our argument
Is all too heavy to admit much talk.

Lan.

Lan. Well, peace be with him that hath made us heavy!

Ch. Juſt. Peace be with us, leſt we be heavier!

Glou. O, good my Lord, you've loſt a friend indeed;
And I dare ſwear, you borrow not that face
Of ſeeming ſorrow; it is, ſure, your own.

Lan. Though no man be aſſur'd what grace to find,
You ſtand in coldeſt expectation.
I am the ſorrier; 'would 'twere otherwiſe.

Cla. Well, you muſt now ſpeak Sir John Falſtaff fair,
Which ſwims againſt your ſtream of quality.

Ch. Juſt. Sweet Princes, what I did, I did in honour,
Led by th' impartial conduct of my ſoul;
And never ſhall you ſee that I will beg
A rated and foreſtall'd remiſſion.
If truth and upright innocency fail me,
I'll to the King my maſter that is dead,
And tell him who hath ſent me after him.

War. Here comes the Prince.

SCENE III. *Enter Prince Henry.*

Ch. Juſt. Heav'n ſave your Majeſty!

P. Henry. This new and gorgeous garment, Majeſty,
Sits not ſo eaſy on me as you think.
Brothers, you mix your ſadneſs with ſome fear:
This is the Engliſh, not the Turkiſh court;
Not Amurath an Amurath ſucceeds,
But Harry, Harry. Yet be ſad, good brothers,
For, to ſpeak truth, it very well becomes you:
Sorrow ſo royally in you appears,
That I will deeply put the faſhion on,
And wear it in my heart. Why then be ſad;
But entertain no more of it, good brothers,
Than a joint burthen laid upon us all.
For me, by Heav'n, I bid you be aſſur'd,
I'll be your father and your brother too:
Let me but bear your love, I'll bear your cares:
Yet weep that Harry's dead: and ſo will I.
But Harry lives, that ſhall convert thoſe tears
By number into hours of happineſs.

Lan. &c. *We hope no other from your Majeſty.*

P. Henry. You all look ſtrangely on me; and you moſt.
You are, I think, aſſur'd, I love you not.

[*To the Ch. Juſt.*

Ch. Juſt. I am aſſur'd, if I be meaſur'd rightly,
Your Majeſty hath no juſt cauſe to hate me.

P. Henry. No! might a prince of my great hopes forget
So great indignities you laid upon me?
What! rate, rebuke, and roughly ſend to priſon
Th' immediate heir of England! was this eaſy?
May this be waſh'd in Lethe, and forgotten?

Ch. Juſt. I then did uſe the perſon of your father;
The image of his power lay then in me:
And in th' adminiſtration of his law,
While I was buſy for the commonwealth,
Your Highneſs pleaſed to forget my place,
The majeſty and pow'r of law and juſtice,
The image of the King whom I preſented;
And ſtruck me in my very ſeat of judgment:
Whereon, as an offender to your father,
I gave bold way to my authority,
And did commit you. If the deed were ill,
Be you contented, wearing now the garland,
To have a ſon ſet your decrees at naught:
So pluck down juſtice from your awful bench;
To trip the courſe of law, and blunt the ſword
That guards the peace and ſafety of your perſon:
Nay more, to ſpurn at your moſt Royal image,
And mock your working in a ſecond body.
Queſtion your Royal thoughts, make the caſe yours;
Be now the father, and propoſe a ſon;
Hear your own dignity ſo much profan'd;
See your moſt dreadful laws ſo looſely ſlighted;
Behold yourſelf ſo by a ſon diſdain'd:
And then imagine me taking your part,
And in your pow'r ſo ſilencing your ſon.
After this cold conſid'rance, ſentence me;
And, as you are a King, ſpeak in your ſtate,
What I have done that miſbecame my place,
My perſon, or my Liege's ſovereignty.

P. Henry. You are right, Juſtice, and you weigh this well
Therefore ſtill bear the balance and the ſword:
And I do wiſh your honours may increaſe,

Till you do live to ſee a ſon of mine
Offend you, and obey you, as I did:
So ſhall I live to ſpeak my father's words;
Happy am I, that have a man ſo bold,
That dares do juſtice on my proper ſon;
And no leſs happy, having ſuch a ſon,
That would deliver up his greatneſs ſo
Into the hand of juſtice.——You committed me;
For which I do commit into your hand
Th' unſtained ſword that you have us'd to bear;
With this remembrance, that you uſe the ſame
With a like bold, juſt, and impartial ſpirit,
As you have done 'gainſt me. There is my hand,
You ſhall be as a father to my youth:
My voice ſhall ſound as you do prompt mine ear;
And I will ſtoop and humble my intents,
To your well-practis'd wiſe directions.
And, Princes all, believe me, I beſeech you;
My father is gone wild into his grave;
For in his tomb lie my affections;
And with his ſpirit ſadly I ſurvive,
To mock the expectations of the world;
To fruſtrate prophecies, and to raze out
Rotten opinion, which hath writ me down
After my ſeeming. Though my tide of blood
Hath proudly flow'd in vanity till now;
Now doth it turn and ebb back to the ſea,
Where it ſhall mingle with the ſtate of floods,
And flow henceforth in formal majeſty.
Now call we our high court of parliament;
And let us chuſe ſuch limbs of noble counſel,
That the great body of our ſtate may go
In equal rank with the beſt govern'd nation;
That war or peace, or both at once, may be
As things acquainted and familiar to us,
In which you, father, ſhall have foremoſt hand.
[To the Lord Chief Juſtice.
Our coronation done, we will accite
(As I before remember'd) all our ſtate,
And (Heav'n conſigning to my good intents)
No prince, nor peer, ſhall have juſt cauſe to ſay,
Heav'n ſhorten Harry's happy life one day.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Changes to Shallow's ſeat in Glouceſterſhire.

Enter Falſtaff, Shallow, Silence, Bardolph, the Page, and Davy.

Shal. Nay, you ſhall ſee mine orchard, where in an arbour we will eat a laſt year's pippin of my own graffing, with a diſh of carraways, and ſo forth. Come, couſin Silence; and then to bed.

Fal. You have here a goodly dwelling, and a rich.

Shal. Barren, barren, barren: beggars all, beggars all, Sir John; marry, good air. Spread, Davy, ſpread, Davy; well ſaid, Davy.

Fal. This Davy ſerves you for good uſes; he is your ſervingman, and your huſbandman.

Shal. A good varlet, a good varlet, a very good varlet, Sir John. By the maſs, I have drank too much ſack at ſupper.——A good varlet. Now ſit down, now ſit down: come, couſin.

Sil. Ah, ſirrah, quoth-a.

We ſhall do nothing but eat, and make good chear, [*Singing.*
And praiſe heav'n for the merry year;
When fleſh is cheap and females dear,
And luſty lads roam here and there;
So merrily, and ever among, ſo merrily, &c.

Fal. There's a merry heart, good Maſter Silence. I'll give you health for that anon.

Shal. Give Mr. Bardolph ſome wine, Davy.

Davy. Sweet Sir, ſit; I'll be with you anon; moſt ſweet Sir, ſit. Maſter Page, ſit: good Maſter Page, ſit. Proface! What you want in meat, we'll have in drink; but you muſt bear; the heart's all. [*Exit.*

Shal. Be merry, Maſter Bardolph, and, my little ſoldier there, be merry.

Sil. [*Singing.*] *Be merry, be merry, my wife has all,*
For women are ſhrews, both ſhort and tall;
'Tis merry in hall, when beards wag all,
And welcome merry Shrovetide.
Be merry, be merry.

Fal. I did not think Maſter Silence had been a man of this mettle.

Sil.

Sil. Who I? I have been merry twice and once ere now.

Re-enter Davy.

Davy. There is a diſh of leather-coats for you.

Shal. Davy,——

Davy. Your Worſhip——I'll be with you ſtraight. A cup of wine, Sir?

Sil. [*Singing.*] *A cup of wine,*
That's briſk and fine,
And drink unto the leman mine;
And a merry heart lives long-a.

Fal. Well ſaid, Maſter Silence.

Sil. If we ſhall be merry, now comes in the ſweet of the night.

Fal. Health and long life to you, Maſter Silence.

Sil. Fill the cup, and let it come. I'll pledge you, were't a mile to the bottom.

Shal. Honeſt Bardolph, welcome; if thou want'ſt any thing and wilt not call, beſhrew thy heart. Welcome, my little tiny thief, and welcome, indeed, too: I'll drink to Maſter Bardolph, and to all the cavileroes about London.

Davy. I hope to ſee London ere I die.

Bard. If I might ſee you there, Davy,——

Shal. You'll crack a quart together? ha, will you not, Maſter Bardolph?

Bard. Yes, Sir, in a pottle-pot.

Shal. By God's liggens, I thank thee; the knave will ſtick by thee, I can aſſure thee that. He will not out, he is true bred.

Bard. And I'll ſtick by him, Sir.

[*One knocks at the door.*

Shal. Why, there ſpoke a king: lack nothing, be merry. Look, who's at door there, ho: who knocks?

Fal. Why, now you have done me right.

Sil. [*Singing.*] *Do me right, and dub me knight,* Samingo *. Is't not ſo?

Fal. 'Tis ſo.

Sil. Is't ſo? why, then ſay, an old man can do ſome-

Davy.

* He means to ſay, *San Domingo*. Oxford editor.

Davy. If it pleaſe your Worſhip, there's one Piſtol come from the court with news.

Fal. From the court? let him come in.

SCENE V. *Enter Piſtol.*

How now, Piſtol?

Piſt. Sir John, 'ſave you, Sir.

Fal. What wind blew you hither, Piſtol!

Piſt. Not the ill wind which blows no man good, ſweet Knight: thou art now one of the greateſt men in the realm.

Sil. Indeed I think he be, but goodman Puff of Barſon.

Piſt. Puff?

Puff in thy teeth, moſt recreant coward baſe?
Sir John, I am thy Piſtol and thy friend;
And helter ſkelter have I rode to thee;
And tidings do I bring, and lucky joys,
And golden times, and happy news of price.

Fal. I pr'ythee now, deliver them like a man of this world.

Piſt. A foutra for the world and worldlings baſe!
I ſpeak of Africa and golden joys.

Fal. O baſe Aſſyrian Knight, what is thy news?
*Let King Cophetua know the truth thereof**.

Sil. And Robin-hood, Scarlet, and John.

Piſt. Shall dunghill-curs confront the Helicons?
And ſhall good news be baffled?
Then, Piſtol, lay thy head in fury's lap.

Shal. Honeſt gentleman, I know not your breeding.

Piſt. Why then, lament therefore.

Shal. Give me pardon, Sir. "If, Sir, you come "with news from the court, I take it, there is but two "ways, either to utter them, or to conceal them." I am, Sir, under the King, in ſome authority.

Piſt. Under which King? Bezonian, ſpeak or die.

Shal. Under King Harry.

Piſt. Harry the Fourth? or Fifth?

Shal. Harry the Fourth.

Piſt. A foutra for thine office!

Sir

* *Lines* taken from an old bombaſt play of King *Cophetua and the beggar maid*: of whom, as we learn from Shakeſpeare, there were ballads too. Mr. Warburton.

Sir John, thy tender lambkin now is King.
Harry the Fifth's the man. I ſpeak the truth.
When Piſtol lies, do this, and fig me like
The bragging Spaniard.

Fal. What, is the old King dead?

Piſt. As nail in door: the things I ſpeak are juſt.

Fal. Away, Bardolph, ſaddle my horſe. Maſter Robert Shallow, chuſe what office thou wilt in the land, 'tis thine. Piſtol, I will double-charge thee with dignities.

Bard. O joyful day! I would not take a knighthood for my fortune.

Piſt. What? I do bring good news.

Fal. Carry Maſter Silence to bed: Maſter Shallow, my Lord Shallow, be what thou wilt, I am Fortune's ſteward. Get on thy boots, we'll ride all night. Oh, ſweet Piſtol! away, Bardolph: come, Piſtol, utter more to me; and withal deviſe ſomething to do thyſelf good. Boot, boot, Maſter Shallow. I know the young King is ſick for me. Let us take any man's horſe: the laws of England are at my commandment. Happy are they which have been my friends; and wo to my Lord Chief Juſtice?

Piſt. Let vultures vile ſeize on his lungs alſo!
*Where is the life that late I led** ? ſay they.
Why, here it is, welcome this pleaſant day. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *Changes to a ſtreet in London.*

Enter Hoſteſs Quickly, Doll Tear-ſheet, and Beadles.

Hoſt. No, thou arrant knave, I would I might die, that I might have thee hang'd; thou haſt drawn my ſhoulder out of joint.

Bead. The conſtables have deliver'd her over to me; and ſhe ſhall have whipping cheer enough, I warrant her. There hath been a man or two kill'd about her.

Dol. Nut-hook, nut-hook, you lie; come on, I'll tell thee what, thou damn'd tripe viſag'd raſcal, if the child I go with, do miſcarry, thou hadſt better thou hadſt ſtruck thy mother, thou paper-fac'd villain.

Hoſt.

* Words of an old ballad.

Hoſt. O the Lord, that Sir John were come, he would make this a bloody day to ſome body. But I pray God the fruit of her womb miſcarry.

Bead. If it do, you ſhall have a dozen of cuſhions again, you have but eleven now. Come, I charge you both go with me; for the man is dead that you and Piſtol beat among you.

Dol. I'll tell thee what, thou thin man in a cenſer! I will have you as ſoundly ſwing'd for this, you blue-bottle rogue! you filthy famiſh'd correctioner! if you be not ſwing'd, I'll forſwear half-kirtles.

Bead. Come, come, you ſhe-knight-arrant, come.

Hoſt. O, that right ſhould thus o'ercome might! Well, of ſufferance comes eaſe.

Dol. Come, you rogue, come; bring me to a juſtice.

Hoſt. Yes, come, you ſtarv'd blood-hound.

Dol. Goodman death, goodman bones!——

Hoſt. Thou atomy, thou!

Dol. Come, you thin thing: come, you raſcal!

Bead. Very well. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

A public place near Weſtminſter abbey.

Enter two Grooms ſtrewing ruſhes.

1 *Groom.* More ruſhes, more ruſhes.

2 *Groom.* The trumpets have ſounded twice.

1 *Groom.* It will be two of the clock ere they come from the coronation: diſpatch, diſpatch.

[*Exeunt grooms.*

Enter Falſtaff, Shallow, Piſtol, Bardolph, and the Boy.

Fal. Stand here by me, Maſter Robert Shallow, I will make the King do you grace: I will leer upon him as he comes by, and do but mark the countenance that he will give me.

Piſt. Bleſs thy lungs, good Knight.

Fal. Come here, Piſtol, ſtand behind me. O, if I had had time to have made new liveries, I would have beſtow'd the thouſand pound I borrow'd of you. But it is no matter, this poor ſhow doth better; this doth infer the zeal I had to ſee him.

Shal.

Shal. It doth ſo.

Fal. It ſhews my earneſtneſs of affection.

Piſt. It doth ſo.

Fal. My devotion.

Piſt. It doth, it doth, it doth.

Fal. As it were, to ride day and night, and not to deliberate, not to remember, not to have patience to ſhift me.

Shal. It is moſt certain.

Fal. But to ſtand ſtained with travel, and ſweating with deſire to ſee him, thinking of nothing elſe, putting all affairs elſe in oblivion, as if there were nothing elſe to be done but to ſee him.

Piſt. 'Tis *ſemper idem;* for *abſque hoc nihil eſt.* 'Tis all in all, and all in every part.

Shal. 'Tis ſo, indeed.

Piſt. My Knight, I will inflame thy noble liver, and make thee rage.

Thy Doll and Helen of thy noble thoughts
Is in baſe durance and contagious priſon;
Haul'd thither by mechanic dirty hands. [ſnake,
Rouſe up revenge from Ebon den, with fell Alecto's
For Doll is in. Piſtol ſpeaks nought but truth.

Fal. I will deliver her.

Piſt. There roar'd the ſea; and trumpet-clangor ſounds.

SCENE VIII.

The trumpets ſound. Enter the King, and his train.

Fal. God ſave thy Grace, King Hal, my Royal Hal!

Piſt. The heav'ns thee guard and keep, moſt royal imp of fame!

Fal. God ſave thee, my ſweet boy!

King. My Lord Chief Juſtice, ſpeak to that vain man.

Ch. Juſt. Have you your wits? know you what 'tis you ſpeak?

Fal. My King, my Jove, I ſpeak to thee, my heart.

King. I know thee not, old man: fall to thy prayers:
How ill white hairs become a fool and jeſter!
I have long dream'd of ſuch a kind of man,
So ſurfeit-ſwell'd, ſo old, and ſo profane;
But, being awake, I do deſpiſe my dream.

Make leſs thy body, (hence!,) and more thy grace;
Leave gormandizing. Know, the grave doth gape
For thee, thrice wider than for other men.
Reply not to me with a fool-born jeſt.
Preſume not that I am the thing I was:
For Heav'n doth know, ſo ſhall the world perceive,
That I have turn'd away my former ſelf,
So will I thoſe that kept me company.
When thou doſt hear I am as I have been,
Approach me, and thou ſhalt be as thou waſt,
The tutor and the feeder of my riots:
Till then I baniſh thee, on pain of death,
As I have done the reſt of my miſleaders,
Not to come near our perſon by ten miles.
For competence of life, I will allow you,
That lack of means inforce you not to evil:
And as we hear you do reform yourſelves,
We will, according to your ſtrengths and qualities,
Give you advancement. Be't your charge, my Lord,
To ſee perform'd the tenor of our word.
Set on. [*Ex. King, &c.*

SCENE IX.

Fal. Maſter Shallow, I owe you a thouſand pound.

Shal. Ay, marry, Sir John, which I beſeech you to let me have home with me.

Fal. That can hardly be, Mr. Shallow. Do not you grieve at this; I ſhall be ſent for in private to him: look you, he muſt ſeem thus to the world. Fear not your advancement, I will be the man yet that ſhall make you great.

Shal. I cannot perceive how, unleſs you give me your doublet, and ſtuff me out with ſtraw. I beſeech you, good Sir John, let me have five hundred of my thouſand.

Fal. Sir, I will be as good as my word. This that you heard, was but a colour———

Shal. A colour, I fear, that you will die in, Sir John.

Fal. Fear no colours: go with me to dinner. Come, Lieutenant Piſtol; come, Bardolph. I ſhall be ſent for ſoon at night.

Re-

Enter Chief Juſtice and Prince John.

Ch. Juſt. Go, carry Sir John Falſtaff to the Fleet,
Take all his company along with him.
Fal. My Lord, my Lord———
Ch. Juſt. I cannot now ſpeak, I will hear you ſoon.
Take them away.
Piſt. Si fortuna me tormenta, il ſperare me contenta.
[*Exeunt.*

Manent Lancaſter and Chief Juſtice.

Lan. I like this fair proceeding of the King's.
He hath intent his wonted followers
Shall all be very well provided for;
But they are baniſh'd, till their converſations
Appear more wiſe and modeſt to the world.
Ch. Juſt. And ſo they are.
Lan. The King hath call'd his parliament, my Lord.
Ch. Juſt. He hath.
Lan. I will lay odds, that ere this year expire,
We bear our civil ſwords and native fire
As far as France. I heard a bird ſo ſing,
Whoſe muſic, to my thinking, pleas'd the King.
Come, will you hence? [*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by a Dancer.

FIRST, my fear; then, my court'ſy; laſt, my ſpeech. My fear is your diſpleaſure; my court'ſy, my duty; and my ſpeech, to beg your pardons. If you look for a good ſpeech now, you undo me; for what I have to ſay is of mine own making, and what, indeed, I ſhould ſay, will, I doubt, prove mine own marring. But to the purpoſe, and ſo to the venture. Be it known to you, (as it is very well,) I was lately here in the end of a diſpleaſing play, to pray your patience for it, and to promiſe you a better. I did mean, indeed, to pay you with this; which if, like an ill venture, it come unluckily home, I break: and you, my gentle creditors, loſe. Here I promiſed you I would be, and here I commit

my body to your mercies: bate me ſome, and I will pay you ſome, and, as moſt debtors do, promiſe you infinitely.

If my tongue cannot intreat you to acquit me, will you command me to uſe my legs? and yet that were but light payment, to dance out of your debt: but a good conſcience will make any poſſible ſatisfaction, and ſo will I. All the gentlewomen here have forgiven me; if the gentlemen will not, then the gentlemen do not agree with the gentlewomen, which was never ſeen before in ſuch an aſſembly.

*One word more, I beſeech you. If you be not too much cloy'd with fat meat, our humble author will continue the ſtory with Sir John in it, and make you merry with fair Catharine of France; where, for any thing I know, Falſtaff ſhall die of a ſweat, unleſs already he be kill'd with your hard opinions: for Oldcaſtle * died a martyr, and this is not the man. My tongue is weary: when my legs are too, I will bid you good night, and ſo kneel down before you; but, indeed, to pray for the Queen.*

* This alludes to the firſt play, in which Sir John Oldcaſtle was put for Falſtaff. Mr. Pope.

THE

THE

LIFE OF HENRY V*.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

g HENRY V.
e of Glouceſter, } *brothers to*
e of Bedford, } *the King.*
e of Clarence, }
e of York, } *uncles to the*
e of Exeter, } *King.*
of Saliſbury,
of Weſtmoreland,
of Warwick.
hbiſhop of Canterbury.
op of Ely.
of Cambridge, } *conſpirators*
d Scroop, } *againſt the*
Thomas Grey, } *King.*
Tho. Erpingham, }
ver, } *officers in*
llen, } *K. Hen-*
kmorris, } *ry's army.*
y, }
n, } *formerly ſervants to*
dolph, } *Falſtaff, now ſol-*
ol, } *diers in the King's*
, } *army.*
es, *a ſoldier.*

Court, } *ſoldiers.*
Williams, }
Charles, *King of France.*
The Dauphin.
Duke of Burgundy.
Conſtable, }
Orleans, }
Rambures, } *French Lords.*
Bourbon, }
Grandpree, }
Governor of Harfleur.
Mountjoy, *a herald.*
Ambaſſadors to the King of England.
Iſabel, *Queen of France.*
Catharine, *daughter to the King of France.*
Alice, *a lady attending on the Princeſs Catharine.*
Quickly, *Piſtol's wife, an hoſteſs.*
CHORUS.
Lords, Meſſengers, French and Engliſh Soldiers, with other Attendants.

: *SCENE, at the beginning of the Play, lies in England; but afterwards, wholly in France.*

PROLOGUE.

O For a muſe of fire, that would aſcend
The brighteſt heaven of invention!
A kingdom for a ſtage, princeſs to act.

X 3 "*And*

This play was writ (as appears from a paſſage in the chorus he fifth act) at the time of the Earl of Eſſex's commanding the es in Ireland *in the reign of* Q. Eliſabeth, and not till after *ry VI. had been played*; as may be ſeen by the concluſion of *lay. Mr. Pope.*

" And monarchs to behold the ſwelling ſcene!
" Then ſhould the warlike Harry, like himſelf,
" Aſſume the port of Mars; and, at his heels,
" (Leaſh'd in, like hounds,) ſhould famine, ſword, and fire,
" Crouch for employment." Pardon, gentles all,
The flat unraiſed ſpirit, that hath dar'd,
On this unworthy ſcaffold, to bring forth
So great an object. Can this cock-pit hold
The vaſty field of France! or may we cram,
Within this wooden O, " the very caſkes
" That did affright the air, at Agincourt?"
O, pardon; ſince a crooked figure may
Attеſt in little place a million;
And let us, cyphers to this great accompt,
On your imaginary forces work.
Suppoſe within the girdle of theſe walls
Are now confin'd two mighty monarchies;
" Whoſe high up-reared, and abutting fronts
" Perilous, the narrow ocean parts aſunder."
Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts:
Into a thouſand parts divide one man,
And make imaginary puiſſance:
Think, when we talk of horſes, that you ſee them
Printing their proud hoofs i' th' receiving earth.
For 'tis your thoughts that now muſt deck our Kings,
Carry them here, and there; jumping o'er times;
Turning th' accompliſhment of many years
Into an hour-glaſs: for the which ſupply,
Admit me Chorus to this hiſtory;
Who, prologue-like, your humble patience pray,
Gently to hear, kindly to judge, our play.

ACT I. SCENE I.

An antechamber in the Engliſh court, at Kenilworth.

Enter the Archbiſhop of Canterbury, and Biſhop of Ely.

Cant. My Lord, I'll tell you; that ſelf bill is urg'd
Which, in th' eleventh year o' th' laſt King's reign,
Was like, and had indeed againſt us paſs'd,
But that the ſcambling and unquiet time

Did puſh it out of further queſtion.
Ely. But how, my Lord, ſhall we reſiſt it now?
Cant. It muſt be thought on. If it paſs againſt us,
We loſe the better half of our poſſeſſion:
For all the temporal lands, which men devout
By teſtament have given to the church,
Would they ſtrip from us; being valu'd thus:
As much as would maintain, to the King's honour,
Full fifteen earls, and fifteen hundred knights,
Six thouſand and two hundred good eſquires;
And to relief of lazars, and weak age
Of indigent faint ſouls, paſt corporal toil,
A hundred alms-houſes, right well ſupply'd;
And to the coffers of the King, beſide,
A thouſand pounds by th' year. Thus runs the bill.
Ely. This would drink deep.
Cant. 'Twould drink the cup and all.
Ely. But what prevention?
Cant. The King is full of grace and fair regard.
Ely. And a true lover of the holy church.
Cant. The courſes of his youth promis'd it not;
The breath no ſooner left his father's body,
But that his wildneſs, mortify'd in him,
Seem'd to die too; yea, at that very moment,
"Conſideration, like an angel, came
"And whipp'd th' offending Adam out of him;
"Leaving his body as a paradiſe,
"T'invelope and contain celeſtial ſpirits."
Never was ſuch a ſudden ſcholar made:
Never came reformation in a flood
With ſuch a heady current, ſcow'ring faults:
Nor ever Hydra-headed wilfulneſs
So ſoon did loſe his ſeat, and all at once,
As in this King.
Ely. We're bleſſed in the change.
Cant. Hear him but reaſon in divinity,
And, all-admiring, with an inward wiſh
You would deſire, the King were made a Prelate.
Hear him debate of commonwealth-affairs,
You'd ſay, it hath been all in all his ſtudy.
Liſt his diſcourſe of war, and you ſhall hear
A fearful battle render'd you in muſic.

Turn him to any cauſe of policy,
The Gordian knot of it he will unlooſe,
Familiar as his garter. When he ſpeaks,
The air, a charter'd libertine, is ſtill;
And the mute wonder lurketh in mens' ears,
To ſteal his ſweet and honeyed ſentences:
So that the act, and practic part of life,
Muſt be the miſtreſs to this theorique.
Which is a wonder how his Grace ſhould glean it,
Since his addiction was to courſes vain;
His companies unletter'd, rude, and ſhallow;
His hours fill'd up with riots, banquets, ſports;
And never noted in him any ſtudy,
Any retirement, any ſequeſtration,
From open haunts and popularity.

Ely. The ſtrawberry grows underneath the nettle,
And wholeſome berries thrive, and ripen beſt,
Neighbour'd by fruit of baſer quality:
And ſo the Prince obſcur'd his contemplation
Under the veil of wildneſs; which, no doubt,
Grew like the ſummer-graſs, faſteſt by night,
Unſeen, yet creſcive in his faculty.

Cant. It muſt be ſo; for miracles are ceas'd:
And therefore we muſt needs admit the means,
How things are perfected.

Ely. But, my good Lord,
How now for mitigation of this bill,
Urg'd by the Commons? doth his Majeſty
Incline to it, or no?

Cant. He ſeems indifferent;
Or rather ſwaying more upon our part,
Than cheriſhing th' exhibiters againſt us.
For I have made an offer to his Majeſty,
Upon our ſpiritual convocation;
And in regard of cauſes now in hand,
Which I have open'd to his Grace at large,
As touching France, to give a greater ſum,
Than ever at one time the clergy yet
Did to his predeceſſors part withal.

Ely. How did this offer ſeem receiv'd, my Lord?

Cant. With good acceptance of his Majeſty:
Save that there was not time enough to hear

(As I perceiv'd his Grace would fain have done)
The ſeverals, and unhidden paſſages
Of his true titles to ſome certain dukedoms,
And, generally, to the crown of France,
Deriv'd from Edward his great-grandfather.
Ely. What was th' impediment that broke this off?
Cant. The French Ambaſſador upon that inſtant
Crav'd audience; and the hour, I think, is come
To give him hearing. Is it four o'clock?
Ely. It is.
Cant. Then go we in to know his embaſſy:
Which I could with a ready gueſs declare,
Before the Frenchman ſpeaks a word of it.
Ely. I'll wait upon you, and I long to hear it.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Opens to the preſence.*

Enter King Henry, Glouceſter, Bedford, Clarence, Warwick, Weſtmoreland, and Exeter.

K. Henry. Where is my gracious Lord of Canterbury?
Exe. Not here in preſence.
K. Henry. Send for him, good uncle.
Weſt. Shall we call in th' ambaſſador, my Liege?
K. Henry. Not yet, my couſin; we would be reſolv'd,
Before we hear him, of ſome things of weight,
That taſk * our thoughts, concerning us and France.

Enter the Archbiſhop of Canterbury, and Biſhop of Ely.

Cant. God and his angels guard your ſacred throne,
And make you long become it!
K. Henry. Sure, we thank you.
My learned Lord, we pray you to proceed,
And juſtly and religiouſly unfold,
Why the law Salike, that they have in France,
Or ſhould, or ſhould not, bar us in our claim.
And God forbid, my dear and faithful Lord,
That you ſhould faſhion, wreſt, or bow your reading;
Or nicely charge your underſtanding ſoul
With opening titles miſcreate, whoſe right
Suits not in native colours with the truth.

For

* *Taſk*, for *employ* ſimply.

For God doth know, how many now in health
Shall drop their blood, in approbation
Of what your reverence ſhall incite us to.
Therefore take heed how you impawn † our perſon;
How you awake our ſleeping ſword of war:
We charge you in the name of God, take heed.
For never two ſuch kingdoms did contend
Without much fall of blood; whoſe guiltleſs drops
Are every one a woe, a ſore complaint,
'Gainſt him whoſe wrong gives edge unto the ſwords,
That make ſuch waſte in brief mortality.
Under this conjuration, ſpeak, my Lord;
For we will hear, note, and believe in heart,
That what you ſpeak is in your conſcience waſh'd,
As pure as ſin with baptiſm.

Cant. Then hear me, gracious Sovereign, and you
That owe your lives, your faith, and ſervices, [Peers,
To this imperial throne. ‡ There is no bar,
To make againſt your Highneſs' claim to France,
But this which they produce from Pharamond:
In terram Salicam mulieres ne ſuccedant;
No woman ſhall ſucceed in Salike land:
Which Salike land the French unjuſtly gloze
To be the realm of France, and Pharamond
The founder of this law and female bar.
Yet their own authors faithfully affirm,
That the land Salike lies in Germany,
Between the floods of Sala and of Elbe:
Where Charles the Great, having ſubdu'd the Saxons,
There left behind and ſettled certain French:
Who, holding in diſdain the German women,
For ſome diſhoneſt manners of their life,
Eſtabliſh'd then this law; to wit, no female
Should be inheritrix in Salike land:
Which Salike, as I ſaid, 'twixt Elbe and Sala,
Is at this day in Germany call'd *Meiſen.*
Thus doth it well appear, the Salike law
Was not deviſed for the realm of France.

No

† *Impawn*, for *engage* ſimply.

‡ This whole ſpeech is copied (in a manner verbatim) from Hall *chronicle*, *Henry* V. *year* the ſecond, folio 4. xx. xxx. xl. &c. of Pope.

Nor did the French poſſeſs the Salike land,
Until four hundred one and twenty years
After defunction of King Pharamond,
(Idly ſuppos'd the founder of this law,)
Who died within the year of our redemption
Four hundred twenty-ſix; and Charles the Great
Subdu'd the Saxons, and did ſeat the French
Beyond the river Sala in the year
Eight hundred five. Beſides, their writers ſay,
King Pepin, which depoſed Childerick,
Did as heir-general (being deſcended
Of Bilthild, which was daughter to King Clothair)
Make claim and title to the crown of France.
Hugh Capet alſo, who uſurp'd the crown
Of Charles the Duke of Lorrain, ſole heir-male
Of the true line and ſtock of Charles the Great,
To fine * his title with ſome ſhews of truth,
(Though, in pure truth, it was corrupt and naught,)
Convey'd himſelf as heir to th' Lady Lingare,
Daughter to Charlemain, who was the ſon
To Lewis th' Emperor, which was the ſon
Of Charles the Great. Alſo King Lewis the ninth †,
Who was ſole heir to the uſurper Capet,
Could not keep quiet in his conſcience,
Wearing the crown of France, till ſatisfy'd
That fair Queen Iſabel his grandmother,
Was lineal of the Lady Ermengere,
Daughter to Charles the foreſaid Duke of Lorraine
By the which match the line of Charles the Great
Was re-united to the crown of France.
So that, as clear as is the ſummer's ſun,
King Pepin's title, and Hugh Capet's claim,
King Lewis his poſſeſſion ‡, all appear
To hold in right and title of the female.
So do the Kings of France until this day.
Howbeit they would hold up this Salike law,
To bar your Highneſs claiming from the female;
And rather chuſe to hide them in a net,
Than amply to imbare their crooked titles,

Uſurp'd

* *Refine, purify.* † Tenth. See *Hall, loc. cit.* Mr Pope.
‡ *Satisfaction. See Hall, loc. cit.* Mr. Pope.

Uſurp'd from you and your progenitors.
K. Henry. May I with right and conſcience make this claim?
Cant. The ſin upon my head, dread Sovereign!
For in the book of Numbers it is writ,
When the ſon * dies, let the inheritance
Deſcend unto the daughter. Gracious Lord,
Stand for your own, unwind your bloody flag:
Look back into your mighty anceſtors;
Go, my dread Lord, to your great-grandſire's tomb,
From whom you claim; invoke his warlike ſpirit;
And your great uncle Edward the Black Prince;
Who on the French ground play'd a tragedy,
Making defeat on the full pow'r of France;
While his moſt mighty father, on a hill,
Stood ſmiling, to behold his lion's whelp
Forage in blood of French Nobility.
O noble Engliſh, that could entertain
With half their forces the full pow'r of France;
And let another half ſtand laughing by,
All out of work, and cold for action!
Ely. Awake remembrance of theſe valiant dead,
And with your puiſſant arm renew their feats!
You are their heir, you ſit upon their throne;
The blood and courage that renowned them,
Runs in your veins; and my thrice-puiſſant Liege
Is in the very May-morn of his youth,
Ripe for exploits and mighty enterpriſes.
Exe. Your brother kings and monarchs of the earth
Do all expect that you ſhould rouſe yourſelf;
As did the former lions of your blood.
Weſt. They know, your race had cauſe, and meanſ, and might:
So hath your Highneſs; never King of England
Had Nobles richer, and more loyal ſubjects;
Whoſe hearts have left their bodies here in England,
And lie pavilion'd in the field of France.
O let their bodies follow; my dear Liege,
With blood, and ſword, and fire, to win your right.
Cant. In aid whereof, we of the ſpiritualty
Will raiſe your Highneſs ſuch a mighty ſum,
As never did the clergy at one time

* Man. See Hall, loc. cit. Mr. Pope.

Bring in to any of your anceſtors.

K. Henry. We muſt not only arm t'invade the French,
But lay down our proportions to defend
Againſt the Scot, who will make road upon us
With all advantages.

Cant. They of thoſe marches, gracious Sovereign,
Shall be a wall ſufficient to defend
Our inland from the pilfering borderers.

K. Henry. We do not mean the courſing ſnatchers only,
But fear the main intendment of the Scot,
Who hath been ſtill a giddy neighbour to us:
For you ſhall read, that my great grandfather
Ne'er went with his full forces into France,
But that the Scot on his unfurniſh'd kingdom
Came pouring, like a tide into a breach,
With ample and brim fulneſs of his force;
Galling the gleaned land with hot aſſays;
Girding with grievous ſiege caſtles and towns;
That England, being empty of defence,
Hath ſhook, and trembled, at th' ill neighbourhood.

Cant. She hath been then more fear'd than harm'd, my Liege:
For hear her beſt exampled by herſelf;
When all her chivalry hath been in France,
And ſhe a mourning widow of her Nobles,
She hath herſelf not only well defended,
But taken and impounded as a ſtray
The King of Scots; whom ſhe did ſend to France,
To fill King Edward's fame with priſoner-kings;
And make his chronicle as rich with prize,
As is the ouzy bottom of the ſea
With ſunken wreck and ſumleſs treaſuries.

Exe. But there's a ſaying very old and true,
If that you will France win, then with Scotland firſt begin *.
For once the eagle England being in prey,
To her unguarded neſt the weazel Scot,
Comes ſneaking, and ſo ſucks her princely eggs;
Playing the mouſe in abſence of the cat,
To taint, and havoc, more than ſhe can eat.

Ely. It follows then, the cat muſt ſtay at home,
Yet that is but a 'ſcus'd † neceſſity;

* *Hall's chronicle. Hen.* V. *year* 2. *fol.* 7. *p.* 2. *z.* Mr. Pope
† *i. e.* Excuſed.

Since we have locks to ſafeguard neceſſaries,
And pretty traps to catch the petty thieves.
While that the armed hand doth fight abroad,
Th' adviſed head defends itſelf at home:
For government, though high, and low, and lower,
Put into parts, doth keep in one conſent;
Congreeing in a full and natural cloſe,
Like muſic.

Cant. Therefore Heaven doth divide
The ſtate of man in divers functions,
Setting endeavour in continual motion:
To which is fixed, as an aim or butt,
Obedience; for ſo work the honey-bees;
Creatures, that by a ruling nature teach
The art of order to a peopled kingdom.
They have a king, and officers of ſort:
" Where ſome, like magiſtrates, correct at home;
" Others, like merchant-ventures, trade abroad;
" Others, like ſoldiers, armed in their ſtings,
" Make boot upon the ſummer's velvet-buds;
" Which pillage they with merry march bring home
" To the tent-royal of their emperor:
" Who, buſied in his majeſty, ſurveys
" The ſinging maſon building roofs of gold;
" The civil citizens heading up the honey;
" The poor mechanic porters crowding in
" Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate;
" The ſad-ey'd juſtice, with his ſurly hum,
" Delivering o'er to executors pale
" The lazy yawning drone." I this infer,
That many things, having full reference
To one conſent, may work contrariouſly:
As many arrows, looſed ſeveral ways,
Come to one mark: as many ways meet in one town;
As many freſh ſtreams meet in one ſalt ſea;
As many lines cloſe in the dial's centre;
So may a thouſand actions, 't once a-foot,
End in one purpoſe, and be all well borne
Without defeat. Therefore to France, my Liege.
Divide your happy England into four;
Whereof take you one quarter into France;
And you withal ſhall make all Gallia ſhake:

If we, with thrice ſuch powers left at home,
Cannot defend our own doors from the dog,
Let us be worried; and our nation loſe
The name of hardineſs and policy.

K. Henry. Call in the meſſengers ſent from the Dauphin.
Now are we well reſolv'd; and by God's help
And yours, the noble ſinews of our power,
France being ours, we'll bend it to our awe,
Or break it all to pieces. There we'll ſit,
Ruling in large and ample empery,
O'er France, and all her almoſt kingly dukedoms;
Or lay theſe bones in an unworthy urn,
Tombleſs, with no remembrance over them.
Either our hiſtory ſhall with full mouth
Speak freely of our acts: or elſe our grave,
Like Turkiſh mute, ſhall have a tongueleſs mouth,
Not worſhipp'd with a waxen epitaph.

SCENE III. *Enter Ambaſſadors of France.*

Now are we well prepar'd to know the pleaſure
Of our fair couſin Dauphin; for we hear,
Your greeting is from him, not from the King.

Amb. May't pleaſe your Majeſty, to give us leave
Freely to render what we have in charge:
Or ſhall we ſparingly ſhew you far off
The Dauphin's meaning, and our embaſſy?

K. Henry. We are no tyrant, but a Chriſtian King,
Unto whoſe grace * our paſſion is as ſubject,
As are our wretches fetter'd in our priſons:
Therefore, with frank and with uncurbed plainneſs,
Tell us the Dauphin's mind.

Amb. Thus then, in few.
Your Highneſs, lately ſending into France,
Did claim ſome certain dukedoms in the right
Of your great predeceſſor, Edward the Third.
In anſwer of which claim, the Prince our maſter
Says, that you favour too much of your youth;
And bids you be adviſ'd: there's nought in France,
That can be with a nimble galliard won;
You cannot revel into dukedoms there:
He therefore ſends you (meeter for your ſpirit)

* *i. e* The Chriſtian grace.

This tun of treaſure; and in lieu of this,
Deſires you, let the dukedoms that you claim,
Hear no more of you. This the Dauphin ſpeaks.
K. Henry. What treaſure, uncle?
Exe. Tennis-balls, my Liege.
K. Henry. We're glad the Dauphin is ſo pleaſant with us.
His preſent, and your pains, we thank you for.
When we have match'd our rackets to theſe balls,
We will in France, by God's grace, play a ſet,
Shall ſtrike his father's crown into the hazard.
Tell him, he'ath made a match with ſuch a wrangler,
That all the courts of France will be diſturb'd
With chaces. And we underſtand him well,
How he comes o'er us with our wilder days;
Not meaſuring what uſe we made of them.
We never valu'd this poor ſeat of England;
And therefore, living hence, did give ourſelf
To barb'rous licence; as 'tis ever common,
That men are merrieſt when they are from home.
But tell the Dauphin, I will keep my ſtate,
Be like a King, and ſhew my ſail of greatneſs,
When I do rouſe me on my throne of France.
For that I have laid by my majeſty,
And plodded like a man for working-days;
But I will riſe there with ſo full a glory,
That I will dazzle all the eyes of France;
Yea, ſtrike the Dauphin blind to look on us.
And tell the pleaſant Prince, this mock of his
Hath turn'd his balls to gun-ſtones; and his ſoul
Shall ſtand ſore charged for the waſteful vengeance
That ſhall fly with them. Many thouſand widows
Shall this his mock mock out of their dear huſbands;
Mock mothers from their ſons, mock caſtles down:
And ſome are yet ungotten and unborn,
That ſhall have cauſe to curſe the Dauphin's ſcorn.
But this lies all within the will of God,
To whom I do appeal: and in whoſe name,
Tell you the Dauphin, I am coming on
To venge me as I may; and to put forth
My rightful hand in a well-hallow'd cauſe.
So get you hence in peace, and tell the Dauphin,
His jeſt will ſavour but of ſhallow wit,

When

Then thousands weep, more than did laugh at it.
Convey them with safe conduct. Fare ye well.
[*Exeunt Ambassadors.*]

Exe. This was a merry message.

K. Henry. We hope to make the sender blush at it:
Therefore, my Lords, omit no happy hour,
That may give furth'rance to our expedition;
For we have now no thoughts in us but France,
Save those to God, that run before our business.
Therefore let our proportions for these wars
Be soon collected, and all things thought upon,
That may with reasonable swiftness add
More feathers to our wings; for, God before,
We'll chide this Dauphin at his father's door.
Therefore let every man now task his thought,
That this fair action may on foot be brought. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Before Quickly's house in East-cheap.

Enter Corporal Nym, and Lieutenant Bardolph.

Bard. Well met, Corporal Nym.

Nym. Good-morrow, Lieutenant Bardolph.

Bard. What, are Ancient Pistol and you friends yet?

Nym. For my part, I care not: I say little; but when time shall serve, there shall be, [*smiles.*] But that shall be as it may. I dare not fight, but I will wink and hold out mine iron: it is a simple one; but what though? it will toast cheese, and it will endure cold as another man's sword will; and there's an end.

Bard. I will bestow a breakfast to make you friends, and we'll be all three sworn brothers to France: let it be so, good Corporal Nym.

Nym. 'Faith, I will live as long as I may, that's the certain of it; and when I cannot live any longer, I will live as I may; that is my rest, that is the rendezvous of it.

Bard. It is certain, Corporal, that he is married to Nell Quickly, and certainly she did you wrong, for you were troth-plight to her.

Nym. I cannot tell, things must be as they may; men may

may ſleep, and they may have their throats about them at that time; and ſome ſay, knives have edges: it muſt be as it may; though patience be a tir'd dame, yet ſhe will plod; there muſt be conclufions; well, I cannot tell,———

Enter Piſtol and Quickly.

Bard. Here comes Ancient Piſtol and his wife; good Corporal, be patient here. How now, mine hoſt Piſtol?

Piſt. Baſe tyke, call'ſt thou me hoſt? now by this hand, I ſwear, I ſcorn the term? nor ſhall my Neſl keep lodgers.

Quick. No, by my troth, not long: for we cannot lodge and board a dozen or fourteen gentlewomen, that live honeſtly by the prick of their needles, but it will be thought we keep a bawdy-houſe ſtraight. O welliday, Lady, if he be not drawn! Now we ſhall ſee wilful adultery and murther committed.

Bard. Good Lieutenant, good Corporal, offer nothing here.

Nym. Piſh!———

Piſt. Piſh for thee, Iſland dog: thou prick-ear'd cur of Iſland.

Quick. Good Corporal Nym, ſhew thy valour, and put up thy ſword.

Nym. Will you ſhog off? I would have *ſolus*.

Piſt. Solus, egregious dog? O viper vile!
The *ſolus* in thy moſt marvellous face,
The *ſolus* in thy teeth, and in thy throat,
And in thy hateful lungs, yea, in thy maw, perdy;
And, which is worſe, within thy naſty mouth.
I do retort the *ſolus* in thy bowels;
For I can take, and Piſtol's cock is up,
And flaſhing fire will follow.

Nym. I am not Barbaſon, you cannot conjure me: I have an humour to knock you indifferently well; if you grow foul with me, Piſtol, I will ſcour you with my rapier as I may, in fair terms. If you would walk off, I would prick your guts a little in good terms as I may, and that's the humour of it.

Piſt. O braggard vile, and damned furious wight!

The grave doth gape, and doating death is near;
Therefore exhale.

Bard. Hear me, hear me, what I ſay: he that ſtrikes the firſt ſtroke, I'll run him up to the hilts as I am a ſoldier.

Piſt. An oath of mickle might; and fury ſhall abate,
Give me thy fiſt, thy fore-foot to me give:
Thy ſpirits are moſt tall.

Nym. I will cut thy throat one time or other in fair terms, that is the humour of it.

Piſt. *Coupe à gorge*, that is the word. I defy thee again.
O hound of Crete, think'ſt thou my ſpouſe to get?
No, to the ſpittle go,
And from the powd'ring tub of infamy
Fetch forth the lazar kite of Creſſid's kind,
Doll Tear-ſheet, ſhe by name, and her eſpouſe.
I have, and I will hold the *quondam* Quickly
For th' only ſhe; and *pauca*, there's enough; go to.

Enter the Boy.

Boy. Mine hoſt Piſtol, you muſt come to my maſter, and you, hoſteſs: he is very ſick, and would to bed. Good Bardolph, put thy noſe between his ſheets, and do the office of a warming-pan: 'faith he's very ill.

Bard. Away, you rogue.

Quick. By my troth he'll yield the crow a pudding one of theſe days; the King has kill'd his heart. Good huſband, come home preſently. [*Exit Quickly.*

Bard. Come, ſhall I make you two friends? we muſt to France together: why the devil ſhould we keep knives to cut one another's throats?

Piſt. Let floods o'erſwell, and fiends for food howl on!

Nym. You'll pay me the eight ſhillings I won of you at betting?

Piſt. Baſe is the ſlave that pays.

Nym. That now I will have; that's the humour of it.

Piſt. As manhood ſhall compound, puſh home.

[*Draws.*

Bard. By this ſword, he that makes the firſt thruſt, I'll kill him; by this ſword, I will.

Piſt.

Piſt. Sword is an oath, and oaths muſt have their courſe.

Bard. Corporal Nym, an' thou wilt be friends, be friends; an' thou wilt not, why then be enemies with me too; pr'ythee put up.

Piſt. A noble ſhalt thou have and preſent pay;
And liquor likewiſe will I give to thee;
And friendſhip ſhall combine and brotherhood.
I'll live by Nym, and Nym ſhall live by me.
Is not this juſt? for I ſhall ſuttler be
Unto the camp, and profits will accrue.
Give me thy hand.

Nym. I ſhall have my noble?

Piſt. In caſh moſt juſtly paid.

Nym. Well then, that's the humour of't.

Re-enter Quickly.

Quick. As ever you came of women, come in quickly to Sir John: ah, poor heart, he is ſo ſhak'd of a burning quotidian tertian, that it is moſt lamentable to behold. Sweet men, come to him.

Nym. The King hath run bad humours on the Knight, that's the even of it.

Piſt. Nym, thou haſt ſpoken the right, his heart is fracted and corroborate.

Nym. The King is a good King, but it muſt be as it may; he paſſes ſome humours and careers.

Piſt. Let us condole the Knight; for, lambkins! we will live. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Chorus.

Chorus. NOW all the youth of England are on fire
And ſilken dalliance in the wardrobe lies:
Now thrive the armourers, and honour's thought
Reigns ſolely in the breaſt of every man.
They ſell the paſture now, to buy the horſe;
Following the mirror of all Chriſtian kings,
With winged heels, as Engliſh Mercuries.
For now ſits Expectation in the air;

" And hides a ſword from hilts unto the point
" With crowns imperial;" crowns, and coronets,
Promis'd to Harry and his followers.
The French, advis'd by good intelligence
Of this moſt dreadful preparation,
Shake in their fear; and with pale policy
Seek to divert the Engliſh purpoſes.
O England! model to thy inward greatneſs,
Like little body with a mighty heart;
What might'ſt thou do, that honour would thee do,
Were all thy children kind and natural!
But ſee, thy fault France hath in thee found out;
A neſt of hollow boſoms, which he fills
With treach'rous crowns; and three corrupted men,
One, Richard Earl of Cambridge, and the ſecond,
Henry Lord Scroop of Maſham, and the third,
Sir Thomas Grey Knight of Northumberland,
Have for the gilt of France (O guilt indeed!)
Confirm'd conſpiracy with fearful France:
And by their hands, this grace of kings muſt die,
If hell and treaſon hold their promiſes,
Ere he take ſhip for France. Then in Southampton
Linger your patience on, and well digeſt
Th' abuſe of diſtance, while we force a play.
The ſum is paid, the traitors are agreed,
The King is ſet from London, and the ſcene
Is now tranſported, gentles, to Southampton:
There is the play-houſe now, there you muſt ſit;
And thence to France ſhall we convey you ſafe,
And bring you back; charming the narrow ſeas
To give you gentle paſs: for if we may,
We'll not offend one ſtomach with our play.
But, till the King come forth, and not till then,
Unto Southampton do we ſhift our ſcene. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *Southampton.*

Enter Exeter, Bedford, and Weſtmoreland.

Bed. 'Fore God, his Grace is bold to truſt theſe trai-
Exe. They ſhall be apprehended by and by. [tors.
Weſt. How ſmooth and even they do bear themſelves.
As if allegiance in their boſoms ſat,
Crowned with faith and conſtant loyalty!

Bed.

Bed. The King hath note of all that they intend,
By interception which they dream not of.
Exe. Nay, but the man that was his bedfellow,
Whom he hath lull'd and cloy'd with gracious favours;
That he should for a foreign purse so sell
His sovereign's life to death and treachery!
[*Trumpets sound.*

Enter the King. Scroop, Cambridge, Grey, and Attendants.

K. Henry. Now sits the wind fair, and we will aboard.
My Lord of Cambridge, and my Lord of Masham,
And you, my gentle Knight, give me your thoughts:
Think you not, that the pow'rs we bear with us,
Will cut their passage through the force of France;
Doing the execution and the act
For which we have in aid assembled them?
Scroop. No doubt my Liege if each man do his best.
K. Henry. I doubt not that; since we are well persuaded
We carry not a heart with us from hence,
That grows not in a fair consent with ours:
Nor leave not one behind, that doth not wish
Success and conquest to attend on us.
Camb. Never was monarch better fear'd, and lov'd,
Than is your Majesty; there's not a subject,
That sits in heart-grief and uneasiness
Under the sweet shade of your government.
Grey. True; those that were your father's enemies,
Have steept their gauls in honey, and do serve you
With hearts create of duty and of zeal.
K. Henry. We therefore have great cause of thankfulness
And shall forget the office of our hand,
Sooner than quittance * of desert and merit,
According to the weight and worthiness.
Scroop. "So service shall with steeled sinews toil;
"And labour shall refresh itself with hope,"
To do your Grace incessant services.
K. Henry. We judge no less. Uncle of Exeter,
Enlarge the man committed yesterday,
That rail'd against our person: we consider,
It was excess of wine that set him on,

* i. e. Requital.

And on his more advice we pardon him.
Scroop. That's mercy, but too much ſecurity:
Let him be puniſh'd, Sovereign, leſt example
Breed (by his ſuff'rance) more of ſuch a kind.
K. Henry. O, let us yet be merciful.
Cam. So may your Highneſs, and yet puniſh too.
Grey. You ſhew great mercy, if you give him life,
After the taſte of much correction.
K. Henry. Alas! your too much love and care of me
Are heavy oriſons 'gainſt this poor wretch.
If little faults, proceeding on diſtemper *,
Shall not be wink'd at, how ſhall we ſtretch our eye,
When capital crimes, chew'd, ſwallow'd and digeſted,
Appear before us? We'll yet enlarge that man,
Though Cambridge, Scroop, and Grey, in their dear care
And tender preſervation of our perſon,
Would have him puniſh'd. Now to our French cauſes;
Who are the late commiſſioners?
Cam. I one, my Lord.
Your Highneſs bade me aſk for it to-day.
Scroop. So did you me, my Liege.
Grey. And I, my Sovereign.
K. Henry. Then, Richard Earl of Cambridge, there
There your's, Lord Scroop of Maſham; and, Sir Knight,
Grey of Northumberland, this ſame is yours;
Read them, and know I know your worthineſs.
My Lord of Weſtmoreland and uncle Exeter,
We will aboard to-night. Why, how now, Gentlemen?
What ſee you in thoſe papers, that you loſe
So much complexion? look ye, how they change!
Their cheeks are paper. Why, what read you there,
That hath ſo cowarded, and chas'd your blood
Out of appearance?
Cam. I confeſs my fault,
And do ſubmit me to your Highneſs' mercy.
Grey. Scroop. To which we all appeal.
K. Henry. The mercy that was quick in us but late,
By your own counſel is ſuppreſs'd and kill'd:
You muſt not dare for ſhame to talk of mercy;
For your own reaſons turn into your boſoms,
As dogs *upon their maſters*, worrying you.

See

* *i. e.* Sudden paſſions

See you, my Princes and my Noble Peers,
Theſe Engliſh monſters! My Lord Cambridge here,
You know how apt our love was to accord
To furniſh him with all appertinents
Belonging to his honour; and this man
Hath for a few light crowns lightly conſpir'd,
And ſworn unto the practices of France
To kill us here in Hampton. To the which,
This Knight, no leſs for bounty bound to us
Than Cambridge is, hath likewiſe ſworn. But O!
What ſhall I ſay to thee, Lord Scroop, thou cruel,
Ingrateful, ſavage, and inhumane creature!
Thou that didſt bear the key of all my counſels,
That knew'ſt the very bottom of my ſoul,
That almoſt might'ſt have coin'd me into gold,
Would'ſt thou have practis'd on me for thy uſe:
May it be poſſible, that foreign hire
Could out of thee extract one ſpark of evil,
That might annoy my finger? 'Tis ſo ſtrange,
That though the truth of it ſtand off as groſs
As black from white, my eye will ſcarcely ſee it.
Treaſon and murder ever kept together,
As two yoke-devils ſworn to either's purpoſe;
Working ſo groſsly * in a natural cauſe,
That admiration did not whoop † at them.
But thou, 'gainſt all proportion, didſt bring in
Wonder to wait on treaſon, and on murther:
And whatſoever cunning fiend it was,
That wrought upon theſe ſo prepoſt'rouſly,
Hath got the voice in hell for excellence:
And other devils, that ſuggeſt by treaſons,
Do botch and bungle up damnation,
With patches, colours, and with forms being fetch'd
From gliſt'ring ſemblances of piety:
But he that temper'd thee, bade thee ſtand up;
Gave thee no inſtance why thou ſhouldſt do treaſon,
Unleſs to dub thee with the name of traitor.
If that ſame daemon that hath gull'd thee thus,
Should with his lion-gate walk the whole world,

He

* *Groſsly*, for *commonly*.
† *Whoop*, of which the author makes a verb, in a note of admiration.

He might return to vaſty Tartar back,
And tell the legions, I can never win
A ſoul ſo eaſy as that Engliſhman's.
Oh, how haſt thou with jealouſy infected
The ſweetneſs of affiance! Shew men dutiful?
Why ſo didſt thou: or ſeem they grave and learned?
Why ſo didſt thou: come they of noble family?
Why ſo didſt thou: ſeem they religious?
Why ſo didſt thou: or are they ſpare in diet,
Free from groſs paſſion, or of mirth, or anger,
Conſtant in ſpirit, not ſwerving with the blood,
Garniſh'd and deck'd in modeſt complement *,
Not working with the ear, but with the eye,
And but in purged judgment truſting neither?
Such, and ſo finely boulted didſt thou ſeem.
And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot,
To mark the full-fraught man, the beſt endu'd,
With ſome ſuſpicion. I will weep for thee.
For this revolt of thine, methinks, is like
Another fall of man.——Their faults are open;
Arreſt them to the anſwer of the law,
And God acquit them of their practices!

Exe. I arreſt thee of high treaſon, by the name of *Richard Earl of Cambridge.*

I arreſt thee of high treaſon, by the name of *Henry Lord Scroop of Maſham.*

I arreſt thee of high treaſon, by the name of *Thomas Grey, Knight of Northumberland.*

Scroop. Our purpoſes God juſtly hath diſcover'd,
And I repent my fault, more than my death;
Which I beſeech your Highneſs to forgive,
Although my body pay the price of it.

Cam. For me, the gold of France did not ſeduce,
Although I did admit it as a motive
The ſooner to effect what I intended;
But God be thanked for prevention,
Which I in ſuff'rance heartily rejoice for,
Beſeeching God and you to pardon me.

Grey. Never did faithful ſubject more rejoice
At the diſcovery of moſt dangerous treaſon,
Than I do at this hour joy o'er myſelf,

* *i. e. Fulneſs.*

Prevented from a damned enterprise.
My fault, but not my body, pardon, Sovereign.
K. Henry. God quit you in his mercy! hear your sentence;
You have conspir'd against our Royal person,
Join'd with an enemy proclaim'd, and from his coffers
Receiv'd the golden earnest of our death;
Wherein you would have sold your King to slaughter,
His princes and his peers to servitude,
His subjects to oppression and contempt,
And his whole kingdom into desolation.
Touching our person, seek we no revenge;
But we our kingdom's safety must so tender,
Whose ruin you three sought, that to her laws
We do deliver you. Go therefore hence,
Poor miserable wretches, to your death;
The taste whereof God of his mercy give
You patience to endure; and true repentance
Of all your dear offences! Bear them hence. [*Exeunt.*
Now, Lords, for France; the enterprise whereof
Shall be to you, as us, like glorious.
We doubt not of a fair and lucky war,
Since God so graciously hath brought to light
This dangerous treason lurking in our way,
To hinder our beginning. Now we doubt not,
But every rub is smoothed in our way:
Then forth, dear countrymen; let us deliver
Our puissance into the hand of God,
Putting it straight in expedition.
Cheerly to sea; the signs of war advance;
No King of England, if not King of France. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Changes to Quickly's house in East-cheap.

Enter Pistol, Nym, Bardolph, Boy, and Quickly.

Quick. Pr'ythee, honey-sweet husband, let me bring thee to Staines.
Pist. No; for my manly heart doth yern.
Bardolph, be blythe; Nym, rouse thy vaunting veins;
Boy, bristle thy courage up: for Falstaff he is dead,
And we must yern therefore.

Bard.

Bard. Would I were with him whereſome'er he is, ither in heaven or in hell.

Quick. Nay, ſure he's not in hell; he's in Arthur's oſom, if ever man went to Arthur's boſom. He made finer end, and went away an' it had been any Chriſtom child; a' parted even juſt between twelve and one, even at the turning o' th' tide: for after I ſaw him fumble with the ſheets, and play with flowers, and ſmile upon his fingers' end, I knew there was but one way; for his noſe was as ſharp as a pen *. How now, Sir John? quoth I: what, man, be of good cheer: ſo a' cried out, God, God, God, three or four times. Now I, to comfort him, bid him, a' ſhou'd not think of God; I hop'd there was no need to trouble himſelf with any ſuch thoughts yet: ſo a' bade me lay more clothes on his feet. I put my hand into the bed and felt them, and they were as cold as a ſtone: then I felt to his knees, and ſo upward, and upward, and all was cold as any ſtone.

Nym. They ſay he cried out of ſack.

Quick. Ay, and that a' did.

Boy. And of women.

Quick. Nay, that a' did not.

Boy. Yes, that he did; and ſaid they were devils incarnate.

Quick. A' could never abide carnation, 'twas a colour he never lik'd.

Boy. He ſaid once, the deule would have him about women.

Quick. He did in ſome ſort, indeed, handle women; but then he was rheumatic, and talk'd of the whore of Babylon.

Boy. Do you not remember he ſaw a flea ſtick upon Bardolph's

* Theſe words, *and a table of green fields*, though inſerted in all the ſubſequent editions after the word *pen*, are not to be found in the old editions of 1600 and 1608. This nonſenſe got into all theſe editions by a pleaſant miſtake of the ſtage-editors, who printed from the common piece-meal-written parts in the play-houſe. A table was here directed to be brought in (it being a ſcene in the tavern where they drink at parting,) and this direction crept into the text from the *margin*. *Greenfield* was the name of the property-man *that time, who furniſhed* implements, &c. for the actors. *A Mr. of Greenfield's.* Mr. Pope.

Bardolph's noſe, and ſaid it was a black ſoul burning in hell?

Bard. Well, the fuel is gone that maintain'd that fire: that's all the riches I got in his ſervice.

Nym. Shall we ſhog? the King will be gone from Southampton.

Piſt. Come, let's away. My love, give me thy lips:
Look to my chattels, and my moveables;
Let ſenſes rule; the word is, pitch and pay;
Truſt none, for oaths are ſtraws; mens' faiths are wafer-cakes,
And hold-faſt is the only dog, my duck,
Therefore Caveto be thy counſellor.
Go, clear thy cryſtals. Yoke-fellows in arms,
Let us to France; like horſe-leeches, my boys;
To ſuck, to ſuck, the very blood to ſuck.

Boy. And that's but unwholeſome food they ſay.

Piſt. Touch her ſoft mouth and march. Come!

Bard. Farewell, hoſteſs.

Nym. I cannot kiſs, that is the humour of it; but adieu.

Piſt. Let houſewifery appear; keep cloſe, I thee command.

Quick. Farewell; adieu. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Changes to the French King's palace.

Enter the French King, the Dauphin, the Duke of Burgundy, and the Conſtable.

Fr. King. Thus come the Engliſh with full power upon us
And more than carelesly it us concerns
To anſwer royally in our defences.
Therefore the Dukes of Berry and of Bretagne,
Of Brabant and of Orleans, ſhall make forth,
And you, Prince Dauphin, with all ſwift diſpatch;
To line and new repair our towns of war,
With men of courage, and with means defendant.
For England his approaches makes as fierce,
As waters to the ſucking of a gulph.
It fits us then to be as provident

As fear may teach us out of late examples,
Left by the fatal and neglected Engliſh
Upon our fields.

Dau. My moſt redoubted father,
It is moſt meet we arm us 'gainſt the foe:
For peace itſelf ſhould not ſo dull a kingdom,
(Though war nor no known quarrel were in queſtion,)
But that defences, muſters, preparations,
Should be maintain'd, aſſembled, and collected,
As were a war in expectation.
Therefore, I ſay, 'tis meet we all go forth,
To view the ſick and feeble parts of France:
And let us do it with no ſhew of fear;
No, with no more than if we heard that England
Were buſied with a Whitſon morris-dance:
For, my good Liege, ſhe is ſo idly king'd,
Her ſceptre ſo fantaſtically borne,
By a vain, giddy, ſhallow, humorous youth,
That fear attends her not.

Con. O peace, Prince Dauphin!
You are too much miſtaken in this King.
Queſtion your Grace the late ambaſſadors,
With what great ſtate he heard their embaſſy;
How well ſupply'd with noble counſellors,
How modeſt in exception, and withal
How terrible in conſtant reſolution:
And you ſhall find, his vanities fore-ſpent
Were but the out-ſide of the Roman Brutus,
Covering diſcretion with a coat of folly;
" As gardeners do with ordure hide thoſe roots
" That ſhall firſt ſpring and be moſt delicate *."

Dau. Well, 'tis not ſo, my Lord High Conſtable.
But tho' we think it ſo, it is no matter:
In cauſes of defence, 'tis beſt to weigh

† Shakeſpeare not having given us, in the firſt or ſecond part of Henry IV. or in any other place but this, the remoteſt hint of the circumſtance here alluded to, the compariſon muſt needs be a little obſcure to thoſe who don't know or reflect, that ſome hiſtorians have told us, that Henry IV. had entertained a deep jealouſy of his ſon's aſpiring ſuperior genius. Therefore, to prevent all umbrage, *the Prince withdrew from* public affairs, and amuſed himſelf in *conſorting with a diſſolute* crew of robbers. Mr. Warburton.

The enemy more mighty than he ſeems;
So the proportions of defence are fill'd;
Which of a weak and niggardly projection,
Doth, like a miſer, ſpoil his coat with ſcanting
A little cloth.

Fr. King. Think we King Harry ſtrong;
And, Princes, look you ſtrongly arm to meet him.
The kindred of him hath been fleſh'd upon us;
And he is bred out of that bloody ſtrain,
That hunted us in our familiar paths:
Witneſs our too much memorable ſhame,
When Creſſy battle fatally was ſtruck;
And all our princes captiv'd by the hand
Of that black name, Edward Black Prince of Wales:
While that his mounting fire, on mountain ſtanding,
[Up in the air, crown'd with the golden ſun,‡]
Saw his heroic ſeed, and ſmil'd to ſee him
Mangle the work of nature, and deface
The patterns that by God and by French fathers
Had twenty years been made. This is a ſtem
Of that victorious ſtock; and let us fear
The native mightineſs and fate of him †.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. Ambaſſadors from Harry King of England,
Do crave admittance to your Majeſty.

Fr. King. We'll give them preſent audience. Go and bring them.
You ſee this chace is hotly follow'd, friends.

Dau. Turn head, and ſtop purſuit; for coward dogs
Moſt ſpend their mouths, when what they ſeem to threaten
Runs far before them. Good my Sovereign,
Take up the Engliſh ſhort; and let them know
Of what a monarchy you are the head.
Self-love, my Liege, is not ſo vile a ſin,
As ſelf-neglecting.

SCENE V. *Enter Exeter.*

Fr. King. From our brother England?

Exe.

‡ *A* nonſenſical line of ſome player.
† *i. e.* Fortune and condition of his houſe or family.

Exe. From him; and thus he greets your Majeſty.
He wills you in the name of God Almighty,
That you diveſt yourſelf, and lay apart
The borrow'd glories, that, by gift of heaven,
By law of nature and of nations, 'long
To him and to his heirs; namely, the crown,
And all the wide-ſtretch'd honours that pertain,
By cuſtom and the ordinance of times,
Unto the crown of France. That you may know,
'Tis no ſiniſter nor no awkward claim,
Pick'd from the worm-holes of long-vaniſh'd days,
Nor from the duſt of old oblivion rak'd,
He ſends you this moſt memorable line,
In every branch truly demonſtrative,
[*Gives the French King a paper.*
Willing you over-look his pedigree;
And when you find him evenly deriv'd
From his moſt fam'd of famous anceſtors,
Edward the Third; he bids you then reſign
Your crown and kingdom, indirectly held
From him the native and true challenger.

Fr. King. Or elſe what follows?

Exe. Bloody conſtraint; for if you hide the crown
Ev'n in your hearts, there will he rake for it.
And therefore in fierce tempeſt is he coming,
In thunder, and in earthquake, like a Jove;
That, if requiring fail, he may compel.
He bids you, in the bowels of the Lord,
Deliver up the crown; and to take mercy
On the poor ſouls, for whom this hungry war
Opens his vaſty jaws; upon your head
Turning the widows' tears, the orphans' cries,
The dead mens' blood, the pining maidens' groans,
For huſbands, fathers, and betrothed lovers,
That ſhall be ſwallow'd in this controverſy.
This is his claim, his threat'ning, and my meſſage;
Unleſs the Dauphin be in preſence here,
To whom expreſsly I bring greeting too.

Fr. King. For us, we will conſider of this further:
To-morrow ſhall you bear our full intent
Back to our brother England.

Dau. For the Dauphin,

I ſtand here for him: what to him from England?

Exe. Scorn and defiance, ſlight regard, contempt,
And any thing that may not miſbecome
The mighty ſender, doth he prize you at.
Thus ſays my King; and if your father's Highneſs
Do not, in grant of all demands at large,
Sweeten the bitter mock you ſent his Majeſty;
He'll call you to ſo hot an anſwer for it,
That caves and womby vaultages of France
Shall chide your treſpaſs, and return your mock
In ſecond accent to his ordinance.

Dau. Say, if my father render fair reply,
It is againſt my will: for I deſire
Nothing but odds with England; to that end,
As matching to his youth and vanity,
I did preſent him with thoſe Paris balls.

Exe. He'll make your Paris Louvre ſhake for it,
Were it the miſtreſs court of mighty Europe:
And, be aſſur'd, you'll find a difference
(As we his ſubjects have in wonder found)
Between the promiſe of his greener days,
And thoſe he maſters now; now he weighs time
Even to the utmoſt grain, which you ſhall read
In your own loſſes, if he ſtay in France.

Fr. King. To-morrow you ſhall know our mind at full
[*Exeunt*

Exe. Diſpatch us with all ſpeed, leſt that our King
Come here himſelf to queſtion our delay;
For he is footed in this land already.

Fr. King. You ſhall be ſoon diſpatch'd with fair co
A night is but ſmall breath, and little pauſe, [ditior
To anſwer matters of this conſequence. [*Exeun*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Chorus.

Chorus. THUS with imagin'd wing our ſwift ſce
flies,
In motion of no leſs celerity
Than that of thought. Suppoſe that you have ſeen
The well-appointed King at Hampton pier

mbark his royalty; and his brave fleet
With ſilken ſtreamers the young Phœbus fanning,
Play with your fancies: and in them behold,
Upon the hempen tackle, ſhip-boys climbing;
Hear the ſhrill whiſtle, which doth order give
To ſounds confus'd; behold the threaden ſails,
Borne with th' inviſible and creeping wind,
Draw the huge bottoms through the furrow'd ſea,
Breaſting the lofty ſurge. O, do but think,
You ſtand upon the rivage, and behold
A city on th' inconſtant billows dancing;
For ſo appears this fleet majeſtical,
Holding due courſe to Harfleur. Follow, follow.
Grapple your minds to ſternage of this navy,
And leave your England, as dead midnight ſtill,
Guarded with grandſires, babies, and old women;
Or paſs'd or not arriv'd, to pith and puiſſance:
For who is he, whoſe chin is but enrich'd
With one appearing hair, that will not follow
Theſe cull'd and choice-drawn cavaliers to France?
Work, work your thoughts, and therein ſee a ſiege;
Behold the ordnance on their carriages
With fatal mouths gaping on girded Harfleur.
Suppoſe th' ambaſſador from France comes back;
Tells Harry, that the King doth offer him
Catharine his daughter, and with her to dowry
Some petty and unprofitable dukedoms:
The offer likes not; and the nimble gunner
With lynſtock now the deviliſh cannon touches,
[*Alarm, and cannon go off.*
And down goes all before him. Still be kind,
And eke out our performance with your mind. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *Before Harfleur.*

Enter King Henry, Exeter, Bedford, and Gloucester: Soldiers with ſcaling ladders.

K. Henry. Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more;
Or cloſe the wall up with the Engliſh dead.
In peace, there's nothing ſo becomes a man
As modeſt ſtillneſs and humility:

But when the blaſt of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tyger;
Stiffen the ſinews, ſummon up the blood,
Diſguiſe fair nature with hard-favour'd rage;
Then lend the eye a terrible aſpect;
Let it pry through the portage of the head,
Like the braſs cannon: let the brow o'erwhelm it,
As fearfully as doth a galled rock
O'er-hang and jutty his confounded baſe,
Swill'd with the wild and waſteful ocean.
Now ſet the teeth, and ſtretch the noſtril wide;
Hold hard the breath, and bend up every ſpirit
To his full height. Now on, you nobleſt Engliſh,
Whoſe blood is fetch'd from fathers of war-proof;
Fathers, that, like ſo many Alexanders,
Have in theſe parts from morn till even fought,
And ſheath'd their ſwords for lack of argument.
Diſhonour not your mothers; now atteſt,
That thoſe whom you call'd fathers, did beget you.
Be copy now to men of groſſer blood,
And teach them how to war; and you, good yeomen,
Whoſe limbs were made in England, ſhew us here
The mettle of your paſture: let us ſwear
That you are worth your breeding, which I doubt not:
For there is none of you ſo mean and baſe,
That hath not noble luſtre in your eyes;
I ſee you ſtand like greyhounds in the ſlips,
Straining upon the ſtart. The game's a-foot:
Follow your ſpirit; and, upon this charge,
Cry, God for Harry! England! and St George!

[*Exeunt King and Train.*

[*Alarm, and cannon go off.*

SCENE III.

Enter Nym, Bardolph, Piſtol, and Boy.

Bard. On, on, on, on, on, to the breach, to the breach.

Nym. 'Pray thee, Corporal, ſtay; the knocks are too hot; and for mine own part, I have not a caſe of lives: the humour of it is too hot, that is the very plain ſong of it.

Piſt.

Piſt. The plain ſong is more juſt; for humours do abound:
Knocks go and come: God's vaſſals drop and die;
And ſword and ſhield, in bloody field, doth win immortal fame.

Boy. Would I were in an alehouſe in London, I would give all my fame for a pot of ale and ſafety.

Piſt. And I: if wiſhes would prevail,
I would not ſtay, but thither would I hie.

Enter Fluellen.

Flu. Up to the preach, you dogs; avaunt, you cullions.

Piſt. Be merciful, great Duke, to men of mould,
Abate thy rage, abate thy manly rage;
Good bawcock, bate thy rage; uſe lenity, ſweet chuck.

Nym. Theſe be good humours; your honour wins bad humours. [*Exeunt.*

Boy. As young as I am, I have obſerv'd theſe three ſwaſhers. I am boy to them all three; but all they three, though they would ſerve me, could not be man to me; for, indeed, three ſuch antics do not amount to a man. For Bardolph, he is white-liver'd and red-fac'd; by the means whereof he faces it out, but fights not. For Piſtol, he hath a killing tongue, and a quiet ſword; by the means whereof he breaks words, and keeps whole weapons. "For Nym, he hath heard, that men of "few words are the beſt men; and therefore he ſcorns "to ſay his prayers, leſt he ſhould be thought a coward:" but his few bad words are match'd with as few good deeds; for he never broke any man's head but his own, and that was againſt a poſt when he was drunk. They will ſteal any thing, and call it purchaſe. "Bardolph "ſtole a lut-caſe, bore it twelve leagues, and ſold it "for three half-pence." Nym and Bardolph are ſworn brothers in filching; and in Calais they ſtole a fire-ſhovel. I knew, by that piece of ſervice, the men would carry coals. They would have me as familiar with mens' pockets, as their gloves or their handkerchers; which makes much againſt my manhood; for if I would take from another's pocket to put into mine, it is plain *pocketing up of wrongs.* I muſt leave them, and ſeek

ſom

ſome better ſervice; their villany goes againſt my weak ſtomach, and therefore I muſt caſt it up. [*Exit Boy.*

Enter Gower, and Fluellen.

Gower. Captain Fluellen, you muſt come preſently to the mines; the Duke of Glouceſter would ſpeak with you.

Flu. To the mines? tell you the Duke, it is not ſo goot to come to the mines, for, look you, the mines are not according to the diſciplines of the war; the concavities of it is not ſufficient; for, look you, th' athverſary (you may diſcuſs unto the Duke, look you) is digg'd himſelf four yards under the countermines; by Cheſhu, I think, a' will plow up all, if there is not petter directions.

Gower. The Duke of Glouceſter, to whom the order of the ſiege is given, is altogether directed by an Iriſh man, a very valiant gentleman, i'faith.

Flu. It is Captain Mackmorris, is it not?

Gower. I think it be.

Flu. By Cheſhu he is an aſs, as is in the world; I will verify as much in his peard; he has no more directions in the true diſciplines of the wars, look you, of the Roman diſciplines, than is a puppy-dog.

Enter Mackmorris and Capt. Jamy.

Gower. Here he comes, and the Scots Captain, Captain Jamy, with him.

Flu. Captain Jamy is a marvellous valorous gentleman, that is certain; and of great expedition and knowledge in the ancient wars, upon my particular knowledge of his directions; by Cheſhu he will maintain his argument as well as any military man in the world, in the diſciplines of the priſtine wars of the Romans.

Jamy. I ſay, gudday, Captain Fluellen.

Flu. Godden to your Worſhip, good Captain James.

Gower. How now, Captain Mackmorris, have you quitted the mines? have the pioneers given o'er?

Mack. By Chriſh law, tiſh ill done; the work iſh give over, the trumpet ſound the retreat. By my hand, I ſwear, and by my father's ſoul, the work iſh ill done; it iſh give over; I would have blowed up the town, ſo

Chriſh

Chriſh ſave me law, in an hour. O tiſh ill done, tiſh ill done; by my hand, tiſh ill done.

Flu. Captain Mackmorris, I beſeech you now, will you vouchſafe me, look you, a few diſputations with you, as partly touching or concerning the diſciplines of the war, the Roman wars, in the way of argument, look you, and friendly communication; partly, to ſatisfy my opinion; and partly for the ſatisfaction, look you, of my mind; as touching the direction of the military diſcipline, that is the point.

Jamy. It ſall be very gud, gud feith, gud captains baith; and I ſall quit you with gud leve, as I may pick occaſion; that ſall I, marry.

Mack. It is no time to diſcourſe, ſo Chriſh ſave me: the day is hot, and the weather and the wars, and the King and the Duke; it is not time to diſcourſe, the town is beſeech'd: and the trumpet calls us to the breach, and we talk, and by Chriſh do nothing, 'tis ſhame for us all; ſo God ſa' me, 'tis ſhame to ſtand ſtill; it is ſhame, by my hand; and there is throats to be cut, and works to be done, and there is nothing done, ſo Chriſh ſa' me law.

Jamy. By the meſs, ere theiſe eyes of mine take themſelves to ſlomber, aile do gud ſervice, or aile ligge i' th' ground for it; ay, or go to death; and aile pay it as valorouſly as I may, that ſall I ſurely do, the breff and the long; marry, I wad full fain heard ſome queſtion 'tween you tway.

Flu. Captain Mackmorris, I think, look you, under your correction, there is not many of your nation—

Mack. Of my nation? what iſh my nation? iſh a villain, and a baſtard, and a knave, and a raſcal? what iſh my nation? who talks of my nation?

Flu. Look you, if you take the matter otherwiſe than is meant, Captain Mackmorris, peradventure I ſhall think you do not uſe me with that affability as in diſcretion you ought to uſe me, look you; being as good a man as yourſelf, both in the diſciplines of wars, and in the derivation of my birth, and in other particularities.

Mack. I do not know you ſo good a man as myſelf; ſo Chriſh ſave me, I will cut off your head.

Gower. Gentlemen both, you miſtake each other.

Jamy. Au! that's a foul fault. [*A parley ſounded.*

Gower. The town ſounds a parley.

Fln. Captain Mackmorris, when there is more petter opportunity to be requir'd, look you, I'll be ſo pold as to tell you, I know the diſciplines of war; and there's an end. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Before the gates of Harfleur.*

Enter King Henry and his train.

K. Henry. How yet reſolves the governor of the town?
This is the lateſt parle we will admit:
Therefore to our beſt mercy give yourſelves,
Or, like to men proud of deſtruction,
Defy us to our worſt; as I'm a ſoldier,
(A name that, in my thoughts, becomes me beſt,)
If I begin the batt'ry once again,
I will not leave the half-atchieved Harfleur
Till in her aſhes ſhe lie buried.
The gates of mercy ſhall be all ſhut up;
And the fleſh'd ſoldier, rough and hard of heart,
In liberty of bloody hand ſhall range
With conſcience wide as hell, mowing like graſs
Your freſh fair virgins, and your flow'ring infants.
What is it then to me, if impious War,
Array'd in flames like to the prince of fiends,
Do with his ſmircht complexion all fell feats,
Inlink'd to waſte and deſolation?
What is't to me, when you yourſelves are cauſe,
If your pure maidens fall into the hand
Of hot and forcing violation?
What rein can hold licentious wickedneſs,
When down the hill he holds his fierce career?
We may, as bootleſs, ſpend our vain command
Upon th' enraged ſoldiers in their ſpoil,
As ſend our precepts to th' leviathan
To come aſhore. Therefore, you men of Harfleur,
Take pity of your town and of your people,
While yet my ſoldiers are in my command;
While yet the cool and temp'rate wind of grace
O'erblows the filthy and contagious clouds

Of

ready murther, ſpoil, and villany.
ot; why, in a moment, look to ſee
blind and bloody ſoldier with foul hand
le the locks of your ſhrill-ſhrieking daughters;
r fathers taken by the ſilver beards,
their moſt reverend heads daſh'd to the walls;
r naked infants ſpitted upon pikes,
le the mad mothers with their howls confus'd
break the clouds; as did the wives of Jewry,
Herod's bloody-hunting ſlaughter-men.
at ſay you? will you yield, and this avoid?
guilty in defence, be thus deſtroy'd?

Enter Governor upon the walls.

ov. Our expectation hath this day an end:
Dauphin, of whom ſuccours we intreated,
rns us, that his pow'rs are not yet ready
raiſe ſo great a ſiege. Therefore, great King,
yield our town and lives to thy ſoft mercy:
er our gates, diſpoſe of us and ours,
we no longer are defenſible.
. *Henry.* Open your gates: come, uncle Exeter,
you and enter Harfleur, there remain,
l fortify it ſtrongly 'gainſt the French:
mercy to them all. For us, dear uncle,
winter coming on, and ſickneſs growing
n our ſoldiers, we'll retire to Calais.
night in Harfleur we will be your gueſt,
morrow for the march we are addreſs'd.

[*Flouriſh, and enter the town* †.

† are addreſſed. [*Flouriſh, and enter the town.*

SCENE V. *The French court.*

Enter Catharine, and an old Gentlewoman.

ath. *Alice, tu as eſté en Angleterre, & tu parles bien le language.*
lice. *Un peu, Madame.*
ath. *Je te prie de m'enſeigner; il faut, que j'apprenne à parler.*
ent *appellez vous la main en Anglois.*
lice. *La main, ell' eſt appellée, de hand.*
th. *De hand. Et le doigt?*
ice. *Le doigt? ma foy, je oublie le doigt: mais je me ſouviendrai*
ſi je penſe, qu'ils ſont appelle des fingres; ouy, de fingres.

Cath.

SCENE VI.

Preſence-chamber in the French court.

Enter the King of France, the Dauphin, Duke of Bourbon, the Conſtable of France, and others.

Fr. King. 'Tis certain he hath paſs'd the river Some,
Con. And if he be not fought withal, my Lord,
Let us not live in France; let us quit all,
And give our vineyards to a barb'rous people.

Dau.

Cath. *La main, de hand; le doigt, le fingres. Je penſe, que je ſuis le bon eſcolier. J'ay gaignée deux mots d'Anglois viſtement; comment appellez von les ongles?*

Alice. *Les ongles, les appellons de nayles.*

Cath. *De nayles. Eſcoutez: dites moy, ſi je parle bien: de hand, de fingres, de nayles.*

Alice. *C'eſt bien dit, Madame; il eſt fort bon Anglois.*

Cath. *Dites moy en Anglois, le bras.*

Alice. *De arme, Madame.*

Cath. *Et le coude.*

Alice. *D' elbow.*

Cath. *D' elbow: je m'en faitz la repetition de tous les mots, que vous m'avez appris dès a preſent.*

Alice. *Il eſt trop difficile, Madame, comme je penſe.*

Cath. *Excuſe moy, Alice; eſcoutez; d' hand, de fingre, de nayle, d' arme, de bilbow.*

Alice. *D' elbow, Madame.*

Cath. *O Seigneur Dieu! je m'en oublie d' elbow; comment appellez vous le col?*

Alice. *De neck, Madame.*

Cath. *De neck; & le menton?*

Alice. *De chin.*

Cath. *De ſin: le col, de neck: le menton, de ſin.*

Alice. *Ouy. Sauf voſtre honneur, en verité, vous prononces les mots auſſi droict, que les natifs d' Angleterre.*

Cath. *Je ne doute point d'apprendre par la grace de Dieu, & en peu de temps.*

Alice. *N'avez vous pas deja oublié ce que je vous ay enſeignee?*

Cath. *Non, je reciteray a vous promptement; d'hand, de fingre, de mayles, de arme.*

Alice. *De nayles, Madame.*

Cath. *De nayles, de arme, de elbow.*

Alice. *Sauf voſtre honneur, d'elbow.*

Cath. *Ainſi, dis je d'elbow, de neck, de ſin: comment appellez vous les pieds, & de robe?*

Alice. *Le foot, Madame, & le coun.*

Dau. O Dieu vivant! ſhall a few ſprays of us,
(The emptying of our fathers' luxury,)
Our cyons put in wild and ſavage ſtock,
Sprout up ſo ſuddenly into the clouds,
And overlook their grafters?

Bour. Normans, but baſtard Normans; Norman baſtards.

Mort de ma vie! if thus they march along
Unfought withal, but I will ſell my dukedom,
To buy a foggy and a dirty farm
In that nook-ſhotten iſle of Albion *.

Con. Dieu de batailles! why, whence have they this mettle?
Is not their climate foggy, raw, and dull?
On whom, as in deſpight, the ſun looks pale,
Killing their fruit with frowns? can ſodden water,
A drench for ſur-reyn'd jades, their barley-broth,
Decoct their cold blood to ſuch valiant heat?
And ſhall our quick blood, ſpirited with wine,
Seem froſty? Oh, for honour of our land,
Let us not hang like frozen icicles
Upon our houſe-tops, while more froſty people
Sweat drops of gallant blood in our rich fields:
Poor (we may call them) in their native lords.

Dau. By faith and honour,
Our madams mock at us, and plainly ſay,
Our mettle is bred out: and they will give
Their bodies to the luſt of Engliſh youth,
To new-ſtore France with baſtard warriors.

Bour. They bid us to the Engliſh dancing-ſchools,

Cath. *Le foot, & le coun! O Seigneur Dieu! ces ſont des mots mauvais, corruptibles & impudiques, & non pour les dames d'honneur, d'uſer: je ne voudrois prononcer ces mots devant les Seigneurs de France, pour tout le monde! il faut le foot, & le coun, neant-moins. Je re-citeray une autrefois ma lecon enſemble; d'hand, de fingre, de nayles, d'arme, d'elbow, de neck, de ſin, de foot, de coun.*

Alice. *Excellent, Madame.*

Cath. *C'eſt aſſez pour une fois, allons nous en diſner.* [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *&c.*

* *Shotten* ſignifies any thing *projected:* ſo we ſay, a *ſhotten-herring*, for a herring that hath caſt its ſpawn. So *nock-ſhotten iſle*, is an iſle *that ſhoots out into capes*, promontories, and necks of land, *the very figure of Great Britain.*

And teach *lavolta's* high, and ſwift *curranto's*;
Saying, our grace is only in our heels;
And that we are moſt lofty run-aways.

Fr. King. Where is Mountjoy, the herald? ſpeed him hence;
Let him greet England with our ſharp defiance.
Up, princes, and with ſpirit of honour edg'd,
Yet ſharper than your ſwords, hie to the field!
Charles Delabreth, High Conſtable of France;
You, Dukes of Orleans, Bourbon, and of Berry,
Alanſon, Brabant, Bar, and Burgundy,
Jaques Chatillion, Rambures, Vaudemont,
Beaumont, Grandpree, Rouſſie, and Faulconbridge,
Loys, L'Eſtraile, Bouci quak, and Charaloys,
High Dukes, great Princes, Barons, Lords, and Knights;
For your great ſeats now quit you of great ſhames:
Bar Harry England, that ſweeps through our land
With pennons painted in the blood of Harfleur:
Ruſh on his hoſt, as doth the melted ſnow
Upon the vallies; whoſe low vaſſal ſeat
The Alps doth ſpit and void his rheum upon.
Go down upon him, (you have pow'r enough,)
And in a captive chariot into Rouen
Bring him our priſoner.

Con. This becomes the great.
Sorry am I his numbers are ſo few,
His ſoldiers ſick, and famiſh'd in their march:
For, I am ſure, when he ſhall ſee our army,
He'll drop his heart into the ſink of fear,
And for atchievement offer us his ranſom.

Fr. King. Therefore, Lord Conſtable, haſte on Mountjoy;
And let him ſay to England, that we ſend
To know what willing ranſom he will give.
Prince Dauphin, you ſhall ſtay with us in Rouen.

Dau. Not ſo, I do beſeech your Majeſty.

Fr. King. Be patient, for you ſhall remain with us.
Now forth, Lord Conſtable, and Princes all;
And quickly bring us word of England's fall. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE VII. *The Engliſh camp.*

Enter Gower and Fluellen.

Gow. How now, Captain Fluellen, come you from the bridge?

Flu. I aſſure you, there is very excellent ſervices committed at the pridge.

Gow. Is the Duke of Exeter ſafe?

Flu. The Duke of Exeter is as magnanimous as Agamemnon, and a man that I love and honour with my ſoul, and my heart, and my duty, and my life, and my living, and my uttermoſt power. He is not, God be praiſed and pleſſed, any hurt in the world; he is maintain the pridge moſt valiantly, with excellent diſcipline. There is an Ancient-lieutenant there at the pridge, I think, in my very conſcience, he is as valiant a man as Mark Antony, and he is a man of no eſtimation in the world, but I did ſee him do gallant ſervices.

Gow. What do you call him?

Flu. He is call'd *Ancient Piſtol.*

Gow. I know him not.

Enter Piſtol.

Flu. Here is the man.

Piſ. Captain, I thee beſeech to do me favours:
The Duke of Exeter doth love thee well.

Flu. I, I praiſe God, and I have merited ſome love at his hands.

Piſ. Bardolph, a ſoldier firm and ſound of heart,
And buxom valour, hath by cruel fate,
And giddy Fortune's furious fickle wheel,
That goddeſs blind that ſtands upon the rolling reſtleſs ſtone———

Flu. By your patience, Ancient Piſtol: Fortune is painted with a muffler before her eyes, to ſignify to you that Fortune is blind; and ſhe is painted alſo with a wheel, to ſignify to you, which is the moral of it, that ſhe is turning and inconſtant, and mutabilities and variations; and *her foot, look you,* is fixed upon a ſpherical *ſtone, which rolls,* and rolls, and rolls. In good

good truth, the poet makes a moſt excellent deſcription of it: Fortune is an excellent moral.

Piſt. Fortune is Bardolph's foe, and frowns on him; 'for he hath ſtol'n a *pax* *,' and hanged muſt a'be; damned death!

Let gallows gape for dog, let man go free,
And let not hemp his wind-pipe ſuffocate;
But Exeter hath given the doom of death,
For *pax* of little price. Therefore, go ſpeak,
The Duke will hear thy voice;
And let not Bardolph's vital thread be cut
With edge of penny-cord, and vile reproach.
Speak, Captain, for his life, and I will thee requite.

Flu. Ancient Piſtol, I do partly underſtand your meaning.

Piſt. Why then rejoice therefore.

Flu. Certainly, Ancient, it is not a thing to rejoice at; for if, look you, he were my prother, I would deſire the Duke to uſe his good pleaſure, and put him to executions; for diſciplines ought to be uſed.

Piſt. Die and be damn'd, and *figo* for thy friendſhip!

Flu. It is well.

Piſt. The fig of Spain——— [*Exit Piſt.*

Flu. Very good.

Gow. Why, this is an arrant counterfeit raſcal, I remember him now; a bawd, a cut-purſe.

Flu. I'll aſſure you, he utter'd as prave words at the pridge, as you ſhall ſee in a ſummer's day: but it is very well; what he has ſpoke to me, that is well, I warrant you, when time is ſerve.

Gow. Why, 'tis a gull, a fool, a rogue, that now and then goes to the wars, to grace himſelf at his return into *London*, under the form of a ſoldier. "Such fellows "are perfect in the great commanders' names, and they "will learn you by rote where ſervices were done; at "ſuch and ſuch a ſconce, at ſuch a breach, at ſuch a "convoy; who came off bravely, who was ſhot, who "diſgrac'd, what terms the enemy ſtood on: and this "they con perfectly in the phraſe of war, which they "trick

* This is conformable to hiſtory; a ſoldier (Hall tells us, Hen. V. *year* 3. *fol.* 14.) being hanged at this time for ſuch a theft. Mr. Pope.

" trick up with new-turned oaths: and what a beard of " the General's cut, and a horrid ſuit of the camp, will " do among foaming bottles and ale-waſh'd wits, is won- " derful to be thought on!" But you muſt learn to know ſuch ſlanders of the age, or elſe you may be marvellouſly miſtook.

Flu. I tell you what, Captain Gower, I do perceive he is not the man that he would gladly make ſhew to the world he is; if I find a hole in his coat, I will tell him my mind. Hear you, the King is coming, and I muſt ſpeak with him from the pridge.

SCENE VIII.

Drum and colours. Enter the King and his poor ſoldiers.

Flu. God pleſs your Majeſty.

K. Henry. How now, Fluellen, cam'ſt thou from the bridge?

Flu. I, ſo pleaſe your Majeſty. The Duke of Exeter has very gallantly maintain'd the pridge; the French is gone off, look you, and there is gallant and moſt prave paſſages; marry, th' athverſary was have poſſeſſion of the pridge, but he is enforced to retire, and the Duke of Exeter is maſter of the pridge. I can tell your Majeſty, the Duke is a prave man.

K. Henry. What men have you loſt, Fluellen?

Flu. The perdition of th' athverſary hath been very great, very reaſonable great; marry, for my part, I think, the Duke hath loſt never a man but one that is like to be executed for robbing a church; one Bardolph, if your Majeſty know the man. His face is all bubukles, and whelks, and knobs, and flames of fire; and his lips blows at his noſe, and it is like a coal of fire; ſometimes plue, and ſometimes red; but his noſe is executed, and his fire's out.

K. Henry. We would have ſuch offenders ſo cut off;
And give expreſs charge, that in all our march
There ſhall be nothing taken from the villages,
But ſhall be paid for; and no French upbraided,
Or yet abuſed in diſdainful language.
When lenity and cruelty play for kingdoms,
The gentler gameſter is the ſooneſt winner.

Tucket

Tucket ſounds. Enter Mountjoy.

Mount. You know me by my habit.
K. Henry. Well then, I know thee; what ſhall I know of thee?
Mount. My maſter's mind.
K. Henry. Unfold it.
Mount. Thus ſays my King: Say thou to Harry England,
Although we ſeemed dead, we did but ſleep:
Advantage is a better ſoldier than Raſhneſs.
Tell him, we could at Harfleur have rebuk'd him;
But that we thought not good to bruiſe an injury,
Till it were ripe. Now, ſpeak we on our cue,
With voice imperial: England ſhall repent
His folly, ſee his weakneſs, and admire
Our ſuff'rance. Bid him therefore to conſider,
What muſt the ranſom be, which muſt proportion
The loſſes we have borne, the ſubjects we
Have loſt, and the diſgrace we have digeſted;
To anſwer which his pettineſs would bow under.
Firſt, for our loſs, too poor is his exchequer;
For the effuſion of our blood, his army
Too faint a number, and for our diſgrace,
Ev'n his own perſon kneeling at our feet,
A weak and worthleſs ſatisfaction.
To this, defiance add: and for concluſion,
Tell him, he hath betray'd his followers,
Whoſe condemnation is pronounc'd. So far
My King and maſter; and ſo much my office.
K. Henry. What is thy name? I know thy quality.
Mount. Mountjoy.
K. Henry. Thou doſt thy office fairly. Turn thee back,
And tell thy King, I do not ſeek him now;
But could be willing to march on to Calais
Without impeachment; for to ſay the ſooth,
(Though 'tis no wiſdom to confeſs ſo much
Unto an enemy of craft and vantage,)
My people are with ſickneſs much enfeebled,
My numbers leſten'd; and thoſe few I have,
Almoſt no better than ſo many French;

Who, when they were in health, I tell thee, herald,
I thought, upon one pair of Engliſh legs,
Did march three Frenchmen. Yet forgive me, God,
That I do brag thus: this your air of France
Hath blown that vice in me; I muſt repent."
Go, therefore, tell thy maſter, here I am;
My ranſom is this frail and worthleſs trunk;
My army but a weak and ſickly guard:
Yet, God before, tell him we will come on,
Though France himſelf, and ſuch another neighbour,
Stand in our way. There's for thy labour, Mountjoy.
Go, bid thy maſter well adviſe himſelf:
If we may paſs, we will; if we be hinder'd,
* We ſhall your tawny ground with your red blood
Diſcolour; and ſo, Mountjoy, fare you well.
The ſum of all our anſwer is but this:
We would not ſeek a battle as we are;
Yet, as we are, we ſay we will not ſhun it:
So tell your maſter.

Mount. I ſhall deliver ſo: thanks to your Highneſs. [*Exit.*

Glou. I hope they will not come upon us now.

K. Henry. We are in God's hand, brother, not in theirs:
March to the bridge; it now draws toward night;
Beyond the river we'll incamp ourſelves;
And on-to-morrow bid them march away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX †.

The French camp near Agincourt.

Enter the Conſtable of France, the Lord Rambures, Orleans, Dauphin, with others.

Con. Tut, I have the beſt armour of the world,
Would it were day!

Orl. You have an excellent armour; but let my horſe have his due.

Con.

* Hall's chronicle, *fol.* 14. *Henry* V. *year* 2.

† This ſcene is ſhorter, and I think better, in the firſt editions of 1600 and 1608. But as the enlargements appear to be the author's own, I would not omit them; but have, for the reader's curioſity, marked them with ſmall commas. Mr. Pope.

Con. 'It is the beſt horſe of Europe.'

Orl. 'Will it never be morning?'

Dau. 'My Lord of Orleans, and my Lord High 'Conſtable, you talk of horſe and armour,'——

Orl. 'You are as well provided of both, as any 'prince in the world.'

Dau. 'What a long night is this! I will not change 'my horſe with any that treads but on four paſterns: '*ça, ha! le cheval volant*, the *Pegaſus*, *qui a les narines* '*de feu!* he bounds from the earth, as if his intrails 'were hairs; when I beſtride him, I ſoar, I am a 'hawk; he trots the air, the earth ſings when he 'touches it; the baſeſt horn of his hoof is more muſical 'than the pipe of Hermes.'

Orl. He's of the colour of the nutmeg.

Dau. And of the heat of the ginger. It is a beaſt for Perſeus: he is pure air and fire; and the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him, 'but only in 'patient ſtillneſs while his rider mounts him: he is, in- 'deed, a horſe; and all other beaſts you may call jades.'

Con. 'Indeed, my Lord, it is a moſt abſolute and ex- 'cellent horſe.'

Dau. 'It is the prince of palfreys; his neigh is like 'the bidding of a monarch, and his countenance in- 'forces homage.'

Orl. 'No more, couſin.'

Dan. 'Nay, the man hath no wit, that cannot, from 'the riſing of the lark to the lodging of the lamb, vary 'deſerved praiſe on my palfrey; it is a theme as fluent 'as the ſea: turn the ſands into eloquent tongues, and 'my horſe is argument for them all; 'tis a ſubject for a 'ſovereign to reaſon on, and for a ſovereign's ſove- 'reign to ride on; and for the world, familiar to us 'and unknown, to lay apart their particular functions, 'and wonder at him. I once writ a ſonnet in his praiſe, 'and began thus, *Wonder of nature* *'——

Orl. 'I have heard a ſonnet begin ſo to one's miſtreſs.'

Dan. 'Then did they imitate that which I compoſ'd 'to my courſer; for my horſe is my miſtreſs.'

Orl. 'Your miſtreſs bears well.'

Dau.

† Here I ſuppoſe, ſome fooliſh poem of our author's time is ridiculed; which indeed partly appears from the anſwer. Mr. Warburton

Dau. 'Me, well;——which is the preſcript praiſe 'and perfection of a good and particular miſtreſs.'

Con. 'Methought, yeſterday your miſtreſs ſhrewdly 'ſhook your back.'

Dau. 'So, perhaps, did yours.'

Con. 'Mine was not bridled.'

Dau. 'O then, belike, ſhe was old and gentle; and 'you rode like a Kern of Ireland, your French hoſe off, 'and in your ſtrait trouſſers.'

Con. 'You have good judgment in horſemanſhip.'

Dau. 'Be warn'd by me then; they that ride ſo, 'and ride not warily, fall into foul bogs. I had rather 'have my horſe to my miſtreſs.'

Con. 'I had as lief have my miſtreſs a jade.'

Dau. 'I tell thee, Conſtable, my miſtreſs wears her 'own hair.'

Con. 'I could make as true a boaſt as that, if I had 'a ſow to my miſtreſs.'

Dau. '*Le chien eſt retourné à ſon propre vomiſſement*, '*& la truie lavée au bourbier*; thou mak'ſt uſe of any 'thing.'

Con. 'Yet do I not uſe my horſe for my miſtreſs; or 'any ſuch proverb, ſo little kin to the purpoſe.'

Ram. 'My Lord Conſtable, the armour that I ſaw in 'your tent to-night, are thoſe ſtars, or ſuns upon it?'

Con. 'Stars, my Lord.'

Dau. 'Some of them will fall to-morrow, I hope.

Con. 'And yet my ſky ſhall not want.'

Dau. 'That may be, for you bear many ſuperflu-'ouſly; and 'twere more honour ſome were away.'

Con. 'Ev'n as your horſe bears your praiſes, who 'would trot as well were ſome of your brags diſmount-'ed.'

Dau. 'Would I were able to load him with his de-'ſert.' Will it never be day? I will trot to-morrow a mile, and my way ſhall be paved with Engliſh faces.

Con. I will not ſay ſo, for fear I ſhou'd be fac'd out of my way; but I would it were morning, for I would fain be about the ears of the Engliſh.

Ram. Who will go to hazard with me for twenty Engliſh priſoners?

Con. You muſt firſt go yourſelf to hazard ere you have them.

Dau. 'Tis midnight, I'll go arm myſelf. [*Exit.*

Orl. The Dauphin longs for morning.

Ram. He longs to eat the Engliſh.

Con. I think he will eat all he kills.

Orl. 'By the white hand of my Lady, he's a gallant 'prince.'

Con. 'Swear by her foot, that ſhe may tread out the 'oath.'

Orl. He is ſimply the moſt active gentleman of France.

Con. Doing is activity, and he will ſtill be doing.

Orl. He never did harm that I heard of.

Con. Nor will do none to-morrow: he will keep that good name ſtill.

Orl. I know him to be valiant.

Con. I was told that by one that knows him better than you.

Orl. What's he?

Con. Marry, he told me ſo himſelf, and he ſaid he car'd not who knew it *.

SCENE X. *Enter a Meſſenger.*

Meſſ. My Lord High Conſtable, the Engliſh lie within fifteen hundred paces of your tents.

Con. Who hath meaſur'd the ground?

Meſſ. The Lord Grandpree.

Con. A valiant and moſt expert gentleman. Would it were day! Alas, poor Harry of England! he longs not for the dawning as we do.

Orl.

*——— who knew it.

Orl. 'He needs not, it is no hidden virtue in him.'

Con. 'By my faith, Sir, but it is; never any body ſaw it, but his 'lacquey; 'tis a hooded valour, and when it appears, it will bate.'

Orl. Ill-will never ſaid well.

Con. I will cap that proverb with, *There is flattery in friendſhip.*

Orl. And I will take up that with, *Give the devil his due.*

Con. Well plac'd; there ſtands your friend for the devil; have at the very eye of that proverb with, *A pox on the devil.*

Orl. You are the better at proverbs, by how much *a fool's bolt is ſoon ſhot.*

Con. You have ſhot over.

Orl. 'Tis not the firſt time you were over-ſhot.

SCENE, &c.

Orl. What a wretched and peeviſh fellow is this King of England, to mope with his fat-brain'd followers ſo far out of his knowledge?

Con. If the Engliſh had any apprehenſion, they would run away.

Orl. That they lack; for if their heads had any intellectual armour, they could never wear ſuch heavy head-pieces.

Ram. That iſland of England breeds very valiant creatures; their maſtiffs are of unmatchable courage.

Orl. "Fooliſh curs, that run winking into the mouth "of a Ruſſian bear, and have their heads cruſh'd like "rotten apples." You may as well ſay, that's a valiant flea that dares eat his breakfaſt on the lip of a lion.

Con. "Juſt, juſt; and the men do ſympathize with "the maſtiffs in robuſtious and rough coming on, leaving their wits with their wives; and then give them "great meals of beef, and iron and ſteel, they will "eat like wolves, and fight like devils."

Orl. Ay; but theſe Engliſh are ſhrewdly out of beef.

Con. Then ſhall we find to-morrow, they have only ſtomachs to eat, and none to fight. Now is it time to arm; come, ſhall we about it?

Orl. 'Tis two o'clock; but (let me ſee) by ten,
We ſhall have each a hundred Engliſhmen. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Agincourt.

Enter Chorus.

Chorus. NOW entertain conjecture of a time,
When creeping murmur, and the poring dark,
Fills the wide veſſel of the univerſe†,
"From camp to camp, through the foul womb of night,
"The hum of either army ſtilly ſounds,
"That the fix'd centinels almoſt receive
"The ſecret whiſpers of each other's watch.
"Fire anſwers fire; and through their paly flames
"Each battle ſees the other's umber'd ‡ face.

† *Univerſe*, for *horizon*.

‡ *Umber'd* or *umbred*, is a term in blazonry, and ſignifies ſhadowed.

" Steed threatens ſteed, in high and boaſtful neighs
" Piercing the night's dull ear; and from the tents,
" The armourers accompliſhing the knights,
" With buſy hammers cloſing rivets up,
" Give dreadful note of preparation.
" The country-cocks do crow, the clocks do toll:
" And, (the third hour of drowſy morning nam'd,")
Proud of their numbers and ſecure in ſoul,
The confident and over-luſty French
Do the low-rated Engliſh play at dice *;
And chide the cripple tardy-gaited Night,
Who, like a foul and ugly witch, does limp
So tediouſly away. " The poor condemned Engliſh,
" Like ſacrifices, by their watchful fires
" Sit patiently, and inly ruminate
" The morning's danger: and their geſture ſad,
" Inveſt in lank-lean cheeks and war-worn coats,
" Preſenteth them unto the gazing moon
" So many horrid ghoſts. Who now beholds
" the Royal Captain of this ruin'd band
" Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent,
" Let him cry, Praiſe and glory on his head!"
For forth he goes, and viſits all his hoſt,
Bids them good morrow with a modeſt ſmile,
And calls them brothers, friends, and countrymen.
Upon his royal face there is no note,
How dread an army hath inrounded him;
Nor doth he dedicate one jot of colour
Unto the weary and all-watched night:
But freſhly looks and over-bears attaint,
With chearful ſemblance and ſweet majeſty;
That ev'ry wretch, pining and pale before,
Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks.
A largeſs univerſal, like the ſun,
His lib'ral eye doth give to ev'ry one,
Thawing cold fear. Then, mean and gentle, all
Behold (as may unworthineſs define)
A little touch of Harry in the night,
And ſo our ſcene muſt to the battle fly:
Where, O for pity! we ſhall much diſgrace,
With four or five moſt vile and ragged foils,

* *i. e.* Do play them away at dice.

ight ill diſpos'd, in brawl ridiculous,)
ne name of Agincourt. Yet ſit and ſee,
inding true things by what their mock'ries be. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *The Engliſh camp at Agincourt.*

Enter King Henry, Bedford, and Glouceſter.

K. Henry. Glou'ſter, 'tis true that we are in great danger;
The greater therefore ſhould our courage be.
Good morrow, brother Bedford: God Almighty!
"There is ſome ſoul * of goodneſs in things evil,
"Would men obſervingly diſtil it out."
For our bad neighbour makes us early ſtirrers;
Which is both healthful, and good huſbandry.
Beſides, they are our outward conſciences,
And preachers to us all; admoniſhing,
That we ſhould 'dreſs † us fairly for our end.
Thus may we gather honey from the weed,
And make a moral of the devil himſelf.

Enter Erpingham.

Good morrow, old Sir Thomas Erpingham:
A good ſoft pillow for that good white head
Were better than a churliſh turf of France.
Erping. Not ſo, my Liege; this lodging likes me better;
Since I may ſay, Now lie I like a King.
K. Henry. 'Tis good for men to love their preſent pain
Upon example; ſo the ſpirit is eaſed:
And when the mind is quicken'd, out of doubt,
The organs, though defunct and dead before,
Break up their drowſy grave, and newly move
With caſted ſlough and freſh celerity.
Lend me thy cloak, Sir Thomas: brothers both,
Commend me to the princes in our camp.
Do my good morrow to them, and anon
Deſire them all to my pavilion.
Glou. We ſhall, my Liege.
Erping. Shall I attend your Grace?
K. Henry. No, my good Knight;

* *Soul, for ſpirit.*
† *i. e. Addreſs.*

Go with my brothers to my Lords of England.
I and my boſom muſt debate a while,
And then I would no other company.

Erping. The Lord in heaven bleſs thee, noble Harry!
[*Exeunt.*

K. Henry. God-a-mercy, old heart, thou ſpeak'ſt chearfully.

SCENE III. *Enter Piſtol.*

Piſt. Qui va là?

K. Henry. A friend.

Piſt. Diſcuſs unto me, art thou officer,
Or art thou baſe, common, and popular?

K. Henry. I am a gentleman of a company.

Piſt. Trail'ſt thou the puiſſant pike?

K. Henry. Even ſo. What are you?

Piſt. As good a gentleman as the Emperor.

K. Henry. Then you are a better than the King.

Piſt. The King's a bawcock, and a heart of gold,
A lad of life, an imp of fame,
Of parents good, of fiſt moſt valiant.
I kiſs his dirty ſhoe, and from my heart-ſtring
I love the lovely bully. What's thy name?

K. Henry. Harry le Roy.

Piſt. Le Roy! a Corniſh name; art thou of Corniſh crew?

K. Henry. No; I am a Welchman.

Piſt. Know'ſt thou Fluellen?

K. Henry. Yes.

Piſt. Tell him I'll knock his leek about his pate
Upon St. David's day.

K. Henry. Do not you wear your dagger in your cap that day, leſt he knock that about yours.

Piſt. Art thou his friend?

K. Henry. And his kinſman too.

Piſt. The *Figo* for thee then!——

K. Henry. I thank you. God be with you.

Piſt. My name is *Piſtol* call'd. [*Exit.*

K. Henry. It ſorts well with your fierceneſs.

[*Manent K. Henry,*

Exe

Enter Fluellen, and Gower, ſeverally.

Gow. Captain Fluellen.——

Flu. So; in the name of Cheſhu Chriſt, ſpeak fewer. It is the greateſt admiration in the univerſal world, when the true and auntient prerogatifes and laws of the wars is not kept. If you would take the pains but to examine the wars of Pompey the Great, you ſhall find, I warrant you, that there is no tiddle taddle, nor pibble pabble, in Pompey's camp. I warrant you, you ſhall find the ceremonies of the wars, and the cares of it, and the forms of it, and the ſobrieties of it, and the modeſty of it, to be otherwiſe.

Gow. Why, the enemy is loud, you hear him all night.

Flu. If the enemy is an aſs and a fool, and a prating coxcomb, is it meet, think you, that we ſhould alſo, look you, be an aſs and a fool, and a prating coxcomb, in your own confcience now?

Gow. I will ſpeak lower.

Flu. I pray you, and beſeech you, that you will.

[*Exeunt.*

K. Henry. Though it appear a little out of faſhion, There is much care and valour in this Welchman.

SCENE IV.

Enter three ſoldiers, John Bates, Alexander Court, and Michael Williams.

Court. Brother John Bates, is not that the morning which breaks yonder?

Bates. I think it be; but we have no great cauſe to deſire the approach of day.

Will. We ſee yonder the beginning of the day; but I think we ſhall never ſee the end of it. Who goes there?

K. Henry. A friend.

Will. Under what captain ſerve you?

K. Henry. Under Sir Thomas Erpingham,

Will. A *good old commander*, and a moſt kind gentleman. I pray you, what thinks he of our eſtate?

K. Henry.

K. Henry. Even as men wreck'd upon a ſand, that look to be waſh'd off the next tide.

Bates. He hath not told his thought to the King?

K. Henry. No; nor is it meet he ſhould: for though I ſpeak it to you, I think the King is but a man as I am. "The violet ſmells to him as it doth to me; the element "ſhews to him as it doth to me; all his ſenſes have but "human conditions. His ceremonies laid by, in his na-"kedneſs he appears but a man; and tho' his affections "are higher mounted than ours, yet when they ſtoop, "they ſtoop with the like wing: therefore, when he ſees "reaſon of fears as we do, his fears, out of doubt, be of "the ſame reliſh as ours are:" yet in reaſon no man ſhould poſſeſs him with any appearance of fear, leſt he, by ſhewing it, would diſhearten his army.

Bates. "He may ſhew what outward courage he will: "but I believe, as cold a night as 'tis, he could wiſh "himſelf in the Thames up to the neck, and ſo I would "he were, and I by him at all adventures, ſo we were "quit here."

K. Henry. By my troth, I will ſpeak my conſcience of the King. I think he would not wiſh himſelf any where but where he is.

Bates. Then would he were here alone; ſo ſhould he be ſure to be ranſomed, and many poor mens' lives ſaved.

K. Henry. I dare ſay, you love him not ſo ill to wiſh him here alone, howſoever you ſpeak this to feel other mens' minds. Methinks I could not die any where ſo contented as in the King's company, his cauſe being juſt, and his quarrel honourable.

Will. That's more than we know.

Bates. Ay, or more than we ſhou'd ſeek after; for we know enough, if we know we are the King's ſubjects: if his cauſe be wrong, our obedience to the King wipes the crime of it out of us.

Will. But if the cauſe be not good, the King himſelf hath a heavy reckoning to make; when all thoſe legs, and arms, and heads, chopp'd off in a battle, ſhall join together at the latter day, and cry all, *We dy'd at ſuch a place;* "ſome ſwearing; ſome, crying for a ſur-"geon; ſome, upon their wives left poor behind them;

"ſome,

; upon the debts they owe; ſome, upon their
lren rawly left." I am afeard there are few die
hat die in battle; for how can they charitably
of any thing, when blood is their argument?
if theſe men do not die well, it will be a black
for the King that led them to it, whom to diſo-
re againſt all proportion of ſubjection.

Henry. "So, if a ſon that is ſent by his father a-
merchandize, do fall into ſome lewd action and
arry, the imputation of his wickedneſs, by your
ſhould be impoſed upon his father that ſent
or if a ſervant, under his maſter's command,
porting a ſum of money, be aſſail'd by robbers,
lie in many irreconcil'd iniquities, you may call
ıuſineſs of the maſter the author of the ſervant's
ıation. But this is not ſo: the King is not bound
ıſwer the particular endings of his ſoldiers, the fa-
of his ſon, nor the maſter of his ſervant; for
purpoſe not their death, when they purpoſe their
:es. Beſides, there is no King, be his cauſe ne-
› ſpotleſs, if it come to the arbitrement of ſwords,
ry it out with all unſpotted ſoldiers. Some, per-
ıture, have on them the guilt of premeditated
contrived murder; ſome, of beguiling virgins
the broken ſeals of perjury; ſome, making the
their bulwark, that have before gored the gentle
n of peace with pillage and robbery. Now, if
men have defeated the law, and outrun native †
hment; though they can outſtrip men, they
no wings to fly from God. War is his beadle,
s his vengeance: ſo that here men are puniſhed,
efore breach of the King's laws, in the King's
el now. Where they feared the death, they
borne life away; and where they would be
they periſh. Then if they die unprovided, no
is the King guilty of their damnation, than he
before guilty of thoſe impieties for which they
ow viſited. Every ſubject's duty is the King's,
very ſubject's ſoul is his own. Therefore ſhould
ſoldier in the wars do as every ſick man in his
waſh *every moth* out of his conſcience: and
" dying

† Civil.

" dying ſo, death is to him an advantage; or not dying, " the time was bleſſedly loſt, wherein ſuch preparation " was gained: and, in him that eſcapes, it were not ſin " to think, that making God ſo free an offer, he let him " outlive that day to ſee his greatneſs, and to teach " others how they ſhould prepare.

Will. 'Tis certain, every man that dies ill, the ill is upon his own head; the King is not to anſwer for it.

Bates. I do not deſire he ſhould anſwer for me, and yet I determine to fight luſtily for him.

K. Henry. I myſelf heard the King ſay, he would not be ranſom'd.

Will. Ay, he ſaid ſo, to make us fight chearfully; but when our throats are cut, he may be ranſom'd, and we ne'er the wiſer.

K. Henry. If I live to ſee it, I will never truſt his word after.

Will. You pay him then; that's a perilous ſhot out of an elder-gun, that a poor and private diſpleaſure can do againſt a monarch! you may as well go about to turn the ſun to ice, with fanning in his face with a peacock's feather. You'll never truſt his word after! Come, 'tis a fooliſh ſaying.

K. Henry. Your reproof is ſomething too round. I ſhould be angry with you, if the time were convenient.

Will. Let it be a quarrel between us, if you live.

K. Henry. I embrace it.

Will. How ſhall I know thee again?

K. Henry. Give me any gage of thine, and I will wear it in my bonnet: then if ever thou dar'ſt acknowledge it, I will make it my quarrel.

Will. Here's my glove; give me another of thine.

K. Henry. There.

Will. This will I alſo wear in my cap; if ever thou come to me and ſay, after to-morrow, This is my glove; by this hand, I will give thee a box on the ear.

K. Henry. If ever I live to ſee it, I will challenge it.

Will. Thou dar'ſt as well be hang'd.

K. Henry. Well, I will do it, though I take thee in the King's company.

Will. Keep thy word: fare thee well.

Bates. Be friends, you Engliſh fools, be friends; we have

have French quarrels enow, if you could tell how to reckon. [*Exeunt ſoldiers.*

SCENE V. *Manent King Henry**.

K. Henry. Upon the King! let us our lives, our ſouls,
Our debts, our careful wives, our children and
Our ſins, lay on the King; he muſt bear all.
O hard condition, and twin-born with greatneſs,
Subject to breath of ev'ry fool, whoſe ſenſe
No more can feel but his own wringing.
What infinite heart-eaſe muſt Kings neglect,
That private men enjoy; and what have Kings,
That private have not too, ſave ceremony?
Save gen'ral ceremony?——
'And what art thou, thou idol Ceremony?
'What kind of god art thou, that ſuffer'ſt more
'Of mortal griefs, than do thy worſhippers?
'What are thy rents? what are thy comings-in?
'O Ceremony, ſhew me but thy worth:
'What is thy toll, O Adoration?
'Art thou aught elſe but peace, degree, and form,
'Creating awe and fear in other men?
'Wherein thou art leſs happy, being fear'd,
'Than they in fearing.
'What drink'ſt thou oft, inſtead of homage ſweet,
'But poiſon'd flattery? O be ſick, great Greatneſs,
'And bid thy Ceremony give thee cure.
'Think'ſt thou, the fiery fever will go out
'With titles blown from adulation?
'Will it give place to flexure and low bending?
'Can'ſt thou, when thou command'ſt the beggar's knee,
'Command the health of it?' No, thou proud dream,
That play'ſt ſo ſubtly with a King's repoſe.
I am a King, that find thee; and I know,
'Tis not the balm, the ſceptre, and the ball,
'The ſword, the mace, the crown imperial,
'The enter-tiſſued robe of gold and pearl,

'The

* ——*King* Henry.

K. Henry. Indeed, the French may lay twenty French crowns to one, they will beat us; for they bear them on their ſhoulders: but it is no *Engliſh treaſon to* cut French crowns, and to-morrow *the King himſelf will be* a clipper.

Upon *the King!* &c.

" dying so, death [illegible] the K[illegible]
" the time was [illegible] tide of pomp
" was gained: and [illegible] more of this world;
" to think, that [illegible] gorgeous ceremonies,
" outlive that [illegible] ed majestical,
" others how [illegible] as the wretched slave;
Will. 'Tis [illegible] fill'd, and vacant mind,
on his own [illegible], cramm'd with distressful bread;
Bates. [illegible] horrid night, the child of hell;
yet I [illegible] lacquey, from the rise to set,
K. [illegible] the eye of Phœbus; and all night
be [illegible] Elysium; next day, after dawn,
[illegible] rise, and help Hyperion to his horse;
wh[illegible] follows so the ever-running year
a[illegible] with profitable labour to his grave:
And (but for ceremony) such a wretch,
Winding up days with toil, and nights with sleep,
Hath the fore-hand and 'vantage of a King."
The slave, a member of the country's peace;
Enjoys it; but in gross brain little wots,
What watch the King keeps to maintain the peace;
Whose hours the peasant best advantages.

SCENE VI. *Enter Erpingham.*

Erp. My Lord, your Nobles, jealous of your absence,
Seek through your camp to find you.
K. Henry. Good old Knight,
Collect them altogether at my tent:
I'll be before thee.
Erp. I shall do't, my Lord. [*Exit.*
K. Henry. O God of battles! steel my soldiers' hearts;
Possess them not with fear; take from them now
The sense of reck'ning: lest th' opposed numbers
Pluck their hearts from them.——Not to-day, O Lord
O not to-day, think not upon the fault
My father made in compassing the crown.
I Richard's body have interred new,
And on it have bestow'd more contrite tears,
Than from it issu'd forced drops of blood.
Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay,
Who twice a-day their wither'd hands hold up

Tow'rd heav'n to pardon blood; and I have built
Two chauntries, where the ſad and ſolemn prieſts
Sing ſtill for Richard's ſoul. More will I do;
Though all that I can do, is nothing worth,
Since that my penitence comes after call,
Imploring pardon.

Enter Glouceſter.

Glon. My Liege.

K. Henry. My brother Glo'ſter's voice?
I know thy errand, I will go with thee:
The day, my friends, and all things ſtay for me.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *Changes to the French camp.*

Enter the Dauphin, Orleans, Rambures, and Beaumont.

Orl. The ſun doth gild our armour; up, my Lords*.

Con. To horſe! you gallant Princes, ſtrait to horſe!
Do but behold yon poor and ſtarved band,
And your fair ſhew ſhall ſuck away their ſouls;
Leaving them but the ſhales and huſks of men.
There is not work enough for all our hands,
Scarce blood enough in all their ſickly veins
To give each naked curtle-ax a ſtain;

* ——— up, my Lords.
Dau. Montez Cheval: my horſe, *valet, laquay:* ha!
Orl. O brave ſpirit!
Dau. Via! ——— *les eaux & la terre.* ———
Orl. Rien puis! l' air & le feu. ———
Dau. Ciel! Couſin Orleans. ———

Enter Conſtable.

Now, my Lord Conſtable!

Con. Hark, how our ſteeds for preſent ſervice neigh.

Dau. Mount them, and make inciſion in their hides,
That their hot blood may ſpin in Engliſh eyes,
And daunt them with ſuperfluous courage: ha!

Ram. What, will you have them weep our horſes' blood?
How ſhall we then behold their natural tears?

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. The Engliſh are embattl'd, you French Peers.

Con. To horſe, &c.

That our French gallants ſhall to-day draw out,
And ſheath for lack of ſport. Let's but blow on them,
The vapour of our valour will o'erturn them.
'Tis poſitive 'gainſt all exception, Lords,
That our ſuperfluous lacqueys and our peaſants,
Who in unneceſſary action ſwarm
About our ſquares of battle, were enow
To purge this field of ſuch a hilding foe;
Though we, upon this mountain's baſis by,
Took ſtand for idle ſpeculation:
But that our honours muſt not. What's to ſay?
A very little, little, let us do;
And all is done. Then let the trumpets ſound
The tucket-ſonuance, and the note to mount:
For our approach ſhall ſo much dare the field,
That England ſhall couch down in fear, and yield.

Enter Grandpree.

Grand. Why do you ſtay ſo long, my Lords of France?
'Yon iſland-carrions, deſp'rate of their bones,
'Ill favour'dly become the morning-field:
'Their ragged curtains poorly are let looſe,
'And our air ſhakes them paſſing ſcornfully.
'Big Mars ſeems bankrupt in their beggar'd hoſt,
'And faintly through a ruſty beaver peeps.
'The horſemen ſit like fixed candleſticks,
'With torch-ſtaves in their hand; and their poor jades
'Lob down their heads, dropping the hide and hips:'
The gum down roping from their pale dead eyes;
"And in their pale dull mouths the jymold bitt
"Lies foul with chaw'd graſs, ſtill and motionleſs:"
And their executors, the knaviſh crows,
Fly o'er them, all impatient for their hour.
Deſcription cannot ſuit itſelf in words,
To demonſtrate the life of ſuch a battle,
In life ſo lifeleſs as it ſhews itſelf.

Con. They've ſaid their prayers, and they ſtay for death.

Dau. Shall we go ſend them dinners and freſh ſuits,
And give their faſting horſes provender,
And, after, fight with them?

Con. I ſtay but for my guard: on, to the field:

ill the banner from a trumpet take,
d uſe it for my haſte. Come, come, away!
e ſun is high, and we outwear the day. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII. *The Engliſh camp.*

er Glouceſter, Bedford, Exeter, Erpingham, with all the hoſt; Saliſbury, and Weſtmoreland.

Glou. Where is the King?
Bed. The King himſelf is rode to view their battle.
Weſt. Of fighting men they have full threeſcore thouſand.
Exe. There's five to one; beſides, they all are freſh.
Sal. God's arm ſtrike with us, 'tis a fearful odds!
d be wi' you, Princes all; I'll to my charge.
ve no more meet till we meet in heav'n,
en joyfully, my Noble Lord of Bedford,
dear Lord Glo'ſter, and my good Lord Exeter,
d my kind kinſman, warriors all, adieu!
Bed. Farewell, good Saliſbury, and good luck go with thee!
Exe. [*to Sal.*] Farewell, kind Lord; fight valiantly
d yet I do thee wrong to mind thee of it, [to day:
r thou art fram'd of the firm truth of valour.
[*Exit Sal.*
Bed. He is as full of valour as of kindneſs;
ncely in both.

Enter King Henry.

Weſt. O that we now had here
t one ten thouſand of thoſe men in England,
at do no work to-day!
K. *Henry.* What's he that wiſhes ſo?
couſin Weſtmoreland? No, my fair couſin,
we are mark'd to die, we are enow
do our country loſs; and if to live,
e fewer men, the greater ſhare of honour.
d's will! I pray thee wiſh not one man more.
Jove, I am not covetous of gold;
r care I who doth feed upon my coſt;
yerns me not if men my garments wear;
h outward things dwell not in my deſires:

But if it be a ſin to covet honour,
I am the moſt offending ſoul alive.
No, 'faith, my Lord, wiſh not a man from England:
God's peace, I would not loſe ſo great an honour,
As one man more, methinks, would ſhare from me,
For the beſt hopes I have. Don't wiſh one more:
Rather proclaim it (Weſtmoreland) through my hoſt,
That he which hath no ſtomach to this fight,
Let him depart; his paſſport ſhall be made,
And crowns for convoy put into his purſe:
We would not die in that man's company,
That fears his fellowſhip to die with us.
This day is call'd the feaſt of Criſpian:
He that outlives this day, and comes ſafe home,
Will ſtand a tip-toe when this day is nam'd,
And rouſe him at the name of Criſpian:
" He that outlives this day, and ſees old age,
" Will yearly on the vigil feaſt his neighbours,
" And ſay, To-morrow is Saint Criſpian:
" Then will he ſtrip his ſleeve, and ſhew his ſcars.
" Old men forget; yet ſhall not all forget,
" But they'll remember, with advantages,
" What feats they did that day. Then ſhall our names,
" Familiar to their mouth as houſehold-words,
" Harry the King, Bedford, and Exeter,
" Warwick and Talbot, Saliſbury and Glo'ſter,
" Be in their flowing cups freſhly remember'd."
This ſtory ſhall the good man teach his ſon:
And Criſpin Criſpian ſhall ne'er go by,
From this day to the ending of the world,
But we in it ſhall be remembered;
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers:
For he to-day that ſheds his blood with me,
Shall be my brother; be he ne'er ſo vile,
This day ſhall gentle his condition.
And gentlemen in England, now a-bed,
Shall think themſelves accurs'd they were not here;
And hold their manhoods cheap, while any ſpeaks,
That fought with us upon St. Criſpians day.

Enter Saliſbury.

Sal. My Sov'reign Lord, beſtow yourſelf with ſpeed!

The

The French are bravely in their battles ſet,
And will with all expedience charge on us.

K. Henry. All things are ready, if our minds be ſo.

Weſt. Periſh the man whoſe mind is backward now!

K. Henry. Thou doſt not wiſh more help from England, couſin?

Weſt. God's will, my Liege, would you and I alone
Without more help could fight this royal battle!

K. Henry. Why, now thou haſt unwiſh'd five thouſand men:
Which likes me better than to wiſh us one.
You know your places: God be with you all!

SCENE IX. *A tucket ſounds. Enter Mountjoy.*

Mount. Once more I come to know of thee, King Harry,
If for thy ranſom thou wilt now compound,
Before thy moſt aſſured overthrow:
For certainly thou art ſo near the gulph,
Thou needs muſt be inglutted. Thus, in mercy,
The Conſtable deſires thee, thou wilt mind
Thy followers of repentance; that their ſouls
May make a peaceful and a ſweet retire
From off theſe fields; where, wretches, their poor bodies
Muſt lie and feſter.

K. Henry. Who hath ſent thee now?

Mount. The Conſtable of France.

K. Henry. I pray thee, bear my former anſwer back.
Bid them atchieve me, and then ſell my bones.
Good God! why ſhould they mock poor fellows thus?
The man that once did ſell the lion's ſkin
While the beaſt liv'd, was kill'd with hunting him.
And many of our bodies ſhall, no doubt,
Find native graves; upon the which, I truſt,
Shall witneſs live in braſs of this day's work:
And thoſe that leave their valiant bones in France,
Dying like men, though buried in your dunghills,
They ſhall be fam'd; for there the ſun ſhall greet them,
And draw their honours reeking up to heav'n;
Leaving their earthly parts to choke your clime,
The ſmell whereof ſhall breed a plague in France *.

* ——— a plague in France.
Mark then a bounding valour in our Engliſh;

This

Let me ſpeak proudly; tell the Conſtable,
We are but warriors for the working day.
Our gayneſs, and our gilt, are all be-ſmirch'd
With rainy marching in the painful field.
There's not a piece of feather in our hoſt;
(Good argument, I hope, we will not fly:)
And time hath worn us into ſlovenry.
But, by the maſs, our hearts are in the trim:
And my poor ſoldiers tell me, yet ere night
They'll be in freſher robes; for they will pluck
The gay new coats o'er the French ſoldiers' heads,
And turn them out of ſervice. If they do,
(As, if God pleaſe, they ſhall,) my ranſom then
Will ſoon be levy'd. Herald, ſave thy labour:
Come thou no more for ranſom, gentle herald:
They ſhall have none, I ſwear, but theſe my joints;
Which if they have as I will leave 'em them,
Shall yield them little; tell the Conſtable.

Mount. I ſhall, King Harry: and ſo fare thee well:
Thou never ſhalt hear herald any more. [*Exit.*

K. Henry. I fear thou'lt once more come again for ranſom.

Enter York.

York. My Lord, moſt humbly on my knee I beg
The leading of the vaward.

K. Henry. Take it, brave York; now, ſoldiers, march away.
And how thou pleaſeſt, God, diſpoſe the day!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE X. *The field of battle.*

Alarm, Excurſions. Enter Piſtol, French ſoldier, and Boy.

Piſt. Yield, cur.

Fr. Sol. Je penſe, que vous eſtes le gentilhomme de bonne qualité.

Piſt.

That being dead, like to the bullet's grazing,
Breaks out into a ſecond courſe of miſchief,
Killing in relapſe of mortality.
Let me ſpeak proudly, &c.

Piſt. Quality, cality—conſture me, art thou a gentleman? what is thy name? diſcuſs.

Fr. Sol. O Seigneur Dieu!

Piſt. O Signieur Dewe ſhould be a gentleman:
Perpend my words, O Signieur Dewe, and mark;
O Signieur Dewe, thou dieſt on point of fox,
Except, O Signieur, thou do give to me
Egregious ranſom.

Fr. Sol. O, prennez miſericorde, ayez pitié de moy.

Piſt. Moy ſhall not ſerve; I will have forty moys; or I will fetch thy ranſom out of thy throat, in drops of crimſon blood.

Fr. Sol. Eſt-il impoſſible d'eſchapper le force de ton bras?

Piſt Braſs, cur?
Thou damned and luxurious mountain-goat, offer'ſt me braſs?

Fr. Sol. O pardonnez moy.

Piſt. Say'ſt thou me ſo? is that a ton of moys?
Come hither, boy; aſk me this ſlave in French,
What is his name?

Boy. Eſcoutez, comment eſtes vous appellé?

Fr. Sol. Monſieur le Fer.

Boy. He ſays his name is Mr. *Fer.*

Piſt. Mr. Fer! I'll fer him, and ferk him, and ferret him: diſcuſs the ſame in French unto him.

Boy. I do not know the French for *fer*, and *ferret*, and *ferk*.

Piſt. Bid him prepare, for I will cut his throat.

Fr. Sol. Que dit-il, Monſieur?

Boy. Il me commande de vous dire que vous vous teniez preſt; car ce ſoldat icy eſt diſpoſé tout à cette heure de couper voſtre gorge.

Piſt. Owy, cuppelle gorge, permafoy, peſant, unleſs thou give me crowns, brave crowns: or mangled ſhalt thou be by this my ſword.

Fr. Sol. O, je vous ſupplie pour l'amour de Dieu, me pardonner; je ſuis gentilhomme de bonne maiſon, gardez ma vie, & je vous donneray deux cents eſcus.

Piſt. What are his words?

Boy. He prays you to ſave his life, he is a gentleman of a good houſe, and for his ranſom, he will give you two hundred crowns.

Piſt.

Piſt. Tell him my fury ſhall abate, and I the crowns will take.

Fr. Sol. Petit Monſieur, que dit-il?

Boy. Encore qu'il eſt contre ſon jurement de pardonner aucun priſonnier, neantmoins pour les eſcus que vous l'avez promettes, il eſt content de vous donner la liberté le franchiſement.

Fr. Sol. Sur mes genoux je vous donne mille remerciemens, & je me eſtime heureux qui je ſuis tombé entre les mains d'un Chevalier, je penſe, le plus brava, valiant, & très-eſtimé Seigneur d'Angletere.

Piſt. Expound unto me, boy.

Boy. He gives you upon his knees a thouſand thanks, and eſteems himſelf happy that he hath fall'n into the hands of one, as he thinks, the moſt brave, valorous, and thrice-worthy Signieur of England.

Piſt. As I ſuck blood, I will ſome mercy ſhew. Follow me, cur.

Boy. Suivez le grand capitain. [*Ex. Piſt. and Fr. Sol.* I did never know ſo full a voice iſſue from ſo empty a heart; but the ſaying is true, *The empty veſſel makes the greateſt ſound.* Bardolph and Nym had ten times more valour than this roaring devil i' th' old play; every one may pare his nails with a wooden dagger: yet they are both hang'd; and ſo would this be, if he durſt ſteal any thing advent'rouſly. I muſt ſtay with the lacqueys, with the luggage of our camp; the French might have a good prey of us, if he knew of it; for there is none to guard it but boys. [*Exit.*

SCENE XI. *Another part of the field of battle.*

Enter Conſtable, Orleans, Bourbon, Dauphin, and Rambures.

Con. O diable!

Orl. O Seigneur! le jour eſt perdu, tout eſt perdu.

Dau. Mort de ma vie! all is confounded, all!
Reproach and everlaſting ſhame
Sits mocking in our plumes. [*A ſhort alarm.*
O miſchante fortune!——do not run away.

Con. Why, all our ranks are broke.

Dau. O perdurable ſhame! let's ſtab ourſelves.

Be

Be theſe the wretches that we play'd at dice for?
Orl. Is this the King we ſent to for his ranſom?
Bour. Shame, and eternal ſhame, nothing but ſhame!
Let us die, inſtant;—once more back again;
The man that will not follow Bourbon now,
Let him go hence, and with his cap in hand
Like a baſe pander hold the chamber-door,
Whilſt by a ſlave, no gentler than a dog,
His faireſt daughter is contaminated.
Con. Diſorder that hath ſpoil'd us, friend us now!
Let us on heaps go offer up our lives.
Orl. We are enow, yet living in the field,
To ſmother up the Engliſh in our throngs;
If any order might be thought upon.
Bour. The devil take order now! I'll to the throng;
Let life be ſhort, elſe ſhame will be too long. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XII.

Alarum. Enter the King and his train, with priſoners.

K. Henry. Well have we done, thrice-valiant countrymen;
But all's not done; the French yet keep the field.
Exe. The Duke of York commends him to your Majeſty.
K. Henry. Lives he, good uncle? thrice within this hour
I ſaw him down; thrice up again, and fighting:
From helmet to the ſpur all bleeding o'er.
Exe. In which array, brave ſoldier doth he lie,
Larding the plain; and by his bloody ſide
(Yoke-fellow to his honour-owing wounds)
The noble Earl of Suffolk alſo lies.
Suffolk firſt dy'd; and York, all haggled over,
Comes to him where in gore he lay inſteep'd,
And takes him by the beard; kiſſes the gaſhes,
That bloodily did yawn upon his face,
And cries aloud, Tarry, my couſin Suffolk,
My ſoul ſhall thine keep company to heav'n;
Tarry, ſweet ſoul, for mine, then fly a-breaſt;
As in this glorious and well-foughten field
We kept together in our chivalry.

Upon

Upon theſe words I came, and cheer'd him up:
He ſmil'd me in the face, gave me his hand,
And, with a feeble gripe, ſays, Dear my Lord,
Commend my ſervice to my Sovereign;
So did he turn, and over Suffolk's neck
He threw his wounded arm, and kiſs'd his lips;
And ſo eſpous'd to death, with blood he ſeal'd
A teſtament of noble-ending love.
The pretty and ſweet manner of it forc'd
Thoſe waters from me which I would have ſtopp'd;
But I had not ſo much of man in me,
But all my mother came into mine eyes,
And gave me up to tears.

K. Henry. I blame you not;
For, hearing this, I muſt perforce compound
With miſtful eyes, or they will iſſue too. [*Alarum.*
But, hark, what new alarum is this ſame?
The French have reinforc'd their ſcatter'd men:
Then every ſoldier kill his priſoners.
Give the word through. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XIII.

Alarms continued; after which enter Fluellen and Gower.

Flu. Kill the poys and the luggage! 'tis expreſsly againſt the law of arms; 'tis as arrant a piece of knavery, mark you now, as can be offered in your conſcience now; is it not?

Gow. 'Tis certain, there's not a boy left alive; and the cowardly raſcals that ran away from the battle, ha' done this ſlaughter: beſides, they have burn'd or carried away all that was in the King's tent; wherefore the King moſt worthily has caus'd ev'ry ſoldier to cut his priſoner's throat. O 'tis a gallant King!

Flu. I, he was born at Monmouth, Captain Gower; what call you the town's name where Alexander the Pig was born?

Gow. Alexander the Great.

Flu. Why, I pray you, is not pig, great? the pig, or the great, or the mighty, or the huge, or the magnanimous, are all one reckonings, ſave the phraſe is a little variations.

Gow.

Gow. I think Alexander the Great was born in Macedon; his father was called Philip of Macedon, as I take it.

Flu. I think, it is in Macedon where Alexander is born: I tell you, Captain, if you look in the maps of the orld, I warrant that you ſall find, in the compariſons between Macedon and Monmouth, that the ſituaſions, look you, is both alike. There is a river in Macedon, there is alſo moreover a river in Monmouth: it is call'd *Wye* at Monmouth, but it is out of my prains what is the name of the other river; but it is all one, 'tis as like as my fingers to my fingers, and there is ſalmons in both. If you mark Alexander's life well, Harry of Monmouth's life is come after it indifferent well; for there is figures in all things. Alexander, God knows and you know, in his rages, and his furies, and his wraths, and his cholers, and his moods, and his diſpleaſures, and his indignations; and alſo being a little intoxicates in his prains, did in his ales and his angers, look you, kill his peſt friend Clytus.

Gow. Our King is not like him in that, he never kill'd any of his friends.

Flu. It is not well done, mark you now, to take the tales out of my mouth, ere it is made and finiſh'd. I ſpeak but in figures, and compariſons of it; as Alexander kill'd his friend Clytus, being in his ales and his cups; ſo alſo Harry Monmouth, being in his right wits and his good judgments, turn'd away the fat Knight with the great belly-doublet; he was full of jeſts and gypes, and knaveries, and mocks: I have forgot his name.

Gow, Sir John Falſtaff.

Flu. That is he: I tell you, there is good men porn at Monmouth.

Gow. Here comes his Majeſty.

SCENE XIV.

Alarum. Enter King Henry, with Bourbon and other priſoners; Lords and Attendants. Flouriſh.

K. Henry. I was not angry ſince I came to France,
Until this inſtant. Take a trumpet, herald,
Ride thou unto the horſemen on yon hill:

If they will fight with us, bid them come down,
Or void the field; they do offend our ſight.
If they'll do neither, we will come to them;
And make them ſker away, as ſwift as ſtones
Inforced from the old Aſſyrian ſlings:
Beſides, we'll cut the throats of thoſe we have;
And not a man of them that we ſhall take,
Shall taſte our mercy. Go and tell them ſo.

Enter Mountjoy.

Exe. Here comes the herald of the French, my Liege.
Glou. His eyes are humbler than they us'd to be.
K. Henry. How now, what means their herald? know'ſt thou not,
That I have fin'd theſe bones of mine for ranſom?
Com'ſt thou again for ranſom?
Mount. No, great King:
I come to thee for charitable licence,
That we may wander o'er this bloody field,
To book our dead, and then to bury them:
To ſort our nobles from our common men;
For many of our princes (woe, the while!)
Lie drown'd, and ſoak'd in mercenary blood:
So do our vulgar drench their peaſant-limbs
In blood of princes; while their wounded ſteeds
Fret fetlock deep in gore, and with wild rage
Yerk out their armed heels at their dead maſters,
Killing them twice. O, give us leave, great King,
To view the field in ſafety, and diſpoſe
Of their dead bodies.
K. Henry. I tell thee truly, herald,
I know not if the day be ours or no;
For yet a many of your horſemen peer,
And gallop o'er the field.
Mount. The day is yours.
K. Henry. Praiſed be God, and not our ſtrength, for it!
What is this caſtle call'd, that ſtands hard by?
Mount. They call it *Agincourt.*
K. Henry. Then call we this *the field of Agincourt,*
Fought on the day of Criſpan Criſpianus.
Flu. Your grandfather of famous memory, an't please your Majeſty, and your great uncle Edward the Plack Prin

Prince of Wales, as I have read in the chronicles, fought a moſt prave pattle here in France.

K. Henry. They did, Fluellen.

Flu. Your Majeſty ſays very true; if your Majeſties is remember'd of it, the Welchmen did good ſervice in a garden where leeks did grow, wearing leeks in their Monmouth caps, which your Majeſty knows to this hour is an honourable padge of the ſervice; and I do believe your Majeſty takes no ſcorn to wear the leek upon St. Tavie's day.

K. Henry. I wear it for a memorable honour;
For I am Welch, you know, good countryman.

Flu. All the water in Wye cannot waſh your Majeſty's Welch-plood out of your pody, I can tell you that; God pleſs and preſerve it, as long as it pleaſes his Grace and his Majeſty too.

K. Henry. Thanks, good my countryman.

Flu. By Cheſhu, I am your Majeſty's countryman, I care not who know it: I will confeſs it to all the orld; I need not to be aſhamed of your Majeſty, praiſed be God, ſo long as your Majeſty is an honeſt man.

K. Henry. God keep me ſo!

Enter Williams.

Our heralds go with him:

[*Exeunt Heralds, with Mountjoy.*

Bring me juſt notice of the numbers dead
On both our parts.——Call yonder fellow hither.

SCENE XV.

Exe. Soldier, you muſt come to the King.

K. Henry. Soldier, why wear'ſt thou that glove in thy cap?

Will. An't pleaſe your Majeſty, 'tis the gage of one that I ſhould fight withal, if he be alive.

K. Henry. An Engliſhman?

Will. An't pleaſe your Majeſty, a raſcal that ſwagger'd with me laſt night; who, if alive, and if ever he dare to challenge this glove, I have ſworn to take him a box o' th' ear; or if I can ſee my glove in his cap, which he ſwore, as he was a ſoldier he would wear, (if alive) I will peat it out ſoundly.

K. Henry. What think you, Captain Fluellen, is it fit this ſoldier keep his oath?

Flu. He is a craven and a villain elſe, an't pleaſe your Majeſty, in my conſcience.

K. Henry. It may be, his enemy is a gentleman of great ſort, quite from the anſwer of his degree.

Flu. Though he be as good a gentleman as the tevil is, as Lucifer and Belzebub himſelf, it is neceſſary, look your Grace, that he keep his vow and his oath: if he be perjur'd, ſee you now, his reputation is as arrant a villain and a jackſawce, as ever his black ſhoe trod upon God's ground and his earth, in my conſcience law.

K. Henry. Then keep thy vow, ſirrah, when thou meet'ſt the fellow.

Will. So I will, my Liege, as I live.

K. Henry. Who ſerv'ſt thou under?

Will. Under Captain Gower, my Liege.

Flu. Gower is a good Captain, and is good knowledge and literature in the wars.

K. Henry. Call him hither to me, ſoldier.

Will. I will, my Liege. [*Exit.*

K. Henry. Here, Fluellen, wear thou this favour for me, and ſtick it in thy cap. When Alanſon and myſelf were down together, I pluck'd this glove from his helm; if any man challenge this, he is a friend to Alanſon, and an enemy to our perſon; if thou encounter any ſuch, apprehend him if thou doſt love me.

Flu. Your Grace does me as great honours as can be deſir'd in the hearts of his ſubjects. I would fain ſee the man that has but two legs that ſhall find himſelf aggriev'd at this glove; that is all: but I would fain ſee it once, an' pleaſe God of his grace that I might ſee.

K. Henry. Know'ſt thou Gower?

Flu. He is my dear friend, an' pleaſe you.

K. Henry. Pray thee go ſeek him, and bring him to my tent.

Flu. I will fetch him. [*Exit.*

K. Henry. My Lord of Warwick, and my brother Glo'ſter,

Follow Fluellen cloſely at the heels.

The

The glove which I have given him for a favour,
May, haply, purchaſe him a box o' th' ear.
It is the ſoldier's; I by bargain ſhould
Wear it myſelf. Follow, good couſin Warwick:
If that the ſoldier ſtrike him, as I judge
By his blunt bearing he will keep his word,
Some ſudden miſchief may ariſe of it:
For I do know Fluellen valiant,
And, touch'd with choler, hot as gun-powder;
And quickly he'll return an injury.
Follow; and ſee there be no harm between them.
Come you with me, uncle of Exeter. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XVI. *Before King Henry's pavilion.*

Enter Gower and Williams.

Will. I warrant it is to knight you, Captain.

Enter Fluellen.

Flu. God's will and his pleaſure, Captain, I beſeech you now come apace to the King: there is more good toward you, peradventure, than is in your knowledge to dream of.

Will. Sir, know you this glove?

Flu. Know the glove? I know the glove is a glove.

Will. I know this, and thus I challenge it.

[*Strikes him.*

Flu. 'Sblud, an arrant traitor as any's in the univerſal world, in France or in England.

Gow. How now, Sir? you villain!

Will. Do you think I'll be forſworn?

Flu. Stand away, Captain Gower, I will give treaſon his payment into plows, I warrant you.

Will. I am no traitor.

Flu. That's a lie in thy throat. I charge you in his Majeſty's name apprehend him, he's a friend of the Duke of Alanſon's.

Enter Warwick and Glouceſter.

War. How now, how now, what's the matter?

Flu. My Lord of Warwick, here is, praiſed be God for it, a moſt contagious treaſon come to light, look

you, as you ſhall deſire in a ſummer's day. Here is his Majeſty———

Enter King Henry, and Exeter.

K. Henry. How now, what's the matter?

Flu. My Liege, here is a villain and a traitor, that, look your Grace, has ſtruck the glove which your Majeſty is take out of the helmet of Alanſon.

Will. My Liege, this was my glove, here is the fellow of it; and he that I gave it to in change, promis'd to wear it in his cap. I promis'd to ſtrike him, if he did. I met this man with my glove in his cap, and I have been as good as my word.

Flu. Your Majeſty hear now, ſaving your Majeſty's manhood, what an arrant, raſcally, peggarly, lowſy knave it is. I hope your Majeſty is pear me teſtimonies, and witneſſes, and avouchments, that this is the glove of Alanſon that your Majeſty is give me, in your conſcience now.

K. Henry. Give me thy glove, ſoldier; look, here is the fellow of it: 'twas me, indeed, thou promiſed'ſt to ſtrike, and thou haſt given me moſt bitter terms.

Flu. An' pleaſe your Majeſty, let his neck anſwer for it, if there is any martial law in the orld.

K. Henry. How canſt thou make me ſatisfaction?

Will. All offences, my Lord, come from the heart; never came any from mine that might offend your Majeſty.

K. Henry. It was ourſelf thou didſt abuſe.

Will. Your Majeſty came not like yourſelf; you appear'd to me but as a common man; witneſs the night, your garments, your lowlineſs: and what your Highneſs ſuffer'd under that ſhape, I beſeech you take it for your fault, and not mine; for had you been as I took you for, I made no offence: therefore I beſeech your Highneſs, pardon me.

K. Henry. Here, uncle Exeter, fill this glove with crowns,
And give it to this fellow. Keep it, fellow;
And wear it for an honour in thy cap,
Till I do challenge it. Give him the crowns;
And, Captain, you muſt needs be friends with him.

Flu. By this day and this light, the fellow has mettle enough

enough in his pelly; hold, there is twelve pence for you; and I pray you to ſerve God, and keep you out of prawls and prabbles, and quarrels and diſſenſions, and, I warrant you, it is the petter for you.

Will. I will none of your money.

Flu. It is with a good will. I can tell you, it will ſerve you to mend your ſhoes; come, wherefore ſhould you be ſo paſhful? your ſhoes is not ſo good; 'tis a good filling, I warrant you, or I will change it.

SCENE XVII. *Enter Herald.*

K. Henry. Now, herald, are the dead number'd?

Her. Here is the number of the ſlaughter'd French.

K. Henry. What priſoners of good ſort are taken, uncle?

Exe. * Charles Duke of Orleans, nephew to the King;
John Duke of Bourbon, and Lord Bouchiqualt;
Of other lords, and barons, knights, and 'ſquires,
Full fifteen hundred, beſides common men.

K. Henry. This note doth tell me of ten thouſand
Slain in the field; of princes in this number, [French
And nobles bearing banners, there lie dead
One hundred twenty-ſix; added to theſe,
Of knights, eſquires, and gallant gentlemen,
Eight thouſand and four hundred; of the which,
Five hundred were but yeſterday dubb'd knights:
So that in theſe ten thouſand they have loſt,
There are but ſixteen hundred mercenaries.
The reſt are princes, barons, lords, knights, 'ſquires,
And gentlemen of blood and quality,
The names of thoſe their nobles that lie dead,
Charles Delabreth, High Conſtable of France;
Jaques of Chatilion, Admiral of France;
The Maſter of the Croſs-bows, Lord Rambures;
Great Maſter of France, the brave Sir Guichard Dauphin;
John Duke of Alanſon; Anthony Duke of Brabant,
The brother to the Duke of Burgundy;
And Edward Duke of Bar: of luſty Earls,
Grandpree and Rouſſie, Faulconbridge and Foyes,
Beaumont and Marle, Vaudemont and Leſtrale.
Here was a royal fellowſhip of death!

* *This liſt is copied from Hall.* Mr. Pope.

Where is the number of our Engliſh dead?

Exe. Edward the Duke of York, the Earl of Suffolk,
Sir Richard Ketley, Davy Gam Eſquire;
None elſe of name; and of all other men,
But five and twenty.

K. Henry. O God, thy arm was here!
And not to us, but to thy arm alone,
Aſcribe we all. When, without ſtratagem,
But in plain ſhock and ev'n play of battle,
Was ever known ſo great, and little loſs,
On one part, and on th' other? Take it, God,
For it is only thine.

Exe. 'Tis wonderful!

K. Henry. Come, go we in proceſſion to the village:
And be it death proclaimed through our hoſt,
To boaſt of this, or take that praiſe from God,
Which is his only.

Flu. Is it not lawful, an' pleaſe your Majeſty, to tell how many is kill'd?

K. Henry. Yes, Captain, but with this acknowledgment,
That God fought for us.

Flu. Yes, my conſcience, he did us great good.

K. Henry. Do we all holy rites *;
Let there be ſung *Non nobis*, and *Te Deum*:
The dead with charity inclos'd in clay;
And then to Calais, and to England then;
Where ne'er from France arriv'd more happy men.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Chorus.

Chorus. VOUCHSAFE to thoſe that have not read the ſtory,
That I may prompt them; and to ſuch as have,
I humbly pray them to admit th' excuſe
Of time, of numbers, and due courſe of things;
Which cannot in their huge and proper life
Be here preſented. Now we bear the King

To

* The King (ſay the chroniclers) cauſed the pſalm, *In exitu Iſrael de Egypto*, (in which, according to the vulgate is included the pſalm, *Non nobis, Domine*, &c.) to be ſung after the victory.

Hope.

'd Calais: grant him there; and there being ſeen,
: him away upon your winged thoughts
art the ſea: behold, the Engliſh beach
in the flood with men, with wives and boys,
e ſhouts and claps outvoice the deep-mouth'd ſea;
h, like a mighty whiffler 'fore the King,
to prepare his way; ſo let him land,
olemnly ſee him ſet on to London.
ift a pace hath thought, that even now
nay imagine him upon Black-heath:
e that his lords deſire him to have borne
ruiſed helmet, and his bended ſword,
e him through the city; he forbids it;
free from vainneſs and ſelf-glorious pride;
g full trophy, ſignal, and oſtent,
from himſelf to God. But now behold,
: quick forge and working-houſe of thought,
London doth pour out her citizens.
Mayor and all his brethren in beſt ſort,
to the ſenators of antique Rome,
the Plebeians ſwarming at their heels,
rth, and fetch their conqu'ring Cæſar in.
r a low, but loving likelihood *,
now the General of our gracious Empreſs †
n good time he may) from Ireland coming,
ing rebellion broached on his ſword;
many would the peaceful city quit,
elcome him? much more (and much more cauſe)
hey this Harry. Now in London place him;
yet the lamentation of the French
:s the King of England's ſtay at home;
Emperor's coming in behalf of France,
der peace between them;) and omit
ie occurrences, whatever chanc'd,
Harry's back return again to France:
: muſt we bring him; and myſelf have play'd
nt'rim, by rememb'ring you 'tis paſt.
brook abridgment, and your eyes advance
your thoughts, ſtraight back again to France.

SCENE

ikelihood, for ſimilitude.
he Earl of Eſſex in the reign of Q. Eliſabeth. Mr. Pope.

SCENE II. *The English camp in France.*

Enter Fluellen and Gower.

Gow. Nay, that's right: but why wear you your leek to-day? St. David's day is past.

Flu. There is occasions and causes why and wherefore in all things. I will tell you as a friend, Captain Gower; the rascally, scauld, peggarly, lowsy, pragging knave, Pistol, which you, and yourself, and all the orld, know to be no better than a fellow (look you now) of no merits; he is to come to me, and prings me pread and salt yesterday, look you, and pids me eat my leek. It was in a place where I could preed no contentions with him; but I will be so pold as to wear it in my cap, till I see him once again; and then I will tell him a little piece of my desires.

Enter Pistol.

Gow. Why, here he comes swelling like a turky-cock.

Flu. 'Tis no matter for his swelling, nor his turky-cocks. God plesse you, Aunchient Pistol: you scurvy lowsy knave, God plesse you.

Pist. Ha! art thou bedlam? dost thou thirst, base Trojan,
To have me fold up Parca's fatal web?
Hence, I am qualmish at the smell of leek.

Flu. I peseech you heartily, scurvy lowsy knave, at my desires, and my requests, and my petitions, to eat, look you, this leek: because, look you, you do not love it; and your affections, and your appetites, and your digestions, does not agree with it. I would desire you to eat it.

Pist. Not for Cadwallader and all his goats.

Flu. There is one goat for you. [*Strikes him.*
Will you be so good, scauld knave, as eat it?

Pist. Base Trojan, thou shalt die.

Flu. You say very true, scauld knave, when God's will is. I desire you to live in the mean time, and eat your victuals; come, there is sauce for it—[*Strikes him.*] You call'd me yesterday Mountain Squire, but I will make you to-day a Squire of low degree. I pray you, fall too; if you can mock a leek, you can eat a leek.

Gow.

Gow. Enough, Captain; you have aſtoniſh'd him.

Flu. I ſay, I will make him eat ſome part of my leek, or I will peat his pate, four days and four nights. Pite, I pray you; it is good for your green wound and your ploody coxcomb.

Piſt. Muſt I bite?

Flu. Yes out of doubt, and out of queſtions too, and ambiguities.

Piſt. By this leek, I will moſt horribly revenge; I eat and ſwear———

Flu. Eat, I pray you; will you have ſome more ſauce to your leek? there is not leek enough to ſwear by.

Piſt. Quiet thy cudgel; thou doſt ſee I eat.

Flu. Much good do you, ſcauld knave, heartily. Nay, pray you throw none away, the ſkin is good for your proken coxcomb. When you take occaſions to ſee leeks hereafter, I pray you mock at 'em, that's all.

Piſt. Good.

Flu. Ay, leeks is good; hold you, there is a groat to heal your pate.

Piſt. Me a groat!

Flu. Yes, verily, and in truth, you ſhall take it; or have another leek in my pocket, which you ſhall eat.

Piſt. I take thy groat in earneſt of revenge.

Flu. If I owe you any thing, I will pay you in cudgels; you ſhall be a woodmonger, and puy nothing of me but cudgels. God pe wi' you, and keep you, and heal your pate. [*Exit.*

Piſt. All hell ſhall ſtir for this.

Gow. Go, go, you are a counterfeit cowardly knave. Will you mock at an ancient tradition, begun upon an honourable reſpect, and worn as a memorable trophy of predeceas'd valour, and dare not avouch in your deeds any of your words? I have ſeen you gleeking and gall-ing at this gentleman twice or thrice. You thought, be-cauſe he cou'd not ſpeak Engliſh in the native garb, he could not therefore handle an Engliſh cudgel: you find it otherwiſe; and henceforth let a Welch correction teach you a good Engliſh condition. Fare you well. [*Exit.*

Piſt. Doth Fortune play the houſewife with me now? News have I that my Doll is dead of malady of France; And there my *rendezvous* is quite cut off.

Old

Old I do wax, and from my weary limbs
Honour is cudgell'd. Well, bawd will I turn;
And ſomething lean to cut-purſe of quick hand;
To England will I ſteal, and there I'll ſteal;
And patches will I get unto theſe ſcars,
And ſwear I got them in the Gallia wars. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

The French court at Trois, in Champaigne.

Enter at one door King Henry, Exeter, Bedford, Warwick, and other Lords; at another, the French King, Queen Iſabel, Princeſs Catharine, the Duke of Burgundy, and other French.

K. Henry. Peace to this meeting, wherefore we are met:
Unto our brother France, and to our ſiſter,
Health and fair time of day; joy and good wiſhes,
To our moſt fair and princely couſin Catharine;
And as a branch and member of this royalty,
By whom this great aſſembly is contriv'd,
We do ſalute you, Duke of Burgundy.
And, Princes French, and Peers, health to you all.

Fr. King. Right joyous are we to behold your faces,
Moſt worthy brother England, fairly met!
So are you, Princes Engliſh, every one.

Q. Iſa. So happy be the iſſue, brother England,
Of this good day, and of this gracious meeting,
As we are now glad to behold your eyes;
Your eyes, which hitherto have born in them
Againſt the French, that met them in their bent,
The fatal balls of murdering baſiliſks:
The venom of ſuch looks, we fairly hope,
Have loſt their quality; and that this day
Shall change all griefs and quarrels into love.

K. Henry. To cry *Amen* to that, thus we appear.

Q. Iſa. You Engliſh Princes all, I do ſalute you.

Burg. My duty to you both, on equal love,
Great Kings of France, and England. That I've labour'd
With all my wits, my pains, and ſtrong endeavours,
To bring your moſt imperial Majeſties
Unto this bar, and royal interview,

You

Your Mightineſſes on both parts can witneſs.
Since then my office hath ſo far prevail'd,
That, face to face and royal eye to eye,
You have congreeted; let it not diſgrace me,
If I demand, before this royal view,
What rub or what impediment there is,
Why that the naked, poor, and mangled Peace,
Dear nurſe of arts, plenties, and joyful births,
Should not in this beſt garden of the world,
Our fertile France, put up her lovely viſage?
Alas! ſhe hath from France too long been chas'd;
And all her huſbandry doth lie on heaps,
Corrupting in its own fertility.
" Her vine, the merry chearer of the heart,
" Unpruned lies; her hedges even-pleach'd,
" Like priſoners wildly over-grown with hair,
" Put forth diſorder'd twigs: her fallow leas,
" The darnel, hemlock, and rank fumitory
" Doth root upon; while that the culture ruſts,
" That ſhould deracinate ſuch ſavagery:
" The even mead, that erſt brought ſweetly forth
" The freckled cowſlip, burnet, and green clover,
" Wanting the ſcythe, all uncorrected, rank,
" Conceives by idleneſs; and nothing teems,
" But hateful docks, rough thiſtles, keckſies, burs,
" Loſing both beauty and utility;
" And all our vineyards, fallows, meads, and hedges,
" Defective in their nurtures, grow to wildneſs."
Even ſo our houſes, and our ſelves, and children,
Have loſt, or do not learn, for want of time,
The ſciences, that ſhould become our country;
But grow like ſavages (as ſoldiers will,
That nothing do but meditate on blood)
To ſwearing and ſtern looks, diffus'd * attire,
And every thing that ſeems unnatural.
Which to reduce into our former favour,
You are aſſembled; and my ſpeech intreats,
That I may know the let, why gentle Peace
Should not expel theſe inconveniences;
And bleſs us with her former qualities.

Bath. *Henry.* If, Duke of Burgundy, you would the peace,
Whoſe

* *Diffus'd*, for *extravagant*.

Whoſe want gives growth to th' imperfections
Which you have cited, you muſt buy that peace
With full accord to all our juſt demands:
Whoſe tenours and particular effects
You have, enſchedul'd briefly, in your hands.

Burg. The King hath heard them; to the which as yet
There is no anſwer made.

K. Henry. Well, then; the peace,
Which you before ſo urg'd, lies in his anſwer.

Fr. King. I have but with a curſorary eye
O'er-glanc'd the articles; pleaſeth your Grace
T' appoint ſome of your council preſently
To ſit with us, once more with better heed
To re-ſurvey them; we will ſuddenly
Paſs *, or accept, and peremptorily anſwer.

K. Henry. Brother, we ſhall. Go, uncle Exeter,
And brother Clarence, and you, brother Glouceſter,
Warwick and Huntington, go with the King;
And take with you free pow'r to ratify,
Augment, or alter, as your wiſdoms beſt
Shall ſee advantageable for our dignity,
Any thing in, or out of our demands;
And we'll conſign thereto. Will you, fair ſiſter,
Go with the Princes, or ſtay here with us?

Q. Iſa. Our gracious brother, I will go with them;
Haply a woman's voice may do ſome good,
When articles too nicely urg'd, be ſtood on.

K. Henry. Yet leave our couſin Catharine here with us.
She is our capital demand, compris'd
Within the fore-rank of our articles.

Q. Iſa. She hath good leave. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Manent King Henry, Catharine, and a Lady.

K. Henry. Fair Catharine, moſt fair,
Will you vouchſafe to teach a ſoldier terms,
Such as will enter at a lady's ear,
And plead his love-ſuit to her gentle heart?

Cath. Your Majeſty ſhall mock at me, I cannot ſpeak your England.

K. Henry. O fair Catharine, if you will love me ſound-

* *i. e. Waive, or decline.*

i your French heart, I will be glad to hear you
it brokenly with your Engliſh tongue. Do you
e, Kate?
. *Pardonnez moy*, I cannot tell vhat is *like me*.
Henry. An angel is like you, Kate, and you are
angel.
. *Que dit-il, que je ſuis ſemblable à les anges?*
y. *Ouy, vrayment, (ſauf voſtre Grace,) ainſi dit-il.*
Henry. I ſaid ſo, dear Catharine, and I muſt not
o affirm it.
. *O bon Dieu! les langues des hommes ſont plenes de*
ies.
Henry. What ſays ſhe, fair one? that tongues of
e full of deceits?
y. *Ouy*, dat de tongues of de mans is be full of de-
dat is de Princes.
Henry. The Princeſs is the better Engliſhwoman.
Kate, my wooing is fit for thy underſtanding,
lad thou canſt ſpeak no better Engliſh; for if thou
, thou would'ſt find me ſuch a plain King, that
ould'ſt think I had ſold my farm to buy my crown.
no ways to mince it in love, but directly to ſay,
you. Then if you urge me further than to ſay, Do
faith? I wear out my ſuit. Give me your an-
i'faith, do; and ſo clap hands and a bargain.
ıy you, lady?
. *Sauf votre honneur*, me underſtand well.
Henry. Marry, if you would put me to verſes, or
ce for your ſake, Kate, why, you undid me:
one I have neither words nor meaſure; and for
er I have no ſtrength in meaſure, yet a reaſon-
aſure in ſtrength. If I could win a lady at leap-
r by vaulting into my ſaddle with my armour on
k, under the correction of bragging be it ſpo-
ſhould quickly leap into a wife; or if I might
or my love, or bound my horſe for her favours,
lay on like a butcher, and ſit like a jac-a-napes,
ff. But, before God, Kate, I cannot look
, nor gaſp out my eloquence, nor have I cun-
proteſtation; only downright oaths, which I
ſe till urg'd, and never break for urging. If
nſt love a fellow of this temper, Kate, whoſe

face is not worth ſun-burning; that never looks in his glaſs for love of any thing he ſees there; let thine eye be thy cook. I ſpeak plain ſoldier; if thou canſt love me for this, take me; if not, to ſay to thee that I ſhall die, 'tis true; but for thy love, by the Lord, no: yet I love thee too. And while thou liv'ſt, Kate, take a fellow of plain and uncoined conſtancy; for he perforce muſt do thee right, becauſe he hath not the gift to woo in other places: "for theſe fellows of infinite tongue, "that can rhyme themſelves into ladies' favours, they "do always reaſon themſelves out again." What? a ſpeaker is but a prater; a rhyme is but a ballad; a good leg will fall, a ſtraight back will ſtoop, a black beard will turn white, a curl'd pate will grow bald, a fair face will wither, a full eye will wax hollow; but a good heart, Kate, is the ſun and the moon: or rather the ſun, and not the moon; for it ſhines bright, and never changes, but keeps his courſe truly. If thou wouldſt have ſuch a one, take me; take a ſoldier; take a King: and what ſay'ſt thou then to my love? Speak, my fair, and fairly, I pray thee.

Cath. Is it poſſible dat I ſould love de enemy of France?

K. Henry. No, it is not poſſible that you ſhould love the enemy of France, Kate: but in loving me you ſhould love the friend of France; for I love France ſo well, that I will not part with a village of it: I will have it all mine; and, Kate, when France is mine and I am yours, then yours is France, and you are mine.

Cath. I cannot tell vhat is dat.

K. Henry. No, Kate? I will tell thee in French, (which I am ſure will hang upon my tongue like a new-married wife about her huſband's neck, hardly to be ſhook off:) *Quand j'ay le poſſeſſion de France, & quand vous avez le poſſeſſion de moi,* (let me ſee, what then? St. Dennis be my ſpeed!) *donc voſtre eſt France, & vous eſtes mienne.* It is as eaſy for me, Kate, to conquer the kingdom, as to ſpeak ſo much more French: I ſhall never move thee in French, unleſs it be to laugh at me.

Cath. Sauf voſtre honneur, le François que vous parlez, eſt meilleur que l'Anglois lequel je parle.

K. Henry. No, faith, is't not, Kate; but thy ſpeak-

ing

ing of my tongue and I thine, moſt truly falſely, muſt needs be granted to be much at one. But, Kate, doſt thou underſtand thus much Engliſh? canſt thou love me?

Cath. I cannot tell.

K. Henry. Can any of your neighbours tell, Kate? I'll aſk them. Come, I know thou loveſt me; and at night when you come into your cloſet, you'll queſtion this gentlewoman about me; and I know, Kate, you will to her diſpraiſe thoſe parts in me, that you love with your heart: but, good Kate, mock me mercifully, the rather, gentle Princeſs, becauſe I love thee cruelly. If ever thou beeſt mine, Kate, (as I have ſaving faith within me tells me thou ſhalt,) I get thee with ſcambling; and thou muſt therefore needs prove a good ſoldier-breeder: ſhall not thou and I, between St. Dennis and St. George, compound a boy half French half Engliſh, that ſhall go to Conſtantinople, and take the Turk by the beard? ſhall we act? What ſay'ſt thou, my fair Flower-de-luce?

Cath. I do not know dat.

K. Henry. No; 'tis hereafter to know, but now to promiſe; do but now promiſe, Kate, you will endeavour for your French part of ſuch a boy; and for my Engliſh moiety, take the word of a King and a bachelor. How anſwer you, *La plus belle Catharine du monde, mon très-chere & divine deeſſe?*

Cath. Your Majeſtee ave fauſe French enough to deceive de moſt ſage damoiſel dat is *en France.*

K. Henry. Now, fie upon my falſe French; by mine honour, in true Engliſh I love thee, Kate; by which honour I dare not ſwear thou loveſt me, yet my blood begins to flatter me that thou doſt, notwithſtanding the poor and untempting effect of my viſage. Now beſhrew my father's ambition: he was thinking of civil wars when he got me; therefore was I created with a ſtubborn outſide, with an aſpect of iron, that when I come to woo ladies I fright them: but in faith, Kate, the elder I wax, the better I ſhall appear. My comfort is, that old age (that ill layer up of beauty) can do no more ſpoil upon my face. Thou haſt me, if thou haſt me, at the worſt; and thou ſhalt wear me, if thou wear me, better and better; and therefore tell me, moſt fair Catharine, will you

have me? Put off your maiden-bluſhes, avouch the thoughts of your heart with the looks of an Empreſs; take me by the hand, and ſay, Harry of England, I am thine: which word thou ſhalt no ſooner bleſs mine ear withal, but I will tell thee aloud, England is thine, Ireland is thine, France is thine, and Henry Plantagenet is thine; who, though I ſpeak it before his face, if he be not fellow with the beſt King, thou ſhalt find the beſt King of good fellows. Come, your anſwer in broken muſic; for thy voice is muſic, and thy Engliſh broken: therefore, Queen of all, Catharine, break thy mind to me in broken Engliſh; wilt thou have me?

Cath. Dat is as it ſhall pleaſe *le Roy mon pere.*

K. Henry. Nay, it will pleaſe him well, Kate; it ſhall pleaſe him, Kate.

Cath. Den it ſhall alſo content me.

K. Henry. Upon that I kiſs your hand, and I call you my Queen.

Cath. Laiſſez, mon Seigneur, laiſſez, laiſſez; ma foy, je ne veux point que vous abbaiſſez voſtre grandeur, en baiſant la main d'une voſtre indigne ſerviteure; excuſez moy, je vous ſupplie, mon très-püiſſant Seigneur.

K. Henry. Then I will kiſs your lips, Kate.

Cath. Les dames & damoiſels pour eſtre baiſees devant leurs noces, il n'eſt pas le coutume de France.

K. Henry. Madam my interpreter, what ſays ſhe?

Lady. Dat it is not be de faſhion *pour les* ladies of France; I cannot tell what is *baiſſer* en Engliſh.

K. Henry. To kiſs.

Lady. Your Majeſty *entendre* bettre *que moy.*

K. Henry. Is it not a faſhion for the maids in France to kiſs before they are married, would ſhe ſay?

Lady. Ouy, vrayement.

K. Henry. O Kate, nice cuſtoms court'ſy to great Kings. Dear Kate, you and I cannot be confin'd within the weak liſt of a country's faſhion; we are the makers of manners, Kate; and the liberty that follows our places, ſtops the mouth of all find-faults; as I will do yours, for the upholding the nice faſhion of your country in denying me a kiſs: therefore patiently and *yielding.* [*Kiſſing her.*] You have witchcraft in your

lips,

lips, Kate; there is more eloquence in a touch of them, than in the tongues of the French council; and they ſhould ſooner perſuade Harry of England, than a general petition of monarchs. Here comes your father.

SCENE V.

Enter the French King and Queen, with French and Engliſh Lords.

Burg. God ſave your Majeſty! my Royal couſin, teach you our Princeſs Engliſh?

K. Henry. I would have her learn, my fair couſin, how perfectly I love her, and that is good Engliſh.

Burg. Is ſhe apt?

K. Henry. Our tongue is rough, and my condition is not ſmooth; ſo that having neither the voice nor the heart of flattery about me, I cannot ſo conjure up the ſpirit of love in her, that he will appear in his true likeneſs.

Burg. Pardon the frankneſs of my mirth, if I anſwer you for that. If you would conjure in her, you muſt make a circle: if conjure up love in her in his true likeneſs, he muſt appear naked and blind. Can you blame her then, being a maid yet ros'd over with the virgin crimſon of modeſty, if ſhe deny the appearance of a naked blind boy, in her naked ſeeing ſelf? It were, my Lord, a hard condition for a maid to conſign to.

K. Henry. Yet they do wink and yield, as love is blind and inforces.

Burg. They are then excus'd, my Lord, when they ſee not what they do.

K. Henry. Then, good my Lord, teach your couſin to conſent to winking.

Burg. I will wink on her to conſent, my Lord, if you will teach her to know my meaning. Maids, well ſummer'd and warm kept, are like flies at Bartholomew-tide, blind, though they have their eyes: and then they will endure handling, which before would not abide looking on.

K. Henry. This moral ties me over to time, and a hot ſummer; and ſo I ſhall catch the fly your couſin in the latter end, and ſhe muſt be blind too.

Bury. As love is, my Lord, before it loves.

K. Henry. It is ſo; and you may ſome of you thank love for my blindneſs, who cannot ſee many a fair French city, for one fair French maid that ſtands in my way.

Fr. King. Yes, my Lord, you ſee them perſpectively; the cities turn'd into a maid; for they are all girdled with maiden-walls, that war hath never enter'd.

K. Henry. Shall Kate be my wife?

Fr. King. So pleaſe you.

K. Henry. I am content, ſo the maiden cities you talk of may wait on her; ſo the maid that ſtood in the way for my wish, ſhall ſhew me the way to my will.

Fr. King. We have conſented to all terms of reaſon.

K. Henry. Is't ſo, my Lords of England?

Weſt. The King hath granted every article:
His daughter firſt; and then in ſequel all,
According to their firm propoſed nature.

Exe. Only he hath not yet ſubſcribed this:
Where your Majeſty demands, That the King of France, having occaſion to write for matter of grant, ſhall name your Highneſs in this form, and with this addition in French, *Noſtre très-cher filz Henry Roy d'Angleterre, héretier de France;* and thus in Latin, *Præcariſſimus filius noſter Henricus Rex Angliæ, & heres Franciæ.*

Fr. King. Yet this I have not (brother) ſo deny'd,
But your requeſt ſhall make me let it paſs.

K. Henry. I pray you then, in love and dear alliance,
Let that one article rank with the reſt,
And thereupon give me your daughter.

Fr. King. Take her, fair ſon, and from her blood raiſe up
Iſſue to me; that theſe contending kingdoms,
England and France, whoſe very ſhores look pale
With envy of each other's happineſs,
May ceaſe their hatred; and this dear conjunction
Plant neighbourhood and Chriſtian-like accord
In their ſweet breaſts; that never war advance
His bleeding ſword 'twixt England and fair France.

Lords. Amen!

K. Henry. Now welcome, Kate; and bear me witneſs all,

That

That here I kiſs her as my Sovereign Queen. [*Flouriſh.*

Q. Iſa. God, the beſt maker of all marriages,
Combine your hearts in one, your realms in one;
As man and wife, being two, are one in love;
So be there 'twixt your kingdoms ſuch a ſpouſal,
That never may ill office, or fell jealouſy,
Which troubles oft the bed of bleſſed marriage,
Thruſt in between the paction of theſe kingdoms,
To make divorce of their incorporate league;
That Engliſh may as French, French Engliſhmen,
Receive each other. God ſpeak this Amen!

All. Amen!

K. Henry. Prepare we for our marriage; on which day,
My Lord of Burgundy, we'll take your oath
And all the Peers, for ſurety of our leagues.
Then ſhall I ſwear to Kate, and you to me;
And may our oaths well kept, and proſp'rous be!

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Chorus.

Thus far with rough and all-unable pen
Our blending author hath purſu'd the ſtory;
In little room confining mighty men,
Mangling by ſtarts the full courſe of their glory,
Small time, but, in that ſmall, moſt greatly liv'd
This ſtar of England. Fortune made his ſword;
By which the world's beſt garden he atchiev'd,
And of it left his ſon imperial Lord.
Henry the Sixth, in infant-bands crown'd King
Of France and England, did this King ſucceed:
Whoſe ſtate ſo many had i' th' managing,
That they loſt France, and made his England bleed:
Which oft our ſtage hath ſhown; and, for their ſake,
In your fair minds let this acceptance take.

THE

THE

FIRST PART OF HENRY VI.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING HENRY VI.
Duke of Gloucester, *uncle to the King, and Protector.*
Duke of Bedford, *uncle to the King, and Regent of France.*
Cardinal Beaufort, *Bishop of Winchester, and uncle likewise to the King.*
Duke of Exeter, *brother to King Henry* IV.
Duke of Somerset.
Earl of Warwick.
Earl of Salisbury.
Earl of Suffolk.
Lord Talbot.
Young Talbot, *his son.*
Richard Plantagenet, *afterwards Duke of York.*
Mortimer, *Earl of March.*
Sir John Falstaff. †
Woodville, *Lieut. of the Tower.*
Lord Mayor of London.
Sir Thomas Gargrave.
Sir William Glansdale.
Sir William Lucy.
Vernon, *of the White Rose, or York faction.*
Basset, *of the Red Rose, or Lancaster faction.*
Charles, *Dauphin, and afterwards King of France.*
Reignier, *Duke of Anjou, and titular King of Naples.*
Duke of Burgundy.
Duke of Alanson.
Bastard of Orleans.
Governor of Paris.
Master Gunner of Orleans.
Boy, *his son.*
An old shepherd, father to Joane Pucelle.

Margaret, *daughter to Reignier, and afterwards Queen to King Henry.*
Countess of Auvergne.
Joan la Pucelle, *a maid pretending to be inspir'd from heaven, and, setting up for the championess of France.*
Fiends, attending her.

Lords, Captains, Soldiers, Messengers, and several Attendants both on the English and French.

The SCENE is partly in England, and partly in France.

† Falstaff is introduced again, who was dead in *Henry* V. *act* 2. *sc.* 3. The reason is, because this play was written by Shakespeare before *Henry* IV. or V. See the last lines of *Henry* V.

ACT

ACT I. SCENE I.

Weſtminſter-abbey.

Dead march. Enter the funeral of K. Henry V. attended on by the Duke of Bedford, Regent of France; the Duke of Glouceſter, Protector; the Duke of Exeter, and the Earl of Warwick, the Biſhop of Wincheſter, and the Duke of Somerſet.

Bed. HUNG be the heav'ns with black, yield day to night!
Comets, importing change of times * and ſtates,
Brandiſh your creſted treſſes in the ſky;
And with them ſcourge the bad revolting ſtars,
That have conſented unto Henry's death!
Henry the Fifth, too famous to live long!
England ne'er loſt a King of ſo much worth.

Glou. England ne'er had a King until his time.
Virtue he had, deſerving to command.
His brandiſh'd ſword did blend men with its beams:
His arms ſpread wider than a dragon's wings:
His ſparkling eyes, replete with awful fire,
More dazzled and drove back his enemies,
Than mid-day ſun fierce bent againſt their faces.
What ſhould I ſay? his deeds exceed all ſpeech:
He never lifted up his hand, but conquer'd.

Exe. We mourn in black; why mourn we not in blood?
Henry is dead, and never ſhall revive:
Upon a wooden coffin we attend;
And Death's diſhonourable victory
We with our ſtately preſence glorify,
Like captives bound to a triumphant car.
What? ſhall we curſe the planets of miſhap,
That plotted thus our glory's overthrow?
Or ſhall we think the ſubtle-witted French
Conj'rers and ſorc'rers, that, afraid of him,
By magic verſe have thus contriv'd his end?

Win. He was a King, bleſs'd of the King of kings.
Unto the French, the dreadful judgment-day

So

* *Times*, for *manners*.

So dreadful will not be as was his ſight.
The battles of the Lord of hoſts he fought:
The church's pray'rs made him ſo proſperous.

Glou. The church? where is it? had not churchmen pray'd,
His thread of life had not ſo ſoon decay'd.
None do you like but an effeminate prince,
Whom, like a ſchoolboy, you may overawe.

Win. Glo'ſter, whate'er we like, thou art Protector,
And lookeſt to command the Prince and realm:
Thy wife is proud; ſhe holdeth thee in awe,
More than God or religious churchmen may.

Glou. Name not religion; for thou lov'ſt the fleſh,
And ne'er throughout the year to church thou go'ſt,
Except it be to pray againſt thy foes.

Bed. Ceaſe, ceaſe theſe jars, and reſt your minds in peace:
Let's to the altar; heralds, wait on us;
Inſtead of gold we'll offer up our arms,
Since arms avail not now that Henry's dead!
Poſterity await for wretched years,
When at their mothers' moiſt eyes babes ſhall ſuck;
Our iſle be made a mariſh of ſalt tears,
And none but women left to 'wail the dead!
Henry the Fifth! thy ghoſt I invocate;
Proſper this realm, keep it from civil broils,
Combat with adverſe planets in the heavens!
A far more glorious ſtar thy ſoul will make,
Than Julius Cæſar, or bright———

SCENE II. *Enter a Meſſenger.*

Meſſ. My honourable Lords, health to you all;
Sad tidings bring I to you out of France,
Of loſs, of ſlaughter, and diſcomfiture;
Guienne, Champaign, and Rheims, and Orleans,
Paris, Guyſors, Poictiers, are all quite loſt.

Bed. What ſay'ſt thou, man, before dead Henry's corſe?
Speak ſoftly, or the loſs of thoſe great towns
Will make him burſt his lead, and riſe from death.

Glou. Is Paris loſt, and Rouen yielded up?
If Henry were recall'd to life again,
Theſe news would cauſe him once more yield the ghoſt.

Exe. How were they loſt? what treachery was us'd?

Meſſ. No treachery, but want of men and money.

Amongſt

Amongſt the ſoldiers this is muttered,
That here you maintain ſeveral factions;
And, whilſt a field ſhould be diſpatch'd and fought,
You are diſputing of your generals.
One would have ling'ring wars with little coſt;
Another would fly ſwift, but wanteth wings;
A third man thinks, without expence at all,
By guileful fair words, peace may be obtain'd.
Awake, awake, Engliſh nobility!
Let not ſloth dim your honours, new-begot;
Cropp'd are the flower-de-luces in your arms,
Of England's coat one half is cut away.

Exe. Were our tears wanting to this funeral,
Theſe tidings would call forth their flowing tides.

Bed. Me they concern, Regent I am of France.
Give me my ſteeled coat, I'll fight for France.
Away with theſe diſgraceful, wailing robes;
Wounds I will lend the French, inſtead of eyes,
To weep their intermiſſive miſeries *.

SCENE III. *Enter to them another Meſſenger.*

2 *Meſſ.* Lords, view theſe letters, full of bad miſchance.
France is revolted from the Engliſh quite,
Except ſome petty towns of no import.
The Dauphin Charles is crowned King in Rheims,
The baſtard Orleans with him is join'd:
Reignier, Duke of Anjou, doth take his part,
The Duke of Alanſon flies to his ſide. [*Exit.*

Exe. The Dauphin crowned King? all fly to him?
O whither ſhall we fly from this reproach?

Glou. We will not fly but to our enemies' throats.
Bedford, if thou be ſlack, I'll fight it out.

Bed. Glo'ſter, why doubt'ſt thou of my forwardneſs?
An army have I muſter'd in my thoughts,
Wherewith already France is over-run.

SCENE IV. *Enter a third Meſſenger.*

3 *Meſſ.* My gracious Lords, to add to your lamenta,
Wherewith you now bedew King Henry's hearſe,
I muſt inform you of a diſmal fight

Betwixt

* *i. e. Their miſeries*, which have had only a ſhort intermiſſion ſince *Henry V's death* to my coming amongſt them.

Betwixt the ſtout Lord Talbot and the French.
Win. What! wherein Talbot overcame? Is't ſo?
3 *Meſſ.* O, no; wherein Lord Talbot was o'erthrown
The circumſtance I'll tell you more at large.
The tenth of Auguſt laſt, this dreadful Lord
Retiring from the ſiege of Orleans,
Having ſcarce full ſix thouſand in his troop,
By three and twenty thouſand of the French
Was round incompaſſed and ſet upon.
No leiſure had he to inrank his men.
He wanted pikes to ſet before his archers;
Inſtead whereof, ſharp ſtakes, pluck'd out of hedges,
They pitched in the ground confuſedly,
To keep the horſemen off from breaking in.
More than three hours the fight continued;
Where valiant Talbot above human thought
Enacted wonders with his ſword and lance.
Hundreds he ſent to hell, and none durſt ſtand him;
Here, there, and every where, inrag'd he flew.
The French exclaim'd, "The devil was in arms!"
All the whole army ſtood agaz'd on him.
His ſoldiers, ſpying his undaunted ſpirit,
A Talbot! Talbot! cried out amain,
And ruſh'd into the bowels of the battle.
Here had the conqueſt fully been ſeal'd up,
If Sir John Falſtaff had not play'd the coward;
He being in the vaward, (plac'd behind,
With purpoſe to relieve and follow them,)
Cowardly fled, not having ſtruck one ſtroke.
Hence grew the gen'ral wreck and maſſacre;
Incloſed were they with their enemies.
A baſe Walloon, to win the Dauphin's grace,
Thruſt Talbot with a ſpear into the back,
Whom all France, with her chief aſſembled ſtrength,
Durſt not preſume to look once in the face.
Bed. Is Talbot ſlain then? I will ſlay myſelf,
For living idly here in pomp and eaſe,
Whilſt ſuch a worthy leader, wanting aid,
Unto his daſtard foe-men is betray'd.
3 *Meſſ.* O no! he lives, but is took priſoner,
And Lord Scales with him, and Lord Hungerford;
Moſt of the reſt ſlaughter'd, or took likewiſe.

Be

Bed. His ranſom there is none but I ſhall pay.
I'll hale the Dauphin headlong from his throne.
His crown ſhall be the ranſom of my friend.
Four of their lords I'll change for one of ours.
Farewell, my maſters, to my taſk will I.
Bonfires in France forthwith I am to make,
To keep our great St. George's feaſt withal.
Ten thouſand ſoldiers with me I will take,
Whoſe bloody deeds ſhall make all Europe quake.

3 *Meſſ.* So you had need: for Orleans is beſieg'd;
The Engliſh army is grown weak and faint;
The Earl of Saliſbury craveth ſupply,
And hardly keeps his men from mutiny,
Since they ſo few watch ſuch a multitude.

Exe. Remember, Lords, your oaths to Henry ſworn:
Either to quell the Dauphin utterly,
Or bring him in obedience to your yoke.

Bed. I do remember it, and here take leave
To go about my preparation. [*Exit Bedford.*

Glou. I'll to the Tower with all the haſte I can,
To view th' artillery and ammunition;
And then I will proclaim young Henry King.
[*Exit Glouceſter.*

Exe. To Eltham will I, where the young King is,
Being ordain'd his ſpecial governor;
And for his ſafety there I'll beſt deviſe. [*Exit.*

Win. Each hath his place and function to attend:
I am left out; for me nothing remains.
But long I will not be thus out of office:
The King from Eltham I intend to ſend,
And ſit at chiefeſt ſtern of public weal. [*Exit.*

SCENE V. *Before Orleans in France.*

Enter Charles, Alanſon, and Reignier, marching with a drum and ſoldiers.

Char. Mars his true moving, ev'n as in the heav'ns,
So in the earth to this day is not known.
Late did he ſhine upon the Engliſh ſide:
Now we are victors, upon us he ſmiles.
What towns of any moment but we have?
At pleaſure here we lie near Orleans:

Tho' ſtill the famiſh'd Engliſh, like pale ghoſts,
Faintly beſiege us one hour in a month.

Alan. They want their porridge, and their fat bull-beeves;
Either they muſt be dieted like mules,
And have their provender ty'd to their mouths,
Or piteous they will look like drowned mice.

Reig. Let's raiſe the ſiege: why live we idly here?
Talbot is taken, whom we wont to fear:
Remaineth none but mad-brain'd Saliſbury,
And he may well in fretting ſpend his gall;
Nor men, nor money, hath he to make war.

Char. Sound, ſound alarm: we will ruſh on them.
Now for the honour of the forlorn French.
Him I forgive my death, that killeth me,
When he ſees me go back one foot, or fly. [*Exeunt.*

[*Here alarm, they are beaten back by the Engliſh with great loſs.*

Re-enter Charles, Alanſon, and Reignier.

Char. Who ever ſaw the like? what men have I?
Dogs, cowards, daſtards! I would ne'er have fled,
But that they left me 'midſt my enemies.

Reig. Saliſbury is a deſp'rate homicide,
He fighteth as one weary of his life:
The other lords, like lions wanting food,
Do ruſh upon us as their hungry prey.

Alan. Froyſard, a countryman of ours, records,
England all Olivers and Rowlands * bred,
During the time Edward the Third did reign.
More truly now may this be verified;
For none but Sampſons and Goliaſes
It ſendeth forth to ſkirmiſh; one to ten!
Lean raw-bon'd raſcals! who would e'er ſuppoſe,
They had ſuch courage and audacity!

Char. Let's leave this town, for they are hair-brain
And hunger will inforce them be more eager. [ſlav

* Theſe were two of the moſt famous in the liſt of Charlemagn twelve peers; and their exploits are render'd ſo ridiculouſly equally extravagant by the old romancers, that from thence a that ſaying amongſt our plain and ſenſible anceſtors, of giving *a Rowland for his Oliver*, to ſignify the matching one incre *lie* with another. Mr. Warburton.

Of old I know them; rather with their teeth
The walls they'll tear down, than forſake the ſiege.
Reig. I think, by ſome odd gimmals or device,
Their arms are fet like clocks, ſtill to ſtrike on;
Elſe they could ne'er hold out ſo as they do.
By my conſent we'll e'en let them alone.
Alan. Be it ſo.

Enter the Baſtard of Orleans.

Baſt. Where's the Prince Dauphin? I have news for him.
Dau. Baſtard of Orleans, thrice welcome to us.
Baſt. Methinks your looks are ſad, your chear appall'd.
Hath the late overthrow wrought this offence?
Be not diſmay'd, for ſuccour is at hand:
A holy maid hither with me I bring,
Which by a viſion, ſent to her from heav'n,
Ordained is to raiſe this tedious ſiege;
And drive the Engliſh forth the bounds of France.
The ſpirit of deep prophecy ſhe hath,
Exceeding the nine Sibyls of old Rome *:
What's paſt, and what's to come, ſhe can deſcry.
Speak, ſhall I call her in? believe my words,
For they are certain and infallible.
Dau. Go, call her in; but firſt, to try her ſkill,
Reignier, ſtand thou as Dauphin in my place;
Queſtion her proudly, let thy looks be ſtern:
By this means ſhall we ſound what ſkill ſhe hath.

SCENE VI.

Enter Joan la Pucelle.

Reig. Fair maid, is't thou wilt do theſe wondrous feats?
Pucel. Reignier, is't thou that think'ſt to beguile me?
Where is the Dauphin? come, come from behind;
I know thee well, tho' never ſeen before.
Be not amaz'd; there's nothing hid from me:
In private will I talk with thee apart;
Stand back, you Lords, and give us leave a while.
Reign.

* There were no nine Sibyls of Rome: but he confounds things, and miſtakes this for the nine books of Sibylline oracles, brought to one of the Tarquins. Mr. Warburton.

Reign. She takes upon her bravely at firſt daſh.

Pucel. Dauphin, I am by birth a ſhepherd's daughter,
My wit untrain'd in any kind of art:
Heav'n, and our Lady gracious hath it pleas'd
To ſhine on my contemptible eſtate.
Lo, whilſt I waited on my tender lambs,
And to ſun's parching heat diſplay'd my cheeks,
God's mother deigned to appear to me;
And, in a viſion full of majeſty,
Will'd me to leave my baſe vocation,
And free my country from calamity:
Her aid ſhe promis'd, and aſſur'd ſucceſs.
In complete glory ſhe reveal'd herſelf;
And, whereas I was black and ſwart before,
With thoſe clear rays which ſhe infus'd on me,
That beauty am I bleſs'd with which you ſee.
Aſk me what queſtion thou canſt poſſible,
And I will anſwer unpremeditated.
My courage try by combat, if thou dar'ſt,
And thou ſhalt find that I exceed my ſex.
Reſolve on this, thou ſhalt be fortunate,
If thou receive me for thy warlike mate.

Dau. Thou haſt aſtoniſh'd me with thy high terms:
Only this proof I'll of thy valour make,
In ſingle combat thou ſhalt buckle with me;
And if thou vanquiſheſt, thy words are true;
Otherwiſe I renounce all confidence.

Pucel. I am prepar'd; here is my keen-edg'd ſword,
Deck'd with fine flow'r-de-luces on each ſide;
The which, at Tourain, in St. Catharine's church,
Out of a deal of old iron I choſe forth.

Dau. Then come o' God's name, for I fear no woman.

Pucel. And while I live, I'll ne'er fly from a man.

[*Here they fight, and Joan la Pucelle overcomes.*

Dau. Stay, ſtay thy hands; thou art an Amazon,
And fighteſt with the ſword of Debora.

Pucel. Chriſt's mother helps me, elſe I were too weak.

Dau. Whoe'er helps thee, 'tis thou that muſt help me:
Impatiently I burn with thy deſire;
My heart and hands thou haſt at once ſubdu'd;
Excellent Pucelle, if thy name be ſo,

Let

Let me thy ſervant and not ſovereign be;
'Tis the French Dauphin ſueth to thee thus.
Pucel. I muſt not yield to any rites of love,
For my profeſſion's ſacred from above:
When I have chaſed all thy foes from hence,
Then will I think upon a recompence.
Dau. Mean time, look gracious on thy proſtrate thrall.
Reig. My Lord, methinks, is very long in talk.
Alan. Doubtleſs he ſhrives this woman to her ſmock;
Elſe ne'er could he ſo long protract his ſpeech.
Reig. Shall we diſturb him, ſince he keeps no mean?
Alan. He may mean more than we poor men do know:
Theſe women are ſhrewd tempters with their tongues.
Reig. My Lord, where are you? what deviſe you on?
Shall we give over Orleans or no?
Pucel. Why, no, I ſay; diſtruſtful recreants!
Fight till the laſt gaſp, for I'll be your guard.
Dau. What ſhe ſays I'll confirm; we'll fight it out.
Pucel. Aſſign'd I am to be the Engliſh ſcourge.
This night the ſiege aſſuredly I'll raiſe:
Expect Saint Martin's ſummer, Halcyon days,
Since I have enter'd thus into theſe wars.
'Glory is like a circle in the water;
'Which never ceaſeth to enlarge itſelf,
'Till by broad ſpreading it diſperſe to nought.'
With Henry's death the Engliſh circle ends;
Diſperſed are the glories it included.
Now am I like that proud inſulting ſhip,
Which Cæſar and his fortune bore at once.
Dauph. Was Mahomet inſpired with a dove?
Thou with an eagle art inſpired then.
Helen the mother of great Conſtantine,
Nor yet St. Philip's daughters †, were like thee.
Bright ſtar of Venus, fall'n down on the earth,
How may I reverently worſhip thee?
Alan. Leave off delays, and let us raiſe the ſiege.

† Meaning the four daughters of Philip, mentioned Acts xxi. who had all the gift of propheſying; he being there alſo called *Philip the Evangeliſt.*

Reig. Woman, do what thou canſt to ſave our honours;
Drive them from Orleans, and be immortaliz'd.
Dau. Preſently try; come, let's away about it.
No prophet will I truſt, if ſhe proves falſe. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *The Tower-gates in London.*

Enter Glouceſter, with his ſerving-men.

Glou. I am this day come to ſurvey the Tower;
Since Henry's death, I fear there is conveyance †.
Where be theſe warders, that they wait not here?
Open the gates. 'Tis Glouceſter that calls.
1 *Ward.* Who's there that knocketh ſo imperiouſly?
1 *Man.* It is the Noble Duke of Glouceſter.
2 *Ward.* Whoe'er he be, you may not be let in.
1 *Man.* Villains, anſwer you ſo the Lord Protector?
1 *Ward.* The Lord protect him! ſo we anſwer him;
We do no otherwiſe than we are will'd.
Glou. Who willed you? or whoſe will ſtands but mine?
There's none Protector of the realm but I.
Break up the gates, I'll be your warrantize;
Shall I be flouted thus by dunghill-grooms?

Glouceſter's men ruſh at the Tower-gates, and Woodville the Lieutenant ſpeaks within.

Wood. What noiſe is this? what traitors have we here?
Glou. Lieutenant, is it you whoſe voice I hear?
Open the gates; here's Glo'ſter that would enter.
Wood. Have patience, Noble Duke; I may not open;
The Cardinal of Wincheſter forbids:
From him I have expreſs commandment,
That thou, nor none of thine, ſhall be let in.
Glou. Faint-hearted Woodville, prizeſt him 'fore me?
Arrogant Wincheſter, that haughty prelate,
Whom Henry, our late Sovereign, ne'er could brook?
Thou art no friend to God, or to the King:
Open the gate, or I'll ſhut thee out ſhortly.
Serv. Open the gates there to the Lord Protector;
We'll burſt them open, if thou come not quickly.

Enter

† By *conveyance* is meant theft, a clandeſtine conveyance of things away.

Enter to the Protector at the Tower-gates, Winchester and his men in tawny coats.

Win. How now, ambitious umpire, what means this?
Glou. Peel'd prieſt*, doſt thou command me be ſhut [out?
Win. I do, thou muſt uſurping proditor,
And not protector, of the King or realm.
Glou. Stand back, thou manifeſt conſpirator;
Thou that contrives to murder our dead Lord;
Thou that giv'ſt whores indulgences to ſin†;
I'll canvaſs thee in thy broad Cardinal's hat,
If thou proceed in this thy inſolence.
Win. Nay, ſtand thou back, I will not budge a foot?
This be Damaſcus, be thou curſed Cain‡,
To ſlay thy brother Abel, if thou wilt‖.

Here Glouceſter's men beat out the Cardinal's; and enter, in the hurley-burley, the Mayor of London, and his officers.

Mayor. Fy, Lords; that you, being ſupreme magi-
Thus contumelioufly ſhould break the peace! [ſtrates,
Glou.

* Alluding to his ſhaven-crown, a metaphor from a peel'd orange.

† The public ſtews were formerly under the diſtrict of the Biſhop of Wincheſter. Mr. Pope.

‡ *N. B.* About four miles from Damaſcus, is a high hill, reported to be the ſame on which Cain ſlew his brother Abel. *Maundrell's travels. p.* 131. Mr Pope.

‖ ——— if thou wilt.
Glou. I will not ſlay thee, but I'll drive thee back;
Thy ſcarlet robes, as a child's bearing-cloth,
I'll uſe to carry thee out of this place.
Win. Do what thou dar'ſt; I beard thee to thy face.
Glou. What? am I dar'd, and bearded to my face?
Draw, men, for all this privileged place.
Blue coats to tawny. Prieſt, beware thy beard;
I mean to tug it, and to cuff you ſoundly.
Under my feet I'll ſtamp thy Cardinal's hat:
In ſpight of Pope, or dignities of church,
Here by the cheeks I'll drag thee up and down.
Win. Glo'ſter, thou'lt anſwer this before the Pope.
Glou. Wincheſter Gooſe! I cry, A rope, a rope.
Now beat them hence, why do you let them ſtay?
Thee I'll chaſe hence, thou wolf in ſheep's array.
Out, tawny coats; out, ſcarlet hypocrite!
Here Glouceſter's men, &c.

Glou. Peace, Mayor, for thou know'ſt little of my wrongs:
Here's Beaufort, that regards nor God nor King,
Hath here diſtrain'd the Tower to his uſe.
Win. Here's Glo'ſter too, a foe to citizens;
One that ſtill motions war, and never peace,
O'er-charging your free purſes with large fines;
That ſeeks to overthrow religion,
Becauſe he is protector of the realm;
And would have armour here out of the Tower,
To crown himſelf King, and ſuppreſs the Prince.
Glou. I will not anſwer thee with words, but blows.
[*Here they ſkirmiſh again.*
Mayor. Nought reſts for me in this tumultuous ſtrife,
But to make open proclamation,
Come, officer, as loud as e'er thou canſt.

Off. All manner of men aſſembled here in arms this day, againſt God's peace and the King's, we charge and command you, in his Highneſs's name, to repair to your ſeveral dwelling places: and not wear, handle, or uſe any ſword, weapon, or dagger, henceforward, upon pain of death.

Glou. Cardinal, I'll be no breaker of the law:
But we ſhall meet, and tell our minds at large.
Win. Glo'ſter, we'll meet to-thy dear coſt, be ſure;
Thy heart-blood I will have for this day's-work.
Mayor. I'll call for clubs, if you will not away:
This Cardinal is more haughty than the devil.
Glou. Mayor, farewell: thou do'ſt but what thou may'ſt.
Win. Abominable Glo'ſter, guard thy head,
For I intend to have it ere be long.
Mayor. See the coaſt clear'd, and then we will depart.
Off. Good God! that nobles ſhould ſuch ſtomachs bear!
I my ſelf fight not once in forty year. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII. *Changes to Orleans in France.*

Enter the Maſter-Gunner of Orleans, and his Boy.

M. Gun. Sirrah, thou know'ſt how Orleans is beſieg'd,
And how the Engliſh have the ſuburbs won.
Boy. Father, I know, and oft have ſhot at them,
However,

Howe'er, unfortunate, I miſs'd my aim.
M. Gun. But now thou ſhalt not. Be thou rul'd by me:
Chief Maſter gunner am I of this town,
Something I muſt do to procure me grace.
The Prince's ſpials have informed me,
The Engliſh, in the ſuburbs cloſe intrench'd,
Went thro' a ſecret grate of iron bars,
In yonder tow'r, to over-peer the city;
And thence diſcover how, with moſt advantage,
They may vex us, with ſhot or with aſſault.
To intercept this inconvenience,
A piece of ordnance 'gainſt it I have plac'd;
And fully ev'n theſe three days have I watch'd,
If I could ſee them. Now, Boy, do you watch.
For I can ſtay no longer,———
If thou ſpy'ſt any, run and bring me word,
And thou ſhalt find me at the Governor's. [*Exit.*
Boy. Father, I warrant you; take you no care:
I'll never trouble you, if I may ſpy them.

SCENE IX.

Enter Salisbury and Talbot on the turrets, with others.

Sal. Talbot, my life, my joy again return'd!
How wert thou handled, being priſoner?
Or by what means gott'ſt thou to be releas'd?
Diſcourſe, I pr'ythee, on this turret's top.
Tal. The Duke of Bedford had a priſoner,
Called the brave Lord Ponton de Santraile;
For him was I exchang'd, and ranſomed.
But with a baſer man of arms by far,
Once, in contempt, they would have barter'd me:
Which I diſdaining ſcorn'd, and craved death,
Rather than I would be ſo vile eſteem'd.
In fine redeem'd I was, as I deſir'd.
But, oh! the treacherous Falſtaff wounds my heart;
Whom with my bare fiſts I would execute,
If I now had him brought into my pow'r.
Sal. Yet tell'ſt thou not how thou wert entertain'd.
Tal. With ſcoffs and ſcorns, and contumelious taunts,
In open market-place produc'd they me,
To be a public ſpectacle to all.

Here,

Here, ſaid they, is the terror of the French,
The ſcarecrow that affrights our children ſo.
Then broke I from the officers that led me,
And with my nails digg'd ſtones out of the ground,
To hurl at the beholders of my ſhame.
My griſly countenance made others fly;
None durſt come near, for fear of ſudden death.
In iron walls they deem'd me not ſecure:
So great a fear my name amongſt them ſpread,
That they ſuppos'd I could rend bars of ſteel,
And ſpurn in pieces poſts of adamant.
Wherefore a guard of choſen ſhot I had;
They walk'd about me ev'ry minute-while;
And if I did but ſtir out of my bed,
Ready they were to ſhoot me to the heart.

Enter the Boy, with a linſtock.

Sal. I grieve to hear what torments you endur'd,
But we will be reveng'd ſufficiently.
Now it is ſupper-time in Orleans:
Here through this grate I can count every one,
And view the Frenchmen how they fortify.
Let us look in, the ſight will much delight thee;
Sir Thomas Gargrave, and Sir William Glanſdale,
Let me have your expreſs opinions,
Where is beſt place to make our batt'ry next?

Gar. I think, at the north gate; for there ſtand lords.

Glan. And I here, at the bulwark of the bridge.

Tal. For aught I ſee, this city muſt be famiſh'd,
Or with light ſkirmiſhes enfeebled.

[*Here they ſhoot, and Saliſbury and Sir Tho. Gargrave fall down.*

Sal. O Lord, have mercy on us, wretched ſinners.

Gar. O Lord, have mercy on me, woful man.

Tal. What chance is this that ſuddenly hath croſs'd us?
Speak, Saliſbury; at leaſt, if thou canſt ſpeak;
How far'ſt thou, mirror of all martial men!
One of thy eyes and thy cheek's ſide ſtruck off!
Accurſed tow'r, accurſed fatal hand,
That hath contriv'd this woful tragedy!
In thirteen battles Saliſbury o'ercame:
Henry the Fifth he firſt train'd to the wars.

Whilſt

Whilſt any trump did ſound, or drum ſtruck up,
His ſword did ne'er leave ſtriking in the field.
Yet liv'ſt thou, Saliſbury? tho' thy ſpeech doth fail,
One eye thou haſt to look to heaven for grace *.
Heav'n, be thou gracious to none alive,
If Saliſbury wants mercy at thy hands!
Bear hence his body, I will help to bury it.
Sir Thomas Gargrave, haſt thou any life?
Speak unto Talbot; nay, look up to him.
O Saliſb'ry, cheer thy ſpirit with this comfort,
Thou ſhalt not die, while——
——He beckons with his hand, and ſmiles on me,
As who ſhould ſay, *When I am dead and gone,*
Remember to avenge me on the French.
Plantagenet, I will; and, Nero-like,
Play on the lute, beholding the towns burn:
Wretched ſhall France be only in my name.
[*Here an alarm, and it thunders and lightens.*
What ſtir is this? what tumult's in the heav'ns?
Whence cometh this alarm and this noiſe?

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. My Lord, my Lord, the French have gather'd
The Dauphin, with one Joan la Pucelle join'd, [head
A holy propheteſs new riſen up,
Is come with a great power to raiſe the ſiege.
[*Here Saliſbury lifteth himſelf up and groans.*
Tal. Hear, hear, how dying Saliſbury doth groan?
It irks his heart he cannot be reveng'd.
Frenchmen, I'll be a Saliſbury to you †.
Convey brave Saliſbury into his tent,
And then we'll try what daſtard Frenchmen dare.
[*Alarm. Exeunt, bearing Saliſbury and Sir Thomas Gargrave out.*

SCEN

* To heaven for grace.
The ſun with one eye vieweth all the world.
Heav'n, be thou, &c.

† a Saliſbury to you.
Pucelle or Puſſel, Dauphin, or Dog-fiſh,
Your hearts I'll ſtamp out with my horſe's heels,
And make a *quagmire* of your mingled brains.
Convey brave, &c.

SCENE X.

Here an alarm again; and Talbot purſueth the Dauphin, and driveth him. Then enter Joan la Pucelle driving Engliſhmen before her. Then enter Talbot.

Tal. Where is my ſtrength, my valour, and my force?
Our Engliſh troops retire, I cannot ſtay them:
A woman clad in armour, chaſeth them.

Enter Pucelle.

Here, here, ſhe comes. I'll have a bout with thee;
Devil, or devil's dam, I'll conjure thee:
Blood will I draw on thee, thou art a witch,
And ſtraightway give thy ſoul to him thou ſerv'ſt.

Pucel. Come, come, 'tis only I that muſt diſgrace thee. [*They fight* *.

Talbot, farewell, thy hour is not yet come;
I muſt go victual Orleans forthwith.

[*A ſhort alarm. Then enter the town with ſoldiers.*

O'ertake me if thou canſt, I ſcorn thy ſtrength.
Go, go, cheer up thy hunger-ſtarved men,
Help Saliſbury to make his teſtament:
This day is ours, as many more ſhall be. [*Exit Pucelle.*

Tal. My thoughts are whirled like a potter's wheel;
I know not where I am, nor what I do:
A witch, by fear, not force, like Hannibal,
Drives back our troops, and conquers as ſhe liſts.
So bees with ſmoak, and doves with noiſome ſtench,
Are from their hives and houſes driv'n away.
They call'd us for our fierceneſs Engliſh dogs,
Now like their whelps we crying run away.

[*A ſhort alarm.*

Hark, countrymen! either renew the fight,
Or tear the lions out of England's coat:
Renounce your ſoil, give ſheep the lions' ſtead:
Sheep run not half ſo tim'rous from the wolf,
Or horſe or oxen from the leopard,

As

* *They fight.*
Tal. Heavens, can you ſuffer hell ſo to prevail?
My breaſt I'll burſt with ſtraining of my courage,
And from my ſhoulders crack my arms aſunder,
But I will chaſtiſe this high-minded ſtrumpet.
Pucel. Talbot, farewell, &c.

As you fly from your oft-ſubdued ſlaves.

[*Alarm. Here another ſkirmiſh.*

It will not be: retire into your trenches:
You all conſented unto Saliſbury's death,
For none would ſtrike a ſtroke in his revenge.
Pucelle is enter'd into Orleans,
In ſpight of us, or ought that we cou'd do.
O, would I were to die with Saliſbury!
The ſhame hereof will make me hide my head.

[*Exit Talbot.*

Alarm, Retreat, Flouriſh.

SCENE XI.

Enter on the wall, Pucelle, Dauphin, Reignier, Alanſon, and Soldiers.

Pucel. Advance our waving colours on the walls,
Reſcu'd is Orleans from the Engliſh wolves:
Thus Joan la Pucelle hath perform'd her word.

Dau. Divineſt creature, bright Aſtrea's daughter,
How ſhall I honour thee for this ſucceſs!
Thy promiſes are like Adonis' gardens*,
That one day bloom'd, and fruitful were the next.
France, triumph in thy glorious propheteſs!
Recover'd is the town of Orleans;
More bleſſed hap did ne'er befal our ſtate.

Reig. Why ring not out the bells throughout the town?
Dauphin, command the citizens make bonfires,
And feaſt and banquet in the open ſtreets,
To celebrate the joy that God hath giv'n us.

Alan. All France will be replete with mirth and joy,
When they ſhall hear how we have play'd the men.

Dau. 'Tis Joan, not we, by whom the day is won;

* *The gardens of Adonis* were never repreſented under any local deſcription, nor is any ſuch thing implied in this place. They were only beds of earth put into portable caſes of ſilver or other matter, in which were raiſed ſuch flowers and herbs as were of quick growth and ſhort continuance, the production and maturity of them being alſo haſtened by artificial means. Upon this quickneſs of growth the *alluſion here is founded*: though anciently the gardens of Adonis was a proverbial expreſſion to ſignify tranſitory fleeting pleaſures, and perſons alſo of a ſlight trifling account. See *Eraſ.* adag. Oxford Editor.

For which I will divide my crown with her,
And all the prieſts and friars in my realm
Shall in proceſſion ſing her endleſs praiſe.
A ſtatelier pyramid to her I'll rear,
Than Rhodope's or Memphis' ever was!
In memory of her when ſhe is dead,
Her aſhes in an urn more precious
Than the rich-jewel'd coffer of Darius,
Tranſported ſhall be at high feſtivals,
Before the Kings and Queens of France.
No longer on St. Dennis will we cry,
But Joan la Pucelle ſhall be France's Saint.
Come in, and let us banquet royally,
After this golden day of victory. [*Flouriſh. Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Before Orleans.

Enter a Serjeant of a band, with two Centinels.

Serj. SIRS, take your places, and be vigilant.
If any noiſe or ſoldier you perceive
Near to the wall, by ſome apparent ſign
Let us have knowledge at the court of guard.
Cent. Serjeant, you ſhall. Thus are poor ſervitors
(When others ſleep upon their quiet beds)
Conſtrain'd to watch in darkneſs, rain, and cold.

Enter Talbot, Bedford, and Burgundy, with ſcaling-ladders. Their drums beating a dead march.

Tal. Lord Regent, and redoubted Burgundy,
By whoſe approach the regions of Artois,
Walloon, and Picardy, are friends to us;
This happy night the Frenchmen are ſecure,
Having all day carous'd and banqueted.
Embrace we then this opportunity,
As fitting beſt to quittance their deceit,
Contriv'd by art and baleful ſorcery.
Bed. Coward of France! how much he wrongs his fame,
Deſpairing of his own arms' fortitude,
To join with witches and the help of hell!
Bur. Traitors have never other company.

But

But what's that Pucelle whom they term ſo pure?
Tal. A maid, they ſay.
Bed. A maid? and be ſo martial?
Bur. Pray God, ſhe prove not maſculine ere long!
If underneath the ſtandard of the French
She carry armour as ſhe hath begun.
Tal. Well, let them practiſe and converſe with ſpirits;
God is our fortreſs, in whoſe conqu'ring name
Let us reſolve to ſcale their flinty bulwarks.
Bed. Aſcend, brave Talbot, we will follow thee.
Tal. Not all together: better far I gueſs,
That we do make our entrance ſeveral ways:
That if it chance the one of us do fail,
The other yet may riſe againſt their force.
Bed. Agreed; I'll to yon corner.
Bur. I to this.
Tal. And here will Talbot mount, or make his grave.
Now, Saliſbury! for thee, and for the right
Of English Henry, ſhall this night appear
How much in duty I am bound to both.
Cent. [*within.*] Arm, arm; the enemy doth make aſſault.
[*The Engliſh ſcaling the walls, cry, St. George! A Talbot!*

SCENE II.

The French leap o'er the walls in their ſhirts. Enter, ſeveral ways, Baſtard, Alanſon, Reignier, half ready and half unready.

Alan. How now, my Lords? what, all unready ſo?
Baſt. Unready? I, and glad we 'ſcap'd ſo well.
Reig. 'Tis time, I trow, to wake, and leave our beds,
Hearing alarums at our chamber-doors.
Alan. Of all exploits, ſince firſt I follow'd arms,
Ne'er heard I of a warlike enterpriſe
More venturous or deſperate than this.
Baſt. I think this Talbot is a fiend of hell.
Reig. If not of hell, the heav'ns, ſure, favour him.
Alan. Here cometh Charles, I marvel how he ſped.

Enter Dauphin and Joan.

Baſt. Tut! holy Joan was his defenſive guard.

Dau. Is this thy cunning, thou deceitful dame?
Didſt thou at firſt, to flatter us withal,
Make us partakers of a little gain,
That now our loſs might be ten times as much?

Pucel. Wherefore is Charles impatient with his friend?
At all times will you have my pow'r alike?
Sleeping, or waking, muſt I ſtill prevail?
Or will you blame and lay the fault on me?
Improvident ſoldiers, had your watch been good,
This ſudden miſchief never cou'd have fall'n.

Dau. Duke of Alanſon, this was your default,
That, being captain of the watch to-night,
Did look no better to that weighty charge.

Alan. Had all your quarters been as ſafely kept,
As that whereof I had the government,
We had not been thus ſhamefully ſurpris'd.

Baſt. Mine was ſecure.

Reign. And ſo was mine, my Lord.

Dau. And for my ſelf, moſt part of all this night,
Within her quarter, and mine own precinct,
I was employ'd in paſſing to and fro,
About relieving of the centinels.
Then how or which way ſhould they firſt break in?

Pucel. Queſtion, my Lords, no further of the caſe,
How, or which way; 'tis ſure they found ſome part
But weakly guarded, where the breach was made;
And now there reſts no other ſhift but this,
To gather our ſoldiers, ſcatter'd and diſpers'd,
And lay new platforms, to indamage them. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Within the walls of Orleans.*

Alarm. Enter a Soldier crying, A Talbot! A Talbot! the French fly, leaving their clothes behind.

Sol. I'll be ſo bold to take what they have left:
The cry of Talbot ſerves me for a ſword;
For I have loaden me with many ſpoils,
Uſing no other weapon but his name. [*Exit.*

Enter Talbot, Bedford, and Burgundy.

Bed. The day begins to break, and night is fled,
Whoſe pitchy mantle over-veil'd the earth.

Here

Here ſound retreat, and ceaſe our hot purſuit. [*Retreat.*

Tal. Bring forth the body of old Saliſbury,
And here advance it in the market-place,
The middle centre of this curſed town.
Now have I paid my vow unto his ſoul;
For every drop of blood was drawn from him,
There have at leaſt five Frenchmen dy'd to-night.
And that hereafter ages may behold
What ruin happen'd in revenge of him,
Within their chiefeſt temple I'll erect
A tomb, wherein his corpſe ſhall be interr'd:
Upon the which, that every one may read,
Shall be ingrav'd the ſack of Orleans;
The treach'rous manner of his mournful death,
And what a terror he had been to France.
But, Lords, in all our bloody maſſacre,
I muſe we met not with the Dauphin's Grace,
His new-come champion, virtuous Joan of Arc,
Nor any of his falſe confederates.

Bed. 'Tis thought, Lord Talbot, when the fight began,
Rous'd on the ſudden from their drowſy beds,
They did amongſt the troops of armed men
Leap o'er the walls, for refuge in the field.

Bur. My ſelf, as far as I cou'd well diſcern
For ſmoak and duſky vapours of the night,
Am ſure I ſcar'd the Dauphin and his trull;
When, arm in arm, they both came ſwiftly running,
Like to a pair of loving turtle-doves,
That cou'd not live aſunder day or night.
After that things are ſet in order here,
We'll follow them with all the power we have.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. All hail, my Lords; which of this princely train
Call ye the warlike Talbot, for his acts
So much applauded through the realm of France?

Tal. Here is the Talbot, who would ſpeak with him?

Meſſ. The virtuous lady, Counteſs of Auvergne,
With modeſty admiring thy renown,
By me intreats, great Lord, thou would'ſt voutſafe
To viſit her poor caſtle where ſhe lies;
That ſhe may boaſt ſhe hath beheld the man

Your roof were not ſufficient to contain it.

Count. This is a riddling merchant for the nonce;
He will be here, and yet he is not here:
How can theſe contrarieties agree?

Tal. That will I ſhew you preſently.

Winds his horn; drums ſtrike up; a peal of ordnance: Enter Soldiers.

How ſay you, Madam? are you now perſuaded,
That Talbot is but ſhadow of himſelf?
Theſe are his ſubſtance, ſinews, arms, and ſtrength,
With which he yoketh your rebellious necks;
Razeth your cities, and ſubverts your towns;
And in a moment makes them deſolate.

Count. Victorious Talbot, pardon my abuſe;
I find thou art no leſs than fame hath bruited.
And more than may be gather'd by thy ſhape.
Let my preſumption not provoke thy wrath;
For I am ſorry, that with reverence
I did not entertain thee as thou art.

Tal. Be not diſmay'd, fair Lady; nor miſconſtrue
The mind of Talbot, as you did miſtake
The outward compoſition of his body.
What you have done, hath not offended me:
Nor other ſatisfaction do I crave,
But only with your patience that we may
Taſte of your wine, and ſee what cates you have;
For ſoldiers' ſtomachs always ſerve them well.

Count. With all my heart, and think me honoured
To feaſt ſo great a warrior in my houſe. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Changes to London in the Temple-garden.*

Enter Richard Plantagenet, Warwick, Somerſet, Suffolk, Vernon, and others.

Plan. Great Lords and Gentlemen, what means this
Dare no man anſwer in a caſe of truth? [ſilence?

Suf. Within the Temple-hall we were too loud,
The garden here is more convenient.

Plan. Then ſay at once, if I maintain'd the truth;
Or elſe was wrangling Somerſet in th' error?

Suf. 'Faith, I have been a truant in the law;
I never yet could frame my will to it,

And

And therefore frame the law unto my will.

Som. Judge you, my Lord of Warwick, then between us.

War. Between two hawks, which flies the higher pitch,
Between two dogs, which hath the deeper mouth,
Between two blades, which bears the better temper,
Between two horſes, which doth bear him beſt,
Between two girls, which hath the merrieſt eye,
I have, perhaps, ſome ſhallow ſpirit of judgment:
But in theſe nice ſharp quillets of the law,
Good faith I am no wiſer than a daw.

Plan. Tut, tut, here is a mannerly forbearance;
The truth appears ſo naked on my ſide,
That any purblind eye may find it out.

Som. And on my ſide it is ſo well apparell'd,
So clear, ſo ſhining, and ſo evident,
That it will glimmer through a blind man's eye.

Plan. Since you are tongue-ty'd, and ſo loath to ſpeak,
In dumb ſignificants proclaim your thoughts:
Let him that is a true-born gentleman,
And ſtands upon the honour of his birth,
If he ſuppoſe that I have pleaded truth,
From off this briar pluck a white roſe with me *.

Som. Let him that is no coward, and no flatterer,
But dare maintain the party of the truth,
Pluck a red roſe from off this thorn with me.

War. I love no colours; and without all colour
Of baſe inſinuating flattery,
I pluck this white roſe with Plantagenet.

Suf. I pluck this red roſe with young Somerſet,
And ſay, withal, I think he held the right.

Ver. Stay, Lords and Gentlemen, and pluck no more,
'Till you conclude, that he upon whoſe ſide

The

* This is given as the original of the two badges of the houſe of York and Lancaſter; whether truly or not, is no great matter. But the proverbial expreſſion of *ſaying a thing under the roſe*, I am perſuaded came from thence. When the nation had ranged itſelf into two great factions, under the *white* and *red* roſe, and were perpetually plotting and counterplotting againſt one another, then when a matter of faction was communicated by either party to his friend in the ſame quarrel, it was natural for him to add, that he ſaid it *under the roſe*; meaning, that as it concern'd the faction, it was religiouſly to be kept ſecret. Mr. Warburton.

The fewest roſes are cropt from the tree,
Shall yield the other in the right opinion.
Som. Good Maſter Vernon, it is well objected:
If I have fewest, I ſubſcribe in ſilence.
Plan. And I.
Ver. Then for the truth and plainneſs of the caſe,
I pluck this pale and maiden bloſſom here,
Giving my verdict on the white roſe ſide *.
Som. Well, well, come on; who elſe?
Lawyer. Unleſs my ſtudy and my books be falſe,
The argument you held was wrong in you; [*To Som.*
In ſign whereof I pluck a white roſe too.
Plan. Now, Somerſet, where is your argument?
Som. Here in my ſcabbard, meditating that
Shall dye your white roſe to a bloody red †.
Plan. Now, by this maiden-bloſſom in my hand,
I ſcorn thee and thy faſhion, peevish boy.
Suf. Turn not thy ſcorns this way, Plantagenet.
Plan. Proud Pool, I will; and ſcorn both him and thee.
Suf. I'll turn my part thereof unto thy throat.

Som.

* ——white roſe ſide.
Som. Prick not your finger as you pluck it off;
Leſt, bleeding, you do paint the white roſe red,
And fall on my ſide ſo againſt your will.
Ver. If I, my Lord, for my opinion bleed,
Opinion ſhall be ſurgeon to my hurt,
And keep me on the ſide where ſtill I am.
Som. Well, well, &c.

† ——a bloody red.
Plan. Mean time, your cheeks do counterfeit our roſes:
For pale they look with fear, as witneſſing
The truth on our ſide.
Som. No, Plantagenet;
'Tis not for fear, but anger, that thy cheeks
Bluſh for pure ſhame to counterfeit our roſes;
And yet thy tongue will not confeſs thy error.
Plan. Hath not thy roſe a canker, Somerſet?
Som. Hath not thy roſe a thorn, Plantagenet?
Plan. Ay, ſharp and piercing to maintain his truth;
Whilſt thy conſuming canker eats his falſehood.
Som. Well, I'll find friends to wear my bleeding roſes,
That ſhall maintain what I have ſaid is true,
Where falſe Plantagenet dare not be ſeen.
Plan. Now, by this maiden, &c.

Som. Away, away, good William de la Pool!
e grace the yeoman by converſing with him.
War. Now, by God's will, thou wrong'ſt him, So-
s grandfather was Lionel Duke of Clarence, [merſet,
ird ſon to the Third Edward King of England.
ring creſtleſs † yeomen from ſo deep a root?
Plan. He bears him on the place's privilege,
durſt not for his craven heart ſay thus.
Som. By him that made me, I'll maintain my words
any plot of ground in Chriſtendom.
as not thy father, Richard, Earl of Cambridge,
r treaſon headed in our late King's days?
id by his treaſon ſtand'ſt not thou attainted,
rrupted, and exempt from ancient gentry?
s treſpaſs yet lives guilty in thy blood;
id, till thou be reſtor'd, thou art a yeoman.
Plan. My father was attached, not attainted;
ndemn'd to die for treaſon, but no traitor;
id that I'll prove on better men than Somerſet,
ere growing time once ripen'd to my will.
r your partaker Pool, and you yourſelf,
I note you in my book of memory,
ſcourge you for this apprehenſion ‡.
ook to it well, and ſay you are well warn'd.
Som. Ah, thou ſhalt find us ready for thee ſtill,
id know us by theſe colours for thy foes:
r theſe my friends, in ſpight of thee, ſhall wear.
Plan. And, by my ſoul, this pale and angry roſe,
cogniſance of my blood-drinking hate,
ill I for over and my faction wear.
ntil it wither with me to my grave,
flouriſh to the height of my degree.
Suf. Go forward, and be chok'd with thy ambition;
nd ſo farewell until I meet thee next. [*Exit.*
Som. Have with thee, Pool: farewell, ambitious Rich-
ard. [*Exit.*
Plan. How am I brav'd, and muſt perforce endure it!
War. This blot that they object againſt your houſe,
ſhall be wip'd out in the next parliament,
ll'd for the truce of Wincheſter and Glouceſter;

And

† *i. e. Thoſe who have no right to arms.*
‡ *i. e. Opinion.*

And if thou be not then created York,
I will not live to be accounted Warwick.
Mean time, in ſignal of my love to thee,
Againſt proud Somerſet and William Pool,
Will I upon thy party wear this roſe.
And here I propheſy, this brawl to-day,
Grown to this faction, in the Temple-garden,
Shall ſend, between the red roſe and the white,
A thouſand ſouls to death and deadly night †.

SCENE VI. *A priſon.*

Enter Mortimer, brought in a chair, and Jailors.

Mor. Kind keepers of my weak decaying age,
Let dying Mortimer here reſt himſelf.
Ev'n like a man new haled from the rack,
So fare my limbs with long impriſonment:
And theſe gray locks, the purſuivants of death,
Neſtor-like aged in an age of care,
Argue the end of Edmund Mortimer.
Theſe eyes, like lamps whoſe waſting oil is ſpent,
Wax dim, as drawing to their exigent ‡.
Weak ſhoulder overborne with burthening grief,
And pithleſs arms, like to a wither'd vine
That droops his ſapleſs branches to the ground:
Yet are theſe feet, whoſe ſtrengthleſs ſtay is numb,
(Unable to ſupport this lump of clay,)
Swift-winged with deſire to get a grave;
As witting, I no other comfort have.
But tell me, keeper, will my nephew come?

Keep. Richard Plantagenet, my Lord, will come;
We ſent unto the Temple, to his chamber;
And anſwer was return'd that he will come.

Mor. Enough; my ſoul then ſhall be ſatisfy'd.

Poor

† ——death and deadly night.
Plan. Good Maſter Vernon, I am bound to you,
That you on my behalf would pluck a flow'r.
Ver. In your behalf ſtill will I wear the ſame.
Lawyer. And ſo will I.
Plan. Thanks, gentle Sir.
Come let us four to dinner; I dare ſay,
This quarrel will drink blood another day.
SCENE, &c.

‡ *Exigent*, for *concluſion*, period.

Poor gentleman, his wrong doth equal mine.
Since Henry Monmouth firſt began to reign,
(Before whoſe glory I was great in arms,)
This loathſome ſequeſtration have I had;
And, even ſince then, hath Richard been obſcur'd,
Depriv'd of honour and inheritance.
But now the arbitrator of deſpairs,
Juſt Death, kind umpire of mens' miſeries,
With ſweet enlargement doth diſmiſs me hence.
I would his troubles likewiſe were expir'd,
That ſo he might recover what was loſt!

Enter Richard Plantagenet.

Keep. My Lord, your loving nephew now is come.
Mor. Richard Plantagenet, my friend, is he come?
Plan. Ay, noble uncle, thus ignobly us'd,
Your nephew, late deſpiſed Richard, comes.
Mor. Direct mine arms I may embrace his neck,
And in his boſom ſpend my lateſt gaſp.
Oh, tell me when my lips do touch his cheeks,
That I may kindly give one fainting kiſs.
And now declare, ſweet ſtem from York's great ſtock,
Why didſt thou ſay of late thou wert deſpis'd?
Plan. Firſt lean thine aged back againſt mine arm,
And in that eaſe I'll tell thee my diſpleaſure.
This day, in argument upon a caſe,
Some words there grew 'twixt Somerſet and me;
Amongſt which terms he loos'd his laviſh tongue,
And did upbraid me with my father's death;
Which obloquy ſet bars before my tongue,
Elſe with the like I had requited him.
Therefore, good uncle, for my father's ſake,
In honour of a true Plantagenet,
And for alliance ſake, declare the cauſe
My father Earl of Cambridge loſt his head.
Mor. This cauſe, fair nephew, that impriſon'd me,
And hath detain'd me all my flow'ring youth
Within a loathſome dungeon there to pine,
Was curſed inſtrument of his deceaſe.
Plan. Diſcover more at large what cauſe that was;
For I am ignorant, and cannot gueſs.
Mor. I will, if that my fading breath permit,

And death approach not ere my tale be done.
Henry the Fourth, grandfather to this King,
Depos'd his cousin Richard, Edward's son,
The first begotten, and the lawful heir
Of Edward King, the Third of that descent.
During whose reign the Percies of the north,
Finding his usurpation most unjust,
Endeavour'd my advancement to the throne.
The reason mov'd these warlike Lords to this,
Was, for that young King Richard thus remov'd,
Leaving no heir begotten of his body,
I was the next by birth and parentage:
For by my mother I derived am
From Lionel Duke of Clarence, the third son
To the third Edward; whereas Bolingbroke
From John of Gaunt doth bring his pedigree,
Being but the fourth of that heroic line.
But mark; as in this haughty great attempt
They laboured to plant the rightful heir,
I lost my liberty, and they their lives.
Long after this, when Henry the Fifth
After his father Bolingbroke did reign,
Thy father, Earl of Cambridge, (then deriv'd
From famous Edmund Langley, Duke of York,
Marrying my sister, that thy mother was,)
Again in pity of my hard distress
Levied an army, weening to redeem
And re-instal me in the diadem:
But as the rest, so fell that noble Earl,
And was beheaded. Thus the Mortimers,
In whom the title rested, were suppress'd.

Plan. Of which, my Lord, your Honour is the last.

Mor. True; and thou seest that I no issue have,
And that my fainting words do warrant death:
Thou art my heir; the rest I wish thee gather:
But yet be wary in thy studious care.

Plan. Thy grave admonishments prevail with me:
But yet methinks my father's execution
Was nothing less than bloody tyranny.

Mor. With silence, nephew, be thou politic:
Strong fixed is the house of Lancaster,
And, like a mountain, not to be remov'd.

But

But now thy uncle is removing hence,
As princes do their courts, when they are cloy'd
With long continuance in a ſettled place.
Plan. O uncle, would ſome part of my young years
Might but redeem the paſſage of your age!
Mort. Thou doſt then wrong me, as that ſlaught'rer
Which giveth many wounds when one will kill. [doth
Mourn not, except thou ſorrow for my good;
Only give order for my funeral.
And ſo farewell; and fair befal thy hopes,
And proſp'rous be thy life, in peace and war! [*Dies.*
Plan. And peace, no war, befal thy parting ſoul!
In priſon haſt thou ſpent a pilgrimage,
And, like a hermit, over-paſt thy days.
Well; I will lock his counſel in my breaſt;
And what I do imagine, let that reſt.
Keepers, convey him hence; and I myſelf
Will ſee his burial better than his life.
Here lies the duſky torch of Mortimer,
Chok'd with ambition of the meaner ſort †.
And for thoſe wrongs, thoſe bitter injuries,
Which Somerſet hath offer'd to my houſe,
I doubt not but with honour to redreſs.
And therefore haſte I to the parliament;
Either to be reſtored to my blood,
Or make my ill th' advantage of my good. [*Exit.*

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Parliament.

Flouriſh. Enter King Henry, Exeter, Glouceſter, Wincheſter, Warwick, Somerſet, Suffolk, and Richard Plantagenet. Glouceſter offers to put up a bill. Wincheſter ſnatches it, and tears it.

Win. COM'ST thou with deep premeditated lines,
With written pamphlets ſtudiouſly devis'd?
Humphry of Glo'ſter, if thou can'ſt accuſe,
Or aught intend'ſt to lay unto my charge,
Do it without invention ſuddenly;

† *Being made a tool by the Percies and others to countenance their quarrels.*

As I, with ſudden and extemporal ſpeech,
Purpoſe to anſwer what thou can'ſt object.
Glou. Preſumptuous prieſt, this place commands my patience;
Or thou ſhould'ſt find thou haſt diſhonour'd me.
Think not, altho' in writing I preferr'd
The manner of thy vile outrageous crimes,
That therefore I have forg'd, or am not able
Verbatim to rehearſe the method of my pen.
No, Prelate, ſuch is thy audacious wickedneſs,
Thy lewd, peſtif'rous, and diſſentious pranks,
The very infants prattle of thy pride.
Thou art a moſt pernicious uſurer,
Froward by nature, enemy to peace,
Laſcivious, wanton, more than well beſeems
A man of thy profeſſion and degree.
And for thy treach'ry, what's more manifeſt?
In that thou laid'ſt a trap to take my life,
As well at London-bridge, as at the Tower,
Beſide, I fear me, if thy thoughts were ſifted,
The King thy ſovereign is not quite exempt
From envious malice of thy ſwelling heart.
Win. Glo'ſter, I do defy thee. Lords, vouchſafe
To give me hearing what I ſhall reply.
If I were covetous, perverſe, ambitious,
As he will have me; how am I ſo poor?
How haps it then I ſeek not to advance
Or raiſe myſelf, but keep my wonted calling?
And for diſſenſion, who preferreth peace
More than I do? except I be provok'd.
No, my good Lords, it is not that offends;
It is not that which hath incens'd the Duke:
It is becauſe no one ſhould ſway but he;
No one but he ſhould be about the King;
And that ingenders thunder in his breaſt,
And makes him roar theſe accuſations forth,
But he ſhall know I am as good——
Glou. As good?
Thou baſtard of my grandfather!
Win. Ay, lordly Sir; for what are you, I pray,
But one imperious in another's throne?
Glou. Am not I then Protector, ſaucy prieſt?

Win.

Win. And am not I a Prelate of the church?
Glou. Yes, as an outlaw in a caſtle keeps,
And uſes it to patronage his theft.
Win. Unrev'rend Glo'ſter!
Glou. Thou art reverend
Touching thy ſpiritual function, not thy life.
Win. This Rome ſhall remedy.
War. Roam thither then.
Som. My Lord, it were your duty to forbear.
War. Ay, ſee the Biſhop be not overborn.
Som. Methinks, my Lord ſhould be religious,
And know the office that belongs to ſuch.
War. Methinks his Lordſhip ſhould be humbler then,
It fitteth not a Prelate ſo to plead.
Som. Yes, when his holy ſtate is touch'd ſo near.
War. State, holy or unhallow'd, what of that?
Is not his Grace Protector to the King?
Rich. Plantagenet, I ſee, muſt hold his tongue: [*Aſide.*
Leſt it be ſaid, 'Speak, ſirrah, when you ſhould;
'Muſt your bold verdict enter talk with Lords?'
Elſe would I have a fling at Wincheſter.
K. Henry. Uncles of Glo'ſter, and of Wincheſter,
The ſpecial watchmen of our Engliſh weal;
I would prevail, if prayers might prevail,
To join your hearts in love and amity.
Oh, what a ſcandal is it to our crown,
That two ſuch Noble Peers as ye ſhould jar!
Believe me, Lords, my tender years can tell,
Civil diſſenſion is a vip'rous worm,
That gnaws the bowels of the commonwealth.
[*A noiſe within, Down with the tawny coats,* &c.
K. Henry. What tumult's this?
War. An uproar, I dare warrant,
Begun through malice of the Biſhop's men.
[*A noiſe again, Stones, Stones.*

SCENE II. *Enter Mayor.*

Mayor. Oh, my good Lords, and virtuous Henry,
Pity the city London, pity us;
The Biſhop and the Duke of Glo'ſter's men,
Forbidden late to carry any weapon,
Have fill'd their pockets full of pebble-ſtones;

And, banding themſelves in contrary parts,
Do pelt ſo faſt at one another's pates,
That many have their giddy brains knock'd out:
Our windows are broke down in every ſtreet,
And we for fear compell'd to ſhut our ſhops.

Enter ſeveral in ſkirmiſh, with bloody pates.

K. Henry. We charge you, on allegiance to ourſelves,
To hold your ſlaught'ring hands, and keep the peace.
Pray, uncle Glo'ſter, mitigate this ſtrife.

1 *Serv.* Nay, if we be forbidden ſtones, we'll fall to it with our teeth.

2 *Serv.* Do what ye dare, we are as reſolute.
[*Skirmiſh again.*

Glou. You of my houſehold, leave this peeviſh broil,
And ſet this unaccuſtom'd fight aſide.

3 *Serv.* My Lord, we know your Grace to be a man
Juſt and upright; and for your royal birth
Inferior to none but to his Majeſty:
And ere that we will ſuffer ſuch a prince,
So kind a father to the common-weal,
To be diſgraced by an inkhorn-mate;
We, and our wives, and children, all will fight,
And have our bodies ſlaughter'd by thy foes.

1 *Serv.* Ay, and the very parings of our nails
Shall pitch a field when we are dead. [*Begin again.*

Glou. Stay, ſtay, I ſay;
And if you love me, as you ſay you do,
Let me perſuade you to forbear a while.

K. Henry. O, how this diſcord doth afflict my ſoul!
Can you, my Lord of Wincheſter, behold
My ſighs and tears, and will not once relent?
Who ſhould be pitiful, if you be not?
Or who ſhould ſtudy to prefer a peace,
If holy churchmen take delight in broils?

War. My Lord Protector, yield; yield, Wincheſter;
Except you mean with obſtinate repulſe
To ſlay your ſovereign, and deſtroy the realm.
Ye ſee, what miſchief, and what murther too,
Hath been enacted thro' your enmity:
Then be at peace, except ye thirſt for blood.

Win.

Win. He ſhall ſubmit, or I will never yield.

Glou. Compaſſion on the King commands me ſtoop,
Or I would ſee his heart out, ere the prieſt
Should ever get that privilege of me.

War. Behold, my Lord of Wincheſter, the Duke
Hath baniſh'd moody diſcontented fury,
As by his ſmoothed brows it doth appear.
Why look you ſtill ſo ſtern and tragical?

Glou. Here, Wincheſter, I offer thee my hand.

K. Henry. Fie, uncle Beaufort: I have heard you preach,
That malice was a great and grievous ſin:
And will not you maintain the thing you teach,
But prove a chief offender in the ſame?

War. Sweet King! the Biſhop hath a kindly gird.
For ſhame, my Lord of Wincheſter, relent;
What, ſhall a child inſtruct you what to do?

Win. Well, Duke of Glo'ſter, I will yield to thee;
Love for thy love, and hand for hand, I give.

Glou. Ay, but I fear me, with a hollow heart.
See here, my friends and loving countrymen,
This token ſerveth for a flag of truce
Betwixt ourſelves and all our followers.
So help me God as I diſſemble not!

Win. [*Aſide.*] So help me God as I intend it not.

K. Henry. O loving uncle, gentle Duke of Glo'ſter,
How joyful am I by this contract!
Away, my maſters, trouble us no more;
But join in friendſhip, as your Lords have done.

1 *Serv.* Content, I'll to the ſurgeon's.

2 *Serv.* So will I.

3 *Serv.* And I'll ſee what phyſic the tavern affords.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

War. Accept this ſcroll, moſt gracious Sovereign,
Which in the right of Richard Plantagenet
We do exhibit to your Majeſty.

Glou. Well urg'd, my Lord of Warwick: for, ſweet Prince,
And if your Grace mark ev'ry circumſtance,
You have great reaſon to do Richard right:
Eſpecially for thoſe occaſions
At Eltham-place I told your Majeſty.

K. Henry.

K. Henry. And thoſe occaſions, uncle, were of force:
Therefore, my loving Lords, our pleaſure is,
That Richard be reſtored to his blood.
War. Let Richard be reſtored to his blood,
So ſhall his father's wrongs be recompens'd.
Win. As will the reſt, ſo willeth Wincheſter.
K. Henry. If Richard will be true, not that alone,
But all the whole inheritance I give,
That doth belong unto the houſe of York,
From whence you ſpring by lineal deſcent.
Rich. Thy humble ſervant vows obedience,
And faithful ſervice, till the point of death.
K. Henry. Stoop, then, and ſet your knee againſt my foot.
And in reguerdon of that duty done,
I gird thee with the valiant ſword of York.
Riſe, Richard, like a true Plantagenet,
And riſe created *Princely Duke of York.*
Rich. And ſo thrive Richard, as thy foes may fall!
And as my duty ſprings, ſo periſh they
That grudge one thought againſt your Majeſty!
All. Welcome, high Prince, the mighty Duke of York!
Som. Periſh, baſe Prince, ignoble Duke of York! [*Aſide.*
Glou. Now will it beſt avail your Majeſty
To croſs the ſeas, and to be crown'd in France:
The preſence of a King engenders love
Amongſt his ſubjects and his loyal friends,
As it diſanimates his enemies.
K. Henry. When Glo'ſter ſays the word, King Henry goes;
For friendly counſel cuts off many foes.
Glou. Your ſhips already are in readineſs. [*Exeunt.*

Manet Exeter.

Exe. Ay, we may march in England or in France,
Not ſeeing what is likely to enſue.
This late diſſenſion grown betwixt the peers,
Burns under feigned aſhes of forg'd love,
And will at laſt break out into a flame.
As feſter'd members rot but by degrees,
Till bones, and fleſh, and ſinews, fall away;
So will this baſe and envious diſcord breed.
And now I fear that fatal prophecy,

Which,

Which, in the time of Henry nam'd the Fifth,
Was in the mouth of every ſucking babe;
That Henry born at Monmouth ſhould win all;
And Henry born at Windſor ſhould loſe all:
Which is ſo plain, that Exeter doth wiſh
His days may finiſh ere that hapleſs time. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *Changes to Rouen in France.*

Enter Joan la Pucelle diſguis'd, and four Soldiers with ſacks upon their backs.

Pucel. Theſe are the city-gates, the gates of Rouen,
Thro' which our policy muſt make a breach.
Take heed, be wary, how you place your words;
Talk like the vulgar ſort of market-men,
That come to gather money for their corn.
If we have entrance, (as I hope we ſhall,)
And that we find the ſloathful watch but weak,
I'll by a ſign give notice to our friends,
That Charles the Dauphin may encounter them.

Sol. Our ſacks ſhall be a mean to ſack the city,
And we be lords and rulers over Rouen;
Therefore we'll knock. [*Knocks.*

Watch. Qui va là?

Pucel. Paiſans, pauvres gens de France.
Poor market-folks, that come to ſell their corn.

Watch. Enter, go in, the market-bell is rung.

Pucel. Now, Rouen, I'll ſhake thy bulwarks to the ground. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Dauphin, Baſtard, and Reignier.

Dau. St. Dennis bleſs this happy ſtratagem;
And once again we'll ſleep ſecure in Rouen.

Baſt. Here enter'd Pucelle and her practiſants:
Now is ſhe there, how will ſhe ſpecify
Where is the beſt and ſafeſt paſſage in?

Reig. By thruſting out a torch from yonder tow'r,
Which, once diſcern'd, ſhews, that her meaning is,
No way to that (for weakneſs) which ſhe enter'd.

Enter

Enter Joan la Pucelle on the top, thruſting out a torch burning.

Pucel. Behold, this is the happy wedding-torch,
That joineth Rouen unto her countrymen,
But burning fatal to the Talbotites.

Baſt. See, Noble Charles, the beacon of our friend,
The burning torch in yonder turret ſtands.

Dau. Now ſhines it like a comet of revenge,
A prophet to the fall of all our foes.

Reig. Defer no time, delays have dangerous ends;
Enter, and cry, *The Dauphin!* preſently,
And then do execution on the watch.

[*An alarm; Talbot in an excurſion.*

Tal. France, thou ſhalt rue this treaſon with thy tears,
If Talbot but ſurvive thy treachery.
Pucelle, that witch, that damned ſorcereſs,
Hath wrought this miſchief unawares,
That hardly we eſcap'd the pride * of France. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

An Alarm: Excurſions. Bedford brought in ſick in a chair. Enter Talbot and Burgundy, without; within, Joan la Pucelle, Dauphin, Baſtard, and Alanſon, on the walls.

Pucel. Good-morrow, gallants, want ye corn for bread!
I think the Duke of Burgundy will faſt,
Before he'll buy again at ſuch a rate.
'Twas full of darnel; do you like the taſte?

Burg. Scoff on, vile fiend, and ſhameleſs courtezan!
I truſt ere long to choke thee with thine own,
And make thee eurſe the harveſt of that corn.

Dau. Your grace may ſtarve, perhaps, before that time.

Bed. Oh, let not words, but deeds, revenge this treaſon!

Pucel. What will ye do, good grey-beard? break a lance,
And run a tilt at death within a chair?

Tal. Foul fiend of France, and hag of ill deſpight,
Incompaſs'd with thy luſtful paramours,
Becomes it thee to taunt his valiant age,
And twit with cowardice a man half dead?

Damſel,

† i. e. Haughty power.

Damſel, I'll have a bout with you again,
Or elſe let Talbot periſh in his ſhame.
Pucel. Are you ſo hot? yet, Pucelle, hold thy peace;
If Talbot do but thunder, rain will follow.
[*They whiſper together in council.*
God ſpeed the parliament! who ſhall be the ſpeaker?
Tal. Dare ye come forth, and meet us in the field?
Pucel. Belike your Lordſhip takes us then for fools,
To try if that our own be ours, or no.
Tal. I ſpeak not to that railing Hecate;
But unto thee, Alanſon, and the reſt.
Will ye, like ſoldiers, come and fight it out?
Alan. Seignior, no.
Tal. Seignior, hang:——baſe muleteers of France!
Like peaſant foot-boys do they keep the walls,
And dare not take up arms like gentlemen.
Pucel. Captains, away; let's get us from the walls,
For Talbot means no goodneſs by his looks.
God be wi' you, my Lord; we came, Sir, but to tell you
That we are here. [*Exeunt from the walls.*
Tal. And there will we be too ere it be long,
Or elſe reproach be Talbot's greateſt fame!
Vow, Burgundy, by honour of thy houſe,
Prick'd on by public wrongs ſuſtain'd in France,
Either to get the town again or die.
And I as ſure as Engliſh Henry lives,
And as his father here was conqueror,
As ſure as in this late-betrayed town
Great Cœur-de-lion's heart was buried;
So ſure I ſwear to get the town or die.
Burg. My vows are equal partners with thy vows.
Tal. But ere we go, regard this dying prince,
The valiant Duke of Bedford: come, my Lord,
We will beſtow you in ſome better place,
Fitter for ſickneſs and for crazy age.
Bed. Lord Talbot, do not ſo diſhonour me:
Here I will ſit before the walls of Rouen,
And will be partner of your weal and woe.
Burg. Courageous Bedford, let us now perſuade you.
Bed. Not to be gone from hence: for once I read,
That ſtout Pendragon, in his litter ſick,
Came to the field, and vanquiſhed his foes.

Methinks

Methinks I ſhould revive the ſoldiers' hearts;
Becauſe I ever found them as myſelf.
Tal. Undaunted ſpirit in a dying breaſt!
Then be it ſo; heav'ns keep old Bedford ſafe!
And now no more ado, brave Burgundy,
But gather we our forces out of hand,
And ſet upon our boaſting enemy. [*Exit.*

An alarm: excurſions. Enter Sir John Falſtaff, and a Captain.

Capt. Whither away, Sir John Falſtaff, in ſuch haſte?
Fal. Whither away? to ſave myſelf by flight.
We are like to have the overthrow again.
Capt. What! will you fly, and leave Lord Talbot?
Fal. Ay, all the Talbots in the world to ſave my life.
[*Exit.*
Capt. Cowardly Knight, ill fortune follow thee! [*Exit.*

Retreat: excurſions. Pucelle, Alanſon, and Dauphin fly.

Bed. Now, quiet ſoul, depart when Heaven ſhall pleaſe;
For I have ſeen our enemies' overthrow
What is the truſt or ſtrength of fooliſh man?
They that of late were daring with their ſcoffs,
Are glad and fain by flight to ſave themſelves
[*Dies; and is carried off in his chair.*

SCENE VI. *Within the walls of Rouen.*

An alarm: Enter Talbot, Burgundy, and the reſt.

Tal. Loſt and recover'd in a day again?
This is a double honour, Burgundy;
Yet heav'n's have glory for this victory!
Burg. Warlike and martial Talbot, Burgundy
Inſhrines thee in his heart, and there erects
Thy noble deeds as valour's monuments.
Tal. Thanks, gentle Duke. But where is Pucelle now?
I think her old familiar is aſleep.
Now where's the Baſtard's braves, and Charles his gliks?
What, all a-mort? Rouen hangs her head for grief,
That ſuch a valiant company are fled.
Now we will take ſome order in the town,
Placing therein ſome expert officers,

And

And then depart to Paris to the King;
For there young Henry with his Nobles lies.
Burg. What wills Lord Talbot, pleaſeth Burgundy.
Tal. But yet before we go, let's not forget
The Noble Duke of Bedford, late deceas'd;
But ſee his exequies fulfill'd in Rouen.
A braver ſoldier never couched lance,
A gentler heart did never ſway in court.
But kings and mightieſt potentates muſt die,
For that's the end of human miſery. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Enter Dauphin, Baſtard, Alanſon, and Joan la Pucelle.

Pucel. Diſmay not, Princes, at this accident,
Nor grieve that Rouen is ſo recovered.
Care is no cure, but rather corroſive,
For things that are not to be remedy'd.
Let frantic Talbot triumph for a while,
And, like a peacock, ſweep along his tail;
We'll pull his plumes and take away his train,
If Dauphin and the reſt will be but rul'd.
Dau. We have been guided by thee hitherto,
And of thy cunning had no diffidence.
One ſudden foil ſhall never breed diſtruſt.
Baſt. Search out thy wit for ſecret policies,
And we will make thee famous through the world.
Alan. We'll ſet thy ſtatue in ſome hollow place,
And have thee reverenc'd like a bleſſed ſaint.
Employ thee then, ſweet virgin, for our good.
Pucel. Then thus it muſt be, this doth Joan deviſe:
By fair perſuaſions mix'd with ſugar'd words,
We will entice the Duke of Burgundy
To leave the Talbot, and to follow us.
Dau. Ay, marry, ſweeting, if we could do that,
France were no place for Henry's warriors;
Nor ſhall that nation boaſt it ſo with us,
But be extirped from our provinces.
Alan. For ever ſhould they be expuls'd from France,
And not have title of an earldom here.
Pucel. Your Honours ſhall perceive how I will work,

To bring this matter to the wiſhed end. [*Drum beats afar off.*
Hark, by the ſound of drum you may perceive
Their powers are marching on to Paris-ward.
[*Here beat an Engliſh march.*
There goes the Talbot with his colours ſpread,
And all the troops of Engliſh after him.
Now in the rereward comes the Duke and his:
[*French march.*
Fortune, in favour, makes him lag behind;
Summon a parley, we will talk with him.
[*Trumpets ſound a parley.*

SCENE VIII. *Enter the Duke of Burgundy marching.*

Dau. A parley with the Duke of Burgundy.——
Burg. Who craves a parley with the Burgundy?
Pucel. The Princely Charles of France, thy countryman.
Burg. What ſay'ſt thou, Charles? for I am marching hence.
Dau. Speak, Pucelle, and inchant him with thy words.
Pucel. Brave Burgundy, undoubted hope of France!
Stay, let thy humble handmaid ſpeak to thee.
Burg. Speak on, but be not over-tedious.
Pucel. Look on thy country, look on fertile France;
And ſee the cities and the towns defac'd
By waſting ruin of the cruel foe.
As looks the mother on her lovely babe,
When death doth cloſe his tender dying eyes;
See, ſee the pining malady of France,
Behold the wounds, the moſt unnat'ral wounds,
Which thou thyſelf haſt given her woful breaſt.
Oh, turn thy edged ſword another way;
Strike thoſe that hurt, and hurt not thoſe that help.
One drop of blood drawn from thy country's boſom,
Should grieve thee more than ſtreams of common gore;
Return thee therefore with a flood of tears,
And waſh away thy country's ſtained ſpots.
Burg. Either ſhe hath bewitch'd me with her words,
Or nature makes me ſuddenly relent.
Pucel. Beſides, all French and France exclaim on thee;
Doubting thy birth and lawful progeny.
Whom join'ſt thou with, but with a lordly nation

Th

That will not truſt thee but for profit's ſake?
When Talbot hath ſet footing once in France,
And faſhion'd thee that inſtrument of ill;
Who then but Engliſh Henry will be Lord,
And thou be thruſt out like a fugitive?
Call we to mind and mark but this for proof;
Was not the Duke of Orleans thy foe?
And was not he in England priſoner?
But when they heard he was thine enemy,
They ſet him free without his ranſom paid,
In ſpight of Burgundy and all his friends.
See, then, thou fight'ſt againſt thy countrymen,
And join'ſt with them will be thy ſlaughter-men.
Come, come, return; return, thou wand'ring Lord;
Charles and the reſt will take thee in their arms.

Burg. I'm vanquiſhed. Theſe haughty words of hers
Have batter'd me like roaring cannon-ſhot,
And made me almoſt yield upon my knees.
Forgive me, country and ſweet countrymen;
And, Lords, accept this hearty kind embrace.
My forces and my pow'r of men are yours.
So farewell, Talbot, I'll no longer truſt thee.

Pucel. Done like a Frenchman: turn, and turn again *.———

Dau. Welcome, brave Duke! thy friendſhip makes us freſh.

Baſt. And doth beget new courage in our breaſts.

Alan. Pucelle hath bravely play'd her part in this,
And doth deſerve a coronet of gold.

Dau. Now, let us on, my Lords, and join our powers,
And ſeek how we may prejudice the foe. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX. *Changes to Paris.*

Enter King Henry, Glouceſter, Winchеſter, York, Suffolk, Somerſet, Warwick, Exeter, &c. To them Talbot, with his Soldiers.

Tal. My gracious Prince, and honourable Peers,
Hearing of your arrival in this realm,
I have a while giv'n truce unto my wars,

* This ſeems to be an offering of the poet to his royal miſtreſs's reſentment, for Henry IV's laſt great turn in religion, in the year 1593.

To do my duty to my ſovereign.
In ſign whereof, this arm (that hath reclaim'd
To your obedience fifty fortreſſes,
Twelve cities, and ſev'n walled towns of ſtrength,
Beſide five hundred priſoners of eſteem)
Lets fall the ſword before your Highneſs' feet;
And, with ſubmiſſive loyalty of heart,
Aſcribes the glory of his conqueſt got,
Firſt to my God, and next unto your Grace.

K. Henry. Is this the fam'd Lord Talbot, uncle Glo'ſter,
That hath ſo long been reſident in France?

Glou. Yes, if it pleaſe your Majeſty, my Liege.

K. Henry. Welcome, brave Captain, and victorious Lord.
When I was young, (as yet I am not old,)
I do remember how my father ſaid,
A ſtouter champion never handled ſword.
Long ſince we were reſolved of your truth,
Your faithful ſervice and your toil in war;
Yet never have you taſted your reward,
Or been reguerdon'd with ſo much as thanks,
Becauſe till now we never ſaw your face:
Therefore ſtand up, and, for theſe good deſerts,
We here create you *Earl of Shrewſbury*,
And in our coronation take your place. [*Exeunt.*

Manent Vernon and Baſſet.

Ver. Now, Sir, to you that were ſo hot at ſea,
Diſgracing of theſe colours that I wear
In honour of my Noble Lord of York;
Dar'ſt thou maintain the former words thou ſpak'ſt?

Baſ. Yes, Sir, as well as you dare patronage
The envious barking of your ſaucy tongue
Againſt my Lord the Duke of Somerſet.

Ver. Sirrah, thy Lord I honour as he is.

Baſ. Why, what is he? as good a man as York.

Ver. Hark ye; not ſo: in witneſs take you that.
[*Strikes him.*

Baſ. Villain, thou know'ſt the law of arms is ſuch,
That whoſo draws a ſword in th' preſence, 't's death,
Or elſe this blow ſhould broach thy deareſt blood.
But I'll unto his Majeſty, and crave
I may have liberty to venge this wrong,

When

When thou ſhalt ſee I'll meet thee to thy coſt.
Ver. Well, miſcreant, I'll be there as ſoon as you,
And after meet you ſooner than you would. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Paris.

Enter King Henry, Glouceſter, Wincheſter, York, Suffolk, Somerſet, Warwick, Talbot, Exeter, and Governor of Paris.

Glou. LORD Biſhop, ſet the crown upon his head.
Win. God ſave King Henry, of that name the Sixth!
Glou. Now, Governor of Paris, take your oath,
That you elect no other King but him;
Eſteem none friends but ſuch as are his friends,
And none your foes but ſuch as ſhall pretend
Malicious practices againſt his ſtate.
This ſhall ye do, ſo help you righteous God!

Enter Falſtaff.

Fal. My gracious Sovereign, as I rode from Calais
To haſte unto your coronation,
A letter was deliver'd to my hands,
Writ to your Grace from th' Duke of Burgundy.
Tal. Shame to the Duke of Burgundy and thee!
I vow'd, baſe Knight, when I did meet thee next,
To tear the garter from thy craven leg,
Which I have done; becauſe unworthily
Thou waſt inſtalled in that high degree.
Pardon me, Princely Henry, and the reſt;
This daſtard, at the battle of Poictiers,
When but in all I was but ſix thouſand ſtrong,
And that the French were almoſt ten to one,
Before we met, or that a ſtroke was given,
Like to a truſty 'ſquire did run away.
In which aſſault we loſt twelve hundred men;
My ſelf and divers gentlemen beſide
Were there ſurpris'd, and taken priſoners.
Then judge, great Lords, if I have done amiſs;
Or whether that ſuch cowards ought to wear

This ornament of knighthood, yea, or no?

Glou. To ſay the truth, this fact was infamous,
And ill beſeeming any common man;
Much more a Knight, a Captain, and a Leader.

Tal. When firſt this order was ordain'd, my Lords,
Knights of the Garter were of noble birth;
Valiant and virtuous, full of haughty courage;
Such as were grown to credit by the wars;
Not fearing death, nor ſhrinking for diſtreſs,
But always reſolute in moſt extremes.
He then that is not furniſh'd in this ſort,
Doth but uſurp the ſacred name of Knight,
Profaning this moſt honourable order;
And ſhould, if I were worthy to be judge,
Be quite degraded, like a hedge-born ſwain
That doth preſume to boaſt of gentle blood.

K. Henry. Stain to thy countrymen! thou hear'ſt thy doom;
Be packing therefore, thou that waſt a Knight;
Henceforth we baniſh thee on pain of death. [*Exit. Faſt.*
And now, my Lord Protector, view the letter
Sent from our uncle Duke of Burgundy.

Glou. What means his Grace, that he hath chang'd his ſtyle?
No more but plain and bluntly, *To the King.* [*Reading.*
Hath he forgot he is his Sovereign?
Or doth this churliſh ſuperſcription
Portend ſome alteration in good-will?
What's here? *I have upon eſpecial cauſe,* [*Reads.*
Mov'd with compaſſion of my country's wreck,
Together with the pitiful complaints
Of ſuch as your oppreſſion feeds upon,
Forſaken your pernicious faction,
And join'd with Charles the rightful King of France.
O monſtrous treachery! can this be ſo?
That in alliance, amity, and oaths,
There ſhould be found ſuch falſe diſſembling guile?

K. Henry. What! doth my uncle Burgundy revolt?

Glou. He doth, my Lord, and is become your foe.

K. Henry. Is that the worſt this letter doth contain?

Glou. It is the worſt, and all, my Lord, he writes.

K. Henry. Why then, Lord Talbot there ſhall talk with him,
And give him chaſtiſement for this abuſe.

My

My Lord, how ſay you, are you not content?
Tal. Content, my Liege? yes: but that I am prevented,
I ſhould have begg'd I might have been employ'd.
K. Henry. Then gather ſtrength, and march unto him ſtrait:
Let him perceive how ill we brook his treaſon,
And what offence it is to flout his friends.
Tal. I go, my Lord, in heart deſiring ſtill
You may behold confuſion of your foes. [*Exit Talbot.*

SCENE II. *Enter Vernon and Baſſet.*

Ver. Grant me the combat, gracious Sovereign.
Baſ. And me, my Lord, grant me the combat too.
York. This is my ſervant; hear him, Noble Prince.
Som. And this is mine; ſweet Henry, favour him.
K. Henry. Be patient, Lords, and give them leave to ſpeak.
Say, Gentlemen, what makes you thus exclaim?
And wherefore crave you combat? or with whom?
Ver. With him, my Lord, for he hath done me wrong.
Baſ. And I with him, for he hath done me wrong.
K. Henry. What is the wrong whereon you both com-
Firſt let me know, and then I'll anſwer you. [plain.
Baſ. Croſſing the ſea from England into France,
This fellow here, with envious, carping tongue,
Upbraided me about the roſe I wear;
Saying, the ſanguine colour of the leaves
Did repreſent my maſter's bluſhing cheeks;
When ſtubbornly he did repugn the truth
About a certain queſtion in the law,
Argu'd betwixt the Duke of York and him;
With other vile and ignominious terms.
In confutation of which rude reproach,
And in defence of my Lord's worthineſs,
I crave the benefit of law of arms.
Ver. And that is my petition, Noble Lord:
For tho' he ſeem, with forged quaint conceit,
To ſet a gloſs upon his bold intent;
Yet know, my Lord, I was provok'd by him;
And he firſt took exceptions at this badge,
Pronouncing, that the paleneſs of this flow'r
Bewray'd the faintneſs of my maſter's heart.

York.

York. Will not this malice, Somerſet, be left?
Som. Your private grudge, my Lord of York, will out,
Though ne'er ſo cunningly you ſmother it.
K. Henry. Good Lord! what madneſs rules in brain-ſick men!
When, for ſo ſlight and frivolous a cauſe,
Such factious emulations ſhall ariſe!
Good couſins both of York and Somerſet,
Quiet yourſelves, I pray, and be at peace.
York. Let this diſſenſion firſt be try'd by fight,
And then your Highneſs ſhall command a peace.
Som. The quarrel toucheth none but us alone;
Betwixt ourſelves let us decide it then.
York. There is my pledge; accept it, Somerſet.
Ver. Nay, let it reſt where it began at firſt.
Baſ. Confirm it ſo, mine Honourable Lord.
Glou. Confirm it ſo! confounded be your ſtrife,
And periſh ye with your audacious prate;
Preſumptuous vaſſals! are you not aſham'd
With this immodeſt clamorous outrage
To trouble and diſturb the King and us?
And you, my Lords, methinks you do not well
To bear with their perverſe objections;
Much leſs to take occaſion from their mouths
To raiſe a mutiny betwixt yourſelves.
Let me perſuade you, take a better courſe.
Exe. It grieves his Highneſs; good my Lords, be friends.
K. Henry. Come hither, you that would be combatants.
Henceforth I charge you, as you love our favour,
Quite to forget this quarrel, and the cauſe.
And you, my Lords, remember where we are:
In France; amongſt a fickle, wavering nation,
If they perceive diſſenſion in our looks,
And that within ourſelves we diſagree,
How will their grudging ſtomachs be provok'd
To wilful diſobedience, and rebel?
Beſide, what infamy will there ariſe,
When foreign princes ſhall be certify'd,
That for a toy, a thing of no regard,
King Henry's Peers and chief Nobility
Deſtroy'd themſelves, and loſt the realm of France!
O, think upon the conqueſt of my father,

My

My tender years, and let us not forego
That for a trifle which was bought with blood.
Let me be umpire in this doubtful ſtrife.
I ſee no reaſon, if I wear this roſe,
That any one ſhould therefore be ſuſpicious
I more incline to Somerſet than York.
Both are my kinſmen, and I love them both.
As well they may upbraid me with my crown,
Becauſe, forſooth, the King of Scots is crown'd.
But your diſcretions better can perſuade,
Than I am able to inſtruct or teach:
And therefore, as we hither came in peace,
So let us ſtill continue peace and love.
Couſin of York, we inſtitute your Grace
To be our Regent in theſe parts of France:
And, good my Lord of Somerſet, unite
Your troops of horſemen with his bands of foot:
And, like true ſubjects, ſons of your progenitors,
Go chearfully together, and digeſt
Your angry choler on your enemies.
Our ſelf, my Lord Protector, and the reſt,
After ſome reſpite, will return to Calais;
From thence to England; where I hope ere long
To be preſented by your victories,
With Charles, Alanſon, and that trait'rous rout.
[*Flouriſh.* *Exeunt.*

Manent York, Warwick, Exeter, and Vernon.

War. My Lord of York, I promiſe you, the King
Prettily, methought, did play the orator.

York. And ſo he did; but yet I like it not,
In that he wears the badge of Somerſet.

War. Tuſh, that was but his fancy, blame him not:
I dare preſume, ſweet Prince, he thought no harm.

York. And if I wis, he did.——But let it reſt;
Other affairs muſt now be managed. [*Exeunt.*

Manet Exeter.

Exe. Well didſt thou, Richard, to ſuppreſs thy voice:
For had the paſſions of thy heart burſt out,
I fear we ſhould have ſeen decypher'd there
More rancʼrous ſpight, more furious raging broils,

Than

Than yet can be imagin'd or ſuppos'd.
But howſoe'er, no ſimple man that ſees
This jarring diſcord of Nobility,
This ſhould'ring of each other in the court,
This factious bandying of their favourites,
But that he doth preſage ſome ill event.
'Tis much, when ſceptres are in childrens' hands;
But more, when envy breeds unkind diviſion:
There comes the ruin, there begins confuſion. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *Before the walls of Bourdeaux.*

Enter Talbot with trumpets and drums.

Tal. Go to the gates of Bourdeaux, trumpeter,
Summon their General unto the wall. [*Sounds.*

Enter General, aloft.

Engliſh John Talbot, Captains, calls you forth,
Servant in arms to Harry King of England;
And thus he would.——Open your city-gates,
Be humbled to us, call my ſovereign yours,
And do him homage as obedient ſubjects,
And I'll withdraw me and my bloody pow'r.
But if you frown upon this proffer'd peace,
You tempt the fury of my three attendants,
Lean famine, quartering ſteel, and climbing fire;
Who in a moment even with the earth
Shall lay your ſtately and air-braving tow'rs,
If you forſake the offer of their love.

Gen. Thou ominous and fearful owl of death,
Our nation's terror, and their bloody ſcourge!
The period of thy tyranny approacheth
On us thou canſt not enter, but by death;
For I proteſt we are well fortify'd,
And ſtrong enough to iſſue out and fight.
If thou retire, the Dauphin, well appointed,
Stands with the ſnares of war to tangle thee.
On either hand thee, there are ſquadrons pitch'd
To wall thee from the liberty of flight;
And no way canſt thou turn thee for redreſs,
But death doth front thee with apparent ſpoil,
And pale deſtruction meets thee in the face.

Ten

Ten thouſand French have ta'en the ſacrament,
To rive their dangerous artillery
Upon no Chriſtian ſoul but Engliſh Talbot.
Lo! there thou ſtand'ſt, a breathing valiant man,
Of an invincible, unconquer'd ſpirit:
This is the lateſt glory of thy praiſe,
That I thy enemy dew thee withal;
For ere the glaſs that now begins to run
Finiſh the proceſs of this ſandy hour,
Theſe eyes that ſee thee now well coloured,
Shall ſee thee wither'd, bloody, pale, and dead.
[*Drum afar off.*
Hark! hark! the Dauphin's drum, a warning-bell,
Sings heavy muſic to thy tim'rous ſoul;
And mine ſhall ring thy dire departure out.
[*Exit from the walls.*

Tal. He fables not: I hear the enemy.
Out, ſome light horſemen, and peruſe their wings,
O, negligent and heedleſs diſcipline!
How are we park'd and bounded in a pale!
A little herd of England's tim'rous deer.
Maz'd with a yelping kennel of French curs.
If we be Engliſh deer, be then in blood;
Not raſcal-like to fall down with a pinch;
But rather moody, mad, and deſp'rate ſtags,
Turn on the bloody hounds with heads of ſteel,
And make the cowards ſtand aloof at bay*.
God and St. George, Talbot, and England's right,
Proſper our colours in this dangerous fight! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Another part of France.*

Enter a Meſſenger, that meets York. Enter York, with trumpet and many ſoldiers.

York. Are not the ſpeedy ſcouts return'd again,
That dogg'd the mighty army of the Dauphin?

Meſſ. They are return'd, my Lord, and give it out
That he is march'd to Bourdeaux with his pow'r,
To fight with Talbot; as he march'd along,

By

† ——aloof at bay.
Sell every man his life as dear as mine,
And they ſhall find dear deer of us, my friends.
God and St. George, &c.

By your eſpyals were diſcovered
Two mightier troops than that the Dauphin led, [deaux.
Which join'd with him, and made their march for Bour-

York. A plague upon that villain Somerſet,
That thus delays my promiſed ſupply
Of horſemen that were levied for this ſiege!
Renowned Talbot doth expect my aid,
And I am lowted by a traitor villain,
And cannot help the noble chevalier:
God comfort him in this neceſſity!
If he miſcarry, farewell wars in France.

Enter Sir William Lucy.

Lucy. Thou princely leader of our Engliſh ſtrength,
Never ſo needful on the earth of France,
Spur to the reſcue of the noble Talbot;
Who now is girdled with a waiſt of iron,
And hemm'd about with grim deſtruction:
To Bourdeaux, warlike Duke; to Bourdeaux, York!
Elſe farewell, Talbot, France, and England's honour.

York. O God! that Somerſet, who in proud heart
Doth ſtop my cornets, were in Talbot's place!
So ſhould we ſave a valiant gentleman,
By forfeiting a traitor and a coward.
Mad ire and wrathful fury makes me weep,
That thus we die while remiſs traitors ſleep.

Lucy. O, ſend ſome ſuccour to the diſtreſs'd Lord!

York. He dies, we loſe; I break my warlike word:
We mourn, France ſmiles; we loſe, they daily get:
All long of this vile traitor Somerſet.

Lucy. Then God take mercy on brave Talbot's ſoul,
And on his ſon young John! whom, two hours ſince,
I met in travel towards his warlike father.
This ſev'n years did not Talbot ſee his ſon,
And now they meet where both their lives are done.

York. Alas! what joy ſhall noble Talbot have,
To bid his young ſon welcome to his grave!
Away! vexation almoſt ſtops my breath,
That ſundred friends greet in the hour of death.
Lucy, farewell; no more my fortune can,
But curſe the cauſe; I cannot aid the man,
Maine, Bloys, Poictiers, and Tours, are won away,

Long

Long all of Somerſet, and his delay. [*Exit.*

Lucy. Thus while the vulture of ſedition
Feeds in the boſom of ſuch great commanders,
Sleeping neglection doth betray to loſs
The conqueſts of our ſcarce-cold conqueror,
That ever-living man of memory,
Henry the Fifth!——While they each other croſs,
Lives, honours, lands, and all, hurry to loſs. [*Exit.*

SCENE V. *Another part of France.*

Enter Somerſet, with his army.

Som. It is too late; I cannot ſend them now:
This expedition was by York and Talbot
Too raſhly plotted. All our gen'ral force
Might with a ſally of the very town
Be buckled with. The over-daring Talbot
Hath ſullied all his gloſs of former honour
By this unheedful, deſp'rate, wild adventure.
York ſet him on to fight, and die in ſhame,
That, Talbot dead, great York might bear the name.

Capt. Here is Sir William Lucy, who with me
Set from our o'er-match'd forces forth for aid.

Enter Sir William Lucy.

Som. How now, Sir William, whither were you ſent?

Lucy. Whither, my Lord? from bought and ſold Lord [Talbot;
Who, wring'd about with bold adverſity,
Cries out for Noble York and Somerſet,
To beat aſſailing death from his weak legions.
And while the honourable Captain there
Drops bloody ſweat from his war-wearied limbs,
And, in advantage ling'ring, looks for reſcue;
You, his falſe hopes, the truſt of England's honour,
Keep off aloof with worthleſs emulation.
Let not your private diſcord keep away
The levied ſuccours that ſhould lend him aid;
While he, renowned noble gentleman,
Yields up his life unto a world of odds.
Orleans the Baſtard, Charles, and Burgundy,
Alanſon, Reignier, compaſs him about;
And Talbot periſheth by your default.

Som. York ſet him on, York ſhould have ſent him aid.

Lucy. And York as faſt upon your Grace exclaims;
Swearing, that you with-hold his levied horſe,
Collected for this expedition.

Som. York lies: he might have ſent, and had the horſe:
I owe him little duty, and leſs love,
And take foul ſcorn to fawn on him by ſending.

Lucy. The fraud of England, not the force of France,
Hath now intrapt the noble-minded Talbot:
Never to England ſhall he bear his life;
But dies, betray'd to fortune by your ſtrife.

Som. Come, go; I will diſpatch the horſemen ſtrait:
Within ſix hours they will be at his aid.

Lucy. Too late comes reſcue; he is ta'en or ſlain;
For fly he could not, if he would have fled:
And fly would Talbot never, though he might.

Som. If he be dead, brave Talbot, then adieu!

Lucy. His fame lives in the world, his ſhame in you.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *A field of battle near Bourdeaux.*

Enter Talbot, and his ſon.

Tal. O young John Talbot, I did ſend for thee
To tutor thee in ſtratagems† of war;
That Talbot's name might be in thee reviv'd,
When ſapleſs age and weak unable limbs
Should bring thy father to his drooping chair.
But, O malignant and ill-boding ſtars!
Now art thou come unto a feaſt of death,
A terrible and unavoided danger.
Therefore, dear boy, mount on thy ſwifteſt horſe,
And I'll direct thee how thou ſhalt eſcape
By ſudden flight. Come, dally not; be gone.

John. Is my name Talbot? and am I your ſon?
And ſhall I fly? O! if you love my mother,
Diſhonour not her honourable name,
To make a baſtard and a ſlave of me.
The world will ſay, he is not Talbot's blood,
That baſely fled when Noble Talbot ſtood.

Tal. Fly, to revenge my death if I be ſlain.

John. He that flies ſo, will ne'er return again.

Tal.

† *Stratagem*, for art ſimply.

Tal. If we both ſtay, we both are ſure to die.

John. Then let me ſtay, and, father, do you fly.
Your loſs is great, ſo your regard ſhould be;
My worth unknown, no loſs is known in me.
Upon my death the French can little boaſt;
In yours they will, in you all hopes are loſt.
Flight cannot ſtain the honour you have won:
But mine it will, that no exploit have done.
You fled for vantage, ev'ry one will ſwear:
But if I bow, they'll ſay it was for fear.
There is no hope that ever I will ſtay,
If the firſt hour I ſhrink and run away.
Here, on my knee, I beg mortality *,
Rather than life preſerv'd with infamy.

Tal. Shall all thy mother's hopes lie in one tomb?

John. Ay, rather than I'll ſhame my mother's womb.

Tal. Upon my bleſſing I command thee go.

John. To fight I will, but not to fly the foe.

Tal. Part of thy father may be ſav'd in thee.

John. No part of him but will be ſhame in me.

Tal. Thou never hadſt renown, nor canſt not loſe it.

John. Yes, your renowned name; ſhall flight abuſe it?

Tal. Thy father's charge ſhall clear thee from that ſtain.

John. You cannot witneſs for me, being ſlain.
If death be ſo apparent, then both fly.

Tal. And leave my followers here to fight, and die?
My age was never tainted with ſuch ſhame.

John. And ſhall my youth be guilty of ſuch blame?
No more can I be ſever'd from your ſide,
Than can yourſelf yourſelf in twain divide.
Stay, go, do what you will, the like do I;
For live I will not, if my father die.

Tal. Then here I take my leave of thee, fair ſon,
Born to eclipſe thy life this afternoon.
Come, ſide by ſide, together live and die,
And ſoul with ſoul from France to heaven fly. [*Exeunt.*

Alarm: excurſions, wherein Talbot's ſon is hemm'd about, and Talbot reſcues him.

Tal. St. George, and victory! fight, ſoldiers, fight.

* *Mortality*, for *death*.

The Regent hath with Talbot broke his word,
And left us to the rage of France's ſword.
Where is John Talbot? Pauſe, and take thy breath;
I gave thee life, and reſcu'd thee from death.

John. O, twice my father! twice am I thy ſon.
The life thou gav'ſt me firſt, was loſt and done,
Till with thy warlike ſword, deſpight of fate,
To my determin'd time thou gav'ſt new date.

Tal. When from the Dauphin's creſt thy ſword ſtruck
It warm'd thy father's heart with proud deſire [fire,
Of bold-fac'd victory. Then leaden age,
Quicken'd with youthful ſpleen and warlike rage,
Beat down Alanſon, Orleans, Burgundy,
And from the pride of Gallia reſcu'd thee.
The ireful baſtard Orleans, that drew blood
From thee, my boy, and had the maidenhood
Of thy firſt fight, I ſoon encountered;
And, interchanging blows, I quickly ſhed
Some of his baſtard-blood; and in diſgrace
Beſpoke him thus. Contaminated, baſe,
And miſbegotten blood I ſpill of thine,
Mean and right poor, for that pure blood of mine,
Which thou didſt force from Talbot, my brave boy—
Here, purpoſing the baſtard to deſtroy,
Came in ſtrong reſcue. Speak, thy father's care,
Art not thou weary, John? how doſt thou fare?
Wilt thou yet leave the battle, boy, and fly,
Now thou art ſeal'd the ſon of chivalry?
Fly, to revenge my death, when I am dead?
The help of one ſtands me in little ſtead.
Oh, too much folly is it, well I wot,
To hazard all our lives in one ſmall boat.
If I to-day die not with Frenchmens' rage,
To-morrow I ſhall die with mickle age.
By me they nothing gain; and if I ſtay,
'Tis but the ſhort'ning of my life one day.
In thee thy mother dies, our houſehold's name,
My death's revenge, thy youth, and England's fame.
All theſe and more, we hazard by thy ſtay;
All theſe are ſav'd if thou wilt fly away.

John. The ſword of Orleans hath not made me ſmart;
Theſe words of yours draw life-blood from my heart.

Our

Out on that vantage bought with ſuch a ſhame,
To ſave a paltry life, and ſlay bright fame!
Before young Talbot from old Talbot fly,
The coward horſe that bears me, fall and die!
And like me to the peaſant-boys of France,
To be ſhame's ſcorn, and ſubject of miſchance.
Surely, by all the glory you have won,
An' if I fly, I am not Talbot's ſon!
Then talk no more of flight, it is no boot;
If ſon to Talbot, die at Talbot's foot.

Tal. Then follow thou thy deſp'rate ſire of Crete,
Thou Icarus! thy life to me is ſweet.
If thou wilt fight, fight by thy father's ſide;
And, commendable prov'd, let's die in pride. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Alarm: excurſions. Enter old Talbot, led.

Tal. Where is my other life? mine own is gone.
O! where's young Talbot? where is valiant John?
Triumphant Death, ſmear'd with captivity!
Young Talbot's valour makes me ſmile at thee.
When he perceiv'd me ſhrink, and on my knee,
His bloody ſword he brandiſh'd over me;
And, like a hungry lion, did commence
Rough deeds of rage, and ſtern impatience.
But when my angry guardant ſtood alone,
Tend'ring my ruin, and aſſail'd of none,
Dizzy-ey'd fury and great rage of heart
Suddenly made him from my ſide to ſtart,
Into the cluſt'ring battle of the French:
And, in that ſea of blood, my boy did drench
His over-mounting ſpirit; and there dy'd
My Icarus! my bloſſom in his pride!

Enter John Talbot, borne.

Serv. O my dear Lord! lo! where your ſon is borne.

Tal. Thou antic Death, which laugh'ſt us here to ſcorn,
Anon, from thy inſulting tyranny,
Coupled in bonds of perpetuity,
Two Talbots winged through the lither ſky,
In thy deſpight, ſhall 'ſcape mortality.

O thou, whoſe wounds become hard-favour'd death,
Speak to thy father ere thou yield thy breath †.
Come, come, and lay him in his father's arms;
My ſpirit can no longer bear theſe harms.
Soldiers, adieu! I have what I would have,
Now my old arms are young John Talbot's grave.

[*Dies.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Continues near Bourdeaux.

Enter Dauphin, Alanſon, Burgundy, Baſtard, and Pucelle.

Dau. HAD York and Somerſet brought reſcue in,
We ſhould have found a bloody day of this.

Baſt. How the young whelp of Talbot's raging brood
Did fleſh his puny ſword in Frenchmens' blood!

Pucel. Once I encounter'd him, and thus I ſaid:
"Thou maiden youth, be vanquiſh'd by a maid."
But, with a proud, majeſtical, high ſcorn,
He anſwer'd thus: "Young Talbot was not born,
"To be the pillage of a giglot wench."
So, ruſhing in the bowels of the French,
He left me proudly, as unworthy fight.

Bur. Doubtleſs he would have made a noble knight,
See where he lies inherſed in the arms
Of the moſt bloody nurſer of his harms.

Baſt. Hew them to pieces, hack their bones aſunder;
Whoſe life was England's glory, Gallia's wonder.

Dau. Oh, no; forbear: for that which we have fled
During the life, let us not wrong it dead.

Enter Sir William Lucy.

Lucy. Conduct me to the Dauphin's tent, to know
Who hath obtain'd the glory of the day.

Dau. On what ſubmiſſive meſſage art thou ſent?

Lucy.

† ——— yield thy breath.
Brave Death by ſpeaking, whether he will or no.
Imagine him a Frenchman, and thy foe.
Poor boy! he ſmiles, methinks, as who ſhould ſay,
Had Death been French, then Death had died to-day.
Come, come, &c.

Lucy. Submiſſion, Dauphin? 'tis a mere French word;
We Engliſh warriors wot not what it means.
I come to know what priſoners thou haſt ta'en,
And to ſurvey the bodies of the dead.

Dau. For priſoners aſk thou! hell our priſon is.
But tell me whom thou ſeek'ſt?

Lucy. Where is the great Alcides of the field,
Valiant Lord Talbot, Earl of Shrewſbury?
Created, for his rare ſucceſs in arms,
Great Earl of Waſhford, Waterford, and Valence,
Lord Talbot of Goodrig and Urchinfield;
Lord Strange of Blackmere, Lord Verdon of Alton,
Lord Cromwel of Wingfield, Lord Furnival of Sheffield,
The thrice victorious Lord of Faulconbridge,
Knight of the noble order of St. George,
Worthy St. Michael, and the Golden Fleece,
Great Marſhal to our King Henry the Sixth
Of all his wars within the realm of France.

Pucel. Here is a ſilly, ſtately ſtyle, indeed.
The Turk, that two and fifty kingdoms hath,
Writes not ſo tedious a ſtyle as this.
Him that thou magnify'ſt with all theſe titles,
Stinking and fly-blown lies here at our feet.

Lucy. Is Talbot ſlain, the Frenchmens' only ſcourge,
Your kingdom's terror and black Nemeſis?
Oh, were mine eye-balls into bullets turn'd,
That I in rage might ſhoot them at your faces!
Oh, that I could but call theſe dead to life,
It were enough to fright the realm of France!
Were but his picture left among you here,
It would amaze the proudeſt of you all.
Give me their bodies, that I may bear them hence,
And give them burial as beſeems their worth.

Pucel. I think this upſtart is old Talbot's ghoſt,
He ſpeaks with ſuch a proud commanding ſpirit.
For God's ſake, let him have 'em; to keep them here,
They would but ſtink and putrify the air.

Dau. Go, take their bodies hence.

Lucy. I'll bear them hence:
But from their aſhes, Dauphin, ſhall be rear'd
A phœnix that ſhall make all France afear'd.

Dau.

Dau. So we be rid of them, do what thou wilt.
And now to Paris, in this conqu'ring vein;
All will be ours, now bloody Talbot's ſlain. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Changes to England.*

Enter King Henry, Glouceſter, and Exeter.

K. Henry. Have you perus'd the letters from the Pope,
The Emperor, and the Earl of Armagnac?
Glou. I have, my Lord; and their intent is this,
They humbly ſue unto your Excellence,
To have a godly peace concluded of,
Between the realms of England and of France.
K. Henry. How doth your Grace affect this motion?
Glou. Well, my good Lord; and as the only means
To ſtop effuſion of our Chriſtian blood,
And ſtabliſh quietneſs on ev'ry ſide.
K. Henry. Ay, marry, uncle, for I always thought
It was both impious and unnatural,
That ſuch immanity and bloody ſtrife
Should reign among profeſſors of one faith.
Glou. Beſide, my Lord, the ſooner to effect
And ſurer bind this knot of amity,
The Earl of Armagnac, near kin to Charles,
A man of great authority in France,
Proffers his only daughter to your Grace
In marriage, with a large and ſumptuous dowry.
K. Henry. Marriage? alas! my years are yet too young;
And fitter is my ſtudy and my books,
Than wanton dalliance with a paramour,
Yet call th' ambaſſadors; and, as you pleaſe,
So let them have their anſwers ev'ry one.
I ſhall be well content with any choice
Tends to God's glory, and my country's weal.

Enter Wincheſter, and three Ambaſſadors.

Exe. What, is my Lord of Wincheſter inſtall'd,
And call'd unto a Cardinal's degree?
Then I perceive that will be verify'd
Henry the Fifth did ſometime propheſy:
"*If* once he came to be a Cardinal,
"*He'll* make his cap coequal with the crown."

K. Henry.

K. Henry. My Lords Ambaſſadors, your ſev'ral ſuits
Have been conſider'd and debated on;
Your purpoſe is both good and reaſonable:
And therefore are we certainly reſolv'd
To draw conditions of a friendly peace,
Which by my Lord of Wincheſter we mean
Shall be tranſported preſently to France.

Glou. And for the proffer of my Lord your maſter,
I have inform'd his Highneſs ſo at large,
As, liking of the lady's virtuous gifts,
Her beauty and the value of her dower,
He doth intend ſhe ſhall be England's Queen.

K. Henry. In argument and proof of which contract,
Bear her this jewel, pledge of my affection.
And ſo, my Lord Protector, ſee them guarded,
And ſafely brought to Dover; where, inſhipp'd,
Commit them to the fortune of the ſea.

[*Exeunt King and train.*

Win. Stay, my Lord Legate, you ſhall firſt receive
The ſum of money which I promiſed
Should be deliver'd to his Holineſs,
For clothing me in theſe grave ornaments.

Legate. I will attend upon your Lordſhip's leiſure.

Win. Now Wincheſter will not ſubmit, I trow,
Or be inferior to the proudeſt Peer.
Humphry of Glo'ſter, thou ſhalt well perceive,
That nor in birth, nor for authority,
The Biſhop will be overborne by thee:
I'll either make thee ſtoop, and bend thy knee,
Or ſack this country with a mutiny. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Changes to France.*

Enter Dauphin, Burgundy, Alanſon, Baſtard, Reignier, and Joan la Pucelle.

Dau. Theſe news, my Lords, may cheer our drooping ſpirits:
'Tis ſaid, the ſtout Pariſians do revolt,
And turn again unto the warlike French.

Alan. Then march to Paris, Royal Charles of France,
And keep not back your pow'rs in dalliance.

Pucel. Peace be among them if they turn to us,
Elſe ruin combat with their palaces.

Enter Scout.

Scout. Succeſs unto our valiant General,
And happineſs to his accomplices!
Dau. What tidings ſend our ſcouts? I pr'ythee, ſpeak.
Scout. The Engliſh army, that divided was
Into two parts, is now conjoin'd in one,
And means to give you battle preſently.
Dau. Somewhat too ſudden, Sirs, the warning is;
But we will preſently provide for them.
Burg. I truſt the ghoſt of Talbot is not there;
Now he is gone, my Lord, you need not fear.
Pucel. Of all baſe paſſions fear is moſt accurs'd.
Command the conqueſt, Charles, it ſhall be thine:
Let Henry fret, and all the world repine.
Dau. Then on, my Lords, and France be fortunate.
[*Exeunt.*

Alarm: excurſions. Enter Joan la Pucelle.

Pucel. The Regent conquers, and the Frenchmen fly.
Now help, ye charming ſpells and periapts;
And, ye choice ſpirits, that admoniſh me,
And give me ſigns of future accidents. [*Thunder.*
You ſpeedy helpers, that are ſubſtitutes
Under the lordly monarch of the north,
Appear, and aid me in this enterpriſe.

Enter Fiends.

This ſpeedy quick appearance argues proof
Of your accuſtom'd diligence to me.
Now, ye familiar ſpirits, that are cull'd
Out of the pow'rful legions under earth,
Help me this once, that France may get the field.
[*They walk and ſpeak not.*
Oh, hold me not with ſilence over long!
Where I was wont to feed you with my blood,
I'll lop a member off, and give it you
In earneſt of a further benefit:
So you do condeſcend to help me now.
[*They hang their heads.*
No hope to have redreſs? my body ſhall
Pay recompence, if you will grant my ſuit.
[*They ſhake their heads.*
Cannot my body nor blood-ſacrifice

Intreat you to your wonted furtherance?
Then take my ſoul; my body, ſoul, and all,
Before that England give the French the foil.
[*They depart.*
See, they forſake me. Now the time is come,
That France muſt vail her lofty plumed creſt,
And let her head fall into England's lap.
My ancient incantations are too weak,
And hell too ſtrong for me to buckle with.
Now, France, thy glory droopeth to the duſt. [*Exit.*

Excurſions. Pucelle and York fight hand to hand. Pucelle is taken. The French fly.

York. Damſel of France, I think I have you faſt.
Unchain your ſpirits now with ſpelling charms,
And try if they can gain your liberty.
A goodly prize, fit for the devil's grace!
See how the ugly witch doth bend her brows,
As if, with Circe, ſhe would change my ſhape.
Pucel. Chang'd to a worſer ſhape thou canſt not be.
York. Oh, Charles the Dauphin is a proper man;
No ſhape but his can pleaſe your dainty eye.
Pucel. A plaguing miſchief light on Charles and thee!
And may ye both be ſuddenly ſurpris'd
By bloody hands, in ſleeping on your beds!
York. Fell, banning hag! inchantreſs, hold thy tongue,
Pucel. I pry'thee, give me leave to curſe a while.
York. Curſe, miſcreant, when thou comeſt to the ſtake. [*Exeunt.*

Alarm. Enter Suffolk, with Lady Margaret in his hand.

Suf. Be what thou wilt, thou art my priſoner.
[*Gazes on her.*
Oh, faireſt beauty, do not fear, nor fly;
For I will touch thee but with reverend hands:
I kiſs theſe fingers for eternal peace,
And lay them gently on thy tender ſide.
Who art thou? ſay; that I may honour thee.
Mar. Margaret, my name; and daughter to a King,
The King of Naples, whoſoe'er thou art.
Suf. An Earl I am, and *Suffolk* am I call'd.

Be

Be not offended, nature's miracle,
Thou art allotted to be ta'en by me;
So doth the ſwan her downy cygnets ſave,
Keeping them priſ'ners underneath her wings.
Yet if this ſervile uſage once offend,
Go and be free again, as Suffolk's friend. [*She is going.*
Oh, ſtay! I have no power to let her paſs;
My hand would free her, but my heart ſays, No.
As plays the ſun upon the glaſſy ſtreams,
Twinkling another counterfeited beam,
So ſeems this gorgeous beauty to mine eyes.
Fain would I woo her, yet I dare not ſpeak.
I'll call for pen and ink, and write my mind.
Fie, De la Pole, diſable not thyſelf:
Haſt not a tongue? is ſhe not here thy priſ'ner?
Wilt thou be daunted at a woman's ſight?
Ay; beauty's princely majeſty is ſuch,
Confounds the tongue, and makes the ſenſes rough.
Mar. Say, Earl of Suffolk, if thy name be ſo,
What ranſom muſt I pay before I paſs?
For I perceive I am thy priſoner.
Suf. How canſt thou tell ſhe will deny thy ſuit,
Before thou make a trial of her love? [*Aſide.*
Mar. Why ſpeak'ſt thou not? What ranſom muſt I pay?
Suf. She's beautiful; and therefore to be wooed:
She is a woman, therefore to be won. [*Aſide.*
Mar. Wilt thou accept of ranſom, yea, or no?
Suf. Fond man! remember that thou haſt a wife;
Then how can Margaret be thy paramour? [*Aſide.*
Mar. 'Twere beſt to leave him, for he will not hear.
Suf. There all is marr'd; there lies a cooling card.
Mar. He talks at random; ſure the man is mad.
Suf. And yet a diſpenſation may be had.
Mar. And yet I would that thou wouldſt anſwer me.
Suf. I'll win this Lady Margaret. For whom?
Why, for my King*.
Yet ſo my fancy may be ſatisfy'd,
And peace eſtabliſhed between theſe realms.

But

† Why, for my King: Tuſh, that's a wooden thing.
Mar. He talks of wood: it is ſome carpenter.
Suf. Yet ſo my fancy, &c.

But there remains a ſcruple in that too:
For though her father be the King of Naples,
Duke of Anjou and Maine, yet he is poor,
And our Nobility will ſcorn the match. [*Aſide.*
Mar. Hear ye me, Captain? are ye not at leiſure?
Suf. It ſhall be ſo, diſdain they ne'er ſo much:
Henry is youthful, and will quickly yield.
Madam, I have a ſecret to reveal.
Mar. What though I be inthrall'd, he ſeems a Knight,
And will not any way diſhonour me. [*Aſide.*
Suf. Lady, vouchſafe to liſten what I ſay.
Mar. Perhaps I ſhall be reſcu'd by the French,
And then I need not crave his courteſy. [*Aſide.*
Suf. Sweet Madam, give me hearing in a cauſe.
Mar. Tuſh, women have been captivate ere now †.
[*Aſide.*
Suf. Say, gentle Princeſs, would you not ſuppoſe
Your bondage happy, to be made a Queen?
Mar. To be a Queen in bondage, is more vile
Than is a ſlave in baſe ſervility;
For Princes ſhould be free.
Suf. And ſo ſhall you,
If happy England's Royal King be free.
Mar. Why, what concerns his freedom unto me?
Suf. I'll undertake to make thee Henry's Queen,
To put a golden ſceptre in thy hand,
And ſet a precious crown upon thy head,
If thou wilt condeſcend to be my ———
Mar. What?
Suf. His love.
Mar. I am unworthy to be Henry's wife.
Suf. No, gentle Madam; I unworthy am
To woo ſo fair a dame to be his wife,
And have no portion in the choice myſelf.
How ſay you, Madam? are you ſo content?
Mar. An' if my father pleaſe, I am content.
Suf. Then call our captains and our colours forth;
And, Madam, at your father's caſtle-walls,
We'll crave a parley to confer with him.

† ——— captivate ere now.
Suf. Lady, wherefore talk you ſo?
Mar. I cry you mercy, 'tis but quid for quo.
Suf. Say, gentle Princeſs, &c.

SCENE V. *Sound. Enter Reignier on the walls.*

Suf. See, Reignier, see thy daughter priſoner.
Reig. To whom?
Suf. To me.
Reig. Suffolk, what remedy?
I am a ſoldier, and unapt to weep,
Or to exclaim on Fortune's fickleneſs.
Suf. Yes, there is remedy enough, my Lord.
Conſent, and for thy honour give conſent,
Thy daughter ſhall be wedded to my King;
Whom I with pain have woo'd and won thereto;
And this her eaſy-held imprisonment
Hath gain'd thy daughter princely liberty.
Reig. Speaks Suffolk as he thinks?
Suf. Fair Margaret knows,
That Suffolk doth not flatter, face, or fain.
Reig. Upon thy princely warrant I deſcend,
To give thee anſwer of thy juſt demand.
Suf. And here I will expect thy coming.

Trumpets ſound. Enter Reignier.

Reig. Welcome, brave Earl, into our territories;
Command in Anjou what your Honour pleaſes.
Suf. Thanks, Reignier, happy in ſo ſweet a child,
Fit to be made companion of a King.
What anſwer makes your Grace unto my ſuit?
Reign. Since thou doſt deign to woo her little worth,
To be the princely bride of ſuch a Lord;
Upon condition I may quietly
Enjoy mine own, the country Maine and Anjou,
Free from oppreſſion or the ſtroke of war,
My daughter ſhall be Henry's, if he pleaſe.
Suf. That is her ranſom, I deliver her;
And thoſe two counties I will undertake
Your Grace ſhall well and quietly enjoy.
Reig. And I again in Henry's Royal name,
As deputy unto that gracious King,
Give thee her hand for ſign of plighted faith.
Suf. Reignier of France. I give thee kingly thanks,
Becauſe this is in traffic of a King.
And yet methinks I could be well content

To be mine own attorney in this caſe. [*Aſide.*
I'll over then to England with this news,
And make this marriage to be ſolemniz'd:
So farewell, Reignier; ſet this diamond ſafe
In golden palaces, as it becomes.
Reig. I do embrace thee, as I would embrace
The Chriſtian Prince King Henry, were he here.
Mar. Farewell, my Lord: good wiſhes, praiſe and pray'rs.
Shall Suffolk ever have of Margaret. [*She is going.*
Suf. Farewell, ſweet Madam; hark you, Margaret;
No princely commendations to my King?
Mar. Such commendations as become a maid,
A virgin and his ſervant, ſay to him.
Suf. Words ſweetly plac'd, and modeſtly directed.
But, Madam, I muſt trouble you again;
No loving token to his Majeſty?
Mar. Yes, my good Lord, a pure unſpotted heart,
Never yet taint with love, I ſend the King.
Suf. And this withal. [*Kiſſes her.*
Mar. That for thyſelf——I will not ſo preſume,
To ſend ſuch peeviſh * tokens to a King.
Suf. O, wert thou for myſelf!——but, Suffolk, ſtay;
Thou may'ſt not wander in that labyrinth;
There minotaurs, and ugly treaſons, lurk.
Solicit Henry with her wondrous praiſe,
Bethink thee on her virtues that ſurmount,
Her nat'ral graces that extinguiſh art;
Repeat their ſemblance often on the ſeas;
That, when thou com'ſt to kneel at Henry's feet,
Thou may'ſt bereave him of his wits with wonder.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Enter York, Warwick, a Shepherd, and Pucelle.

York. Bring forth that ſorcereſs, condemn'd to burn.
Shep. Ah, Joan! this kills thy father's heart outright.
Have I ſought ev'ry country far and near,
And now it is my chance to find thee out,
Muſt I behold thy timeleſs, cruel, death!

* *Peeviſh*, for childiſh.

Ah, Joan, ſweet daughter, I will die with thee.
Pucel. Decrepit miſer†! baſe ignoble wretch!
I am deſcended of a gentler blood.
Thou art no father, nor no friend of mine.
Shep. Out, out!——my Lords, an' pleaſe you, 'tis not ſo;
I did beget her, all the pariſh knows:
Her mother, living yet, can teſtify,
She was the firſt fruit of my bach'lorſhip.
War. Graceleſs, wilt thou deny thy parentage?
York. This argues what her kind of life hath been,
Wicked and vile; and ſo her death concludes.
Shep. Fie, Joan, that thou wilt be ſo obſtacle!
God knows, thou art a collop of my fleſh,
And for thy ſake have I ſhed many a tear;
Deny me not, I pray thee, gentle Joan.
Pucel. Peaſant, avaunt! you have ſuborn'd this man
Of purpoſe to obſcure my noble birth.
Shep. 'Tis true, I gave a noble to the prieſt
The morn that I was wedded to her mother.
Kneel down and take my bleſſing, good my girl.
Wilt thou not ſtoop? now curſed be the time
Of thy nativity! I would the milk
Thy mother gave thee when thou ſuck'ſt her breaſt,
Had been a little ratſbane for thy ſake:
Or elſe, when thou didſt keep my lambs a-field,
I wiſh ſome rav'nous wolf had eaten thee.
Doſt thou deny thy father, curſed drab?
O, burn her, burn her; hanging is too good. [*Exit.*
York. Take her away, for ſhe hath liv'd too long,
To fill the world with vicious qualities.
Pucel. Firſt let me tell you whom you have con-
demn'd:
Not me begotten of a ſhepherd ſwain,
But iſſu'd from the progeny of kings;
Virtuous and holy, choſen from above,
By inſpiration of celeſtial grace,
To work exceeding miracles on earth.
I never had to do with wicked ſpirits.
But you that are polluted with your luſts,
Stain'd with the guiltleſs blood of innocents,
Corrupt and tainted with a thouſand vices,
Becauſe you want the grace that others have,

You

† i. e. Wretch.

You judge it ſtraight a thing impoſſible
To compaſs wonders, but by help of devils.
No; miſconceived Joan of Arc hath been
A virgin from her tender infancy,
Chaſte and immaculate in very thought;
Whoſe maiden-blood, thus rig'rouſly effus'd,
Will cry for vengeance at the gates of heav'n.
York. Ay, ay; away with her to execution.
War. And hark ye, Sirs; becauſe ſhe is a maid,
Spare for no faggots, let there be enow:
Place pitchy barrels on the fatal ſtake,
That ſo her torture may be ſhortened.
Pucel. Will nothing turn your unrelenting hearts?
Then, Joan, diſcover thine infirmity,
That warranteth by law thy privilege.
I am with child, ye bloody homicides:
Murder not then the fruit within my womb,
Although ye hale me to a violent death.
York. Now heav'n forefend! the holy maid with child!
War. The greateſt miracle that ere you wrought:
Is all your ſtrict preciſeneſs come to this?
York. She and the Dauphin have been juggling:
I did imagine what would be her refuge.
War. Well, go to; we will have no baſtards live;
Eſpecially ſince Charles muſt father it.
Pucel. You are deceiv'd; my child is none of his;
It was Alanſon that enjoy'd my love.
York *. It dies, an' if it had a thouſand lives.
Pucel. O, give me leave, I have deluded you;
'Twas neither Charles, nor yet the Duke I nam'd,
But Reignier, King of Naples, that prevail'd.
War. A married man! that's moſt intolerable.
York. Why, here's a girl; I think ſhe knows not well
(There were ſo many) whom ſhe may accuſe.
War. It's ſign ſhe hath been liberal and free.
York. And yet, forſooth, ſhe is a virgin pure.
Strumpet, thy words condemn thy brat and thee:
Uſe no intreaty, for it is in vain.
Pucel. Then lead me hence; with whom I leave my curſe.
May never glorious ſun reflect his beams Upon

* *York. Alanſon!* that notorious Machiavell.
It dies, &c.

Upon the country where you make abode!
But darkneſs and the gloomy ſhade of death
Environ you, till miſchief and deſpair
Drive you to break your necks, or hang yourſelves!
[*Exit guarded.*

York. Break thou in pieces, and conſume to aſhes,
Thou foul accurſed miniſter of hell!

SCENE VII. *Enter Cardinal of Wincheſter.*

Car. Lord Regent, I do greet your Excellence
With letters of commiſſion from the King.
For know, my Lords, the ſtates of Chriſtendom,
Mov'd with remorſe of theſe outrageous broils,
Have earneſtly implor'd a gen'ral peace
Betwixt our nation and th' reſpiring French;
And ſee at hand the Dauphin and his train
Approaching to confer about ſome matters.

York. Is all our travel turn'd to this effect?
After the ſlaughter of ſo many Peers,
So many captains, gentlemen, and ſoldiers,
That in this quarrel have been overthrown,
And ſold their bodies for their country's benefit,
Shall we at laſt conclude effeminate peace?
Have we not loſt moſt part of all the towns,
By treaſon, falſehood, and by treachery,
Our great progenitors had conquered?
Oh, Warwick, Warwick! I foreſee with grief
The utter loſs of all the realm of France.

War. Be patient, York; if we conclude a peace,
It ſhall be with ſuch ſtrict and ſevere covenants,
As little ſhall the Frenchmen gain thereby.

Enter Dauphin, Alanſon, Baſtard, and Reignier.

Dau. Since, Lords of England, it is thus agreed,
That peaceful truce ſhall be proclaim'd in France,
We come to be informed by yourſelves,
What the conditions of that league muſt be.

York. Speak, Wincheſter; for boiling choler chokes
The hollow paſſage of my priſon'd voice,
By ſight of theſe our baleful enemies.

Win. Charles and the reſt, it is enacted thus:
That in regard King Henry gives conſent,

Of mere compaſſion and of lenity,
To eaſe your country of diſtreſsful war,
And ſuffer you to breathe in fruitful peace,
You ſhall become true liegemen to his crown.
And, Charles upon condition thou wilt ſwear
To pay him tribute and ſubmit thyſelf,
Thou ſhalt be plac'd as Viceroy under him,
And ſtill enjoy the regal dignity.

Alan. Muſt he be then a ſhadow of himſelf?
Adorn his temples with a coronet,
And yet in ſubſtance and authority
Retain but privilege of a private man?
This proffer is abſurd and reaſonleſs.

Dau. 'Tis known already that I am poſſeſs'd
Of more than half the Gallian territories,
And therein rev'renc'd for their lawful King.
Shall I, for lucre of the reſt unvanquiſh'd,
Detract ſo much from that prerogative,
As to be call'd but Viceroy of the whole;
No, Lord Ambaſſador, I'll rather keep
That which I have, than, coveting for more,
Be caſt from poſſibility of all.

York. Inſulting Charles, haſt thou by ſecret means
Us'd interceſſion to obtain a league;
And now the matter grows to compromiſe,
Stand'ſt thou aloof upon compariſon?
Either accept the title thou uſurp'ſt,
Of benefit proceeding from our King,
And not of any challenge of deſert,
Or we will plague thee with inceſſant wars.

Reig. My Lord, you do not well in obſtinacy
To cavil in the courſe of this contract:
If once it be neglected, ten to one
We ſhall not find like opportunity,

[*Aſide, to the Dauphin.*

Alan. To ſay the truth, it is your policy,
To ſave your ſubjects from ſuch maſſacre,
And ruthleſs ſlaughters, as are daily ſeen
By our proceeding in hoſtility.
And therefore take this compact of a truce,
Although you break it when your pleaſure ſerves.

[*Aſide, to the Dauphin.*

War-

War. How say'ſt thou, Charles? ſhall our condition ſtand?
Dau. It ſhall:
Only reſerv'd, you claim no intereſt
In any of our towns of garriſon.
York. Then ſwear allegiance to his Majeſty
As thou art knight, never to diſobey,
Nor be rebellious to the crown of England;
Thou, nor thy Nobles, to the crown of England.
So now diſmiſs your army when you pleaſe:
Hang up your enſigns, let your drums be ſtill,
For here we entertain a ſolemn peace. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII. *Changes to England.*

Enter Suffolk, in conference with King Henry; Glouceſter, and Exeter.

K. Henry. Your wondrous rare deſcription, Noble Earl,
Of beauteous Margaret hath aſtoniſh'd me.
Her virtues graced with external gifts,
Do breed love's ſettled paſſions in my heart.
And like as rigour of tempeſtuous guſts
Provokes the mightieſt hulk againſt the tide,
So am I driven by breath of her renown,
Either to ſuffer ſhipwreck, or arrive
Where I may have fruition of her love.
Suf. Tuſh, my good Lord, this ſuperficial tale
Is but a preface to her worthy praiſe.
The chief perfections of that lovely dame
(Had I ſufficient ſkill to utter them)
Would make a volume of inticing lines,
Able to raviſh any dull conceit.
And, which is more, ſhe is not ſo divine,
So full replete with choice of all delights,
But with as humble lowlineſs of mind
She is content to be at your command:
Command, I mean, of virtuous chaſte intents,
To love and honour Henry as her Lord.
K. Henry. And otherwiſe will Henry ne'er preſume:
Therefore, my Lord Protector, give conſent,
That Marg'ret may be England's Royal Queen.
Glou. So ſhould I give conſent to flatter ſin.
You know, my Lord, your Highneſs is betroth'd
Unto

Unto another lady of eſteem:
How ſhall we then diſpenſe with that contract,
And not deface your honour with reproach?
Suf. As doth a ruler with unlawful oaths;
Or one, that at a triumph having vow'd
To try his ſtrength, forſaketh yet the liſts
By reaſon of his adverſary's odds.
A poor Earl's daughter is unequal odds,
And therefore may be broke without offence.
Glou. Why, what, I pray, is Marg'ret more than that?
Her father is no better than an Earl,
Although in glorious titles he excel.
Suf. Yes, my good Lord, her father is a King,
The King of Naples and Jeruſalem;
And of ſuch great authority in France,
That his alliance will confirm our peace,
And keep the Frenchmen in allegiance.
Glou. And ſo the Earl of Armagnac may do,
Becauſe he is near kinſman unto Charles.
Exe. Beſide, his wealth doth warrant lib'ral dow'r,
While Reignier ſooner will receive than give.
Suf. A dow'r, my Lords! diſgrace not ſo your King,
That he ſhould be ſo abject, baſe, and poor,
To chuſe for wealth, and not for perfect love.
Henry is able to enrich his Queen,
And not to ſeek a Queen to make him rich.
So worthleſs peaſants bargain for their wives,
As market-men for oxen, ſheep or horſe.
But marriage is a matter of more worth,
Than to be dealt in by attorneyſhip.
Not whom we will, but whom his Grace affects,
Muſt be companion of his nuptial bed.
And therefore, Lords, ſince he affects her moſt,
It moſt of all theſe reaſons bindeth us,
In our opinions ſhe ſhould be preferr'd.
For what is wedlock forced, but a hell,
An age of diſcord and continual ſtrife?
Whereas the contrary bringeth forth bliſs,
And is a pattern of celeſtial peace.
Whom ſhould we match with Henry, being a King,
But Marg'ret, that is daughter to a King?
Her peerleſs feature, joined with her birth,

Approves

Approves her fit for none but for a King:
Here valiant courage and undaunted ſpirit
(More than in woman commonly is ſeen)
Anſwer our hope in iſſue of a King:
For Henry, ſon unto a conqueror,
Is likely to beget more conquerors,
If with a lady of ſo high reſolve
As is fair Marg'ret, he be link'd in love.
Then yield, my Lords, and here conclude with me,
That Marg'ret ſhall be Queen, and none but ſhe.

K. Henry. Whether it be through force of your report,
My Noble Lord of Suffolk, or for that
My tender youth was never yet attaint
With any paſſion of inflaming love,
I cannot tell; but this I am aſſur'd,
I feel ſuch ſharp diſſenſion in my breaſt,
Such fierce alarums both of hope and fear,
As I am ſick with working of my thoughts.
Take therefore ſhipping; poſt, my Lord to France;
Agree to any covenants; and procure,
That Lady Marg'ret do vouchſafe to come
To croſs the ſeas to England, and be crown'd
King Henry's faithful and anointed Queen.
For your expences and ſufficient charge,
Among the people gather up a tenth.
Be gone, I ſay; for till you do return,
I am perplexed with a thouſand cares.
And you, good uncle, baniſh all offence:
If you do cenſure me, by what you were,
Not what you are, I know it will excuſe
This ſudden execution of my will.
And ſo conduct me, where from company
I may revolve and ruminate my grief. [*Exit.*

Glou. Ay; grief, I fear me, both at firſt and laſt.
[*Exeunt Glouceſter and Exeter.*

Suf. Thus Suffolk hath prevail'd, and thus he goes,
As did the youthful Paris once to Greece,
With hope to find the like event in love:
But proſper better than the Trojan did.
Marg'ret ſhall now be Queen, and rule the King;
But I will rule both her, the King, and realm. [*Exit.*

THE END OF THE FOURTH VOLUME.

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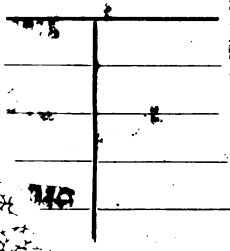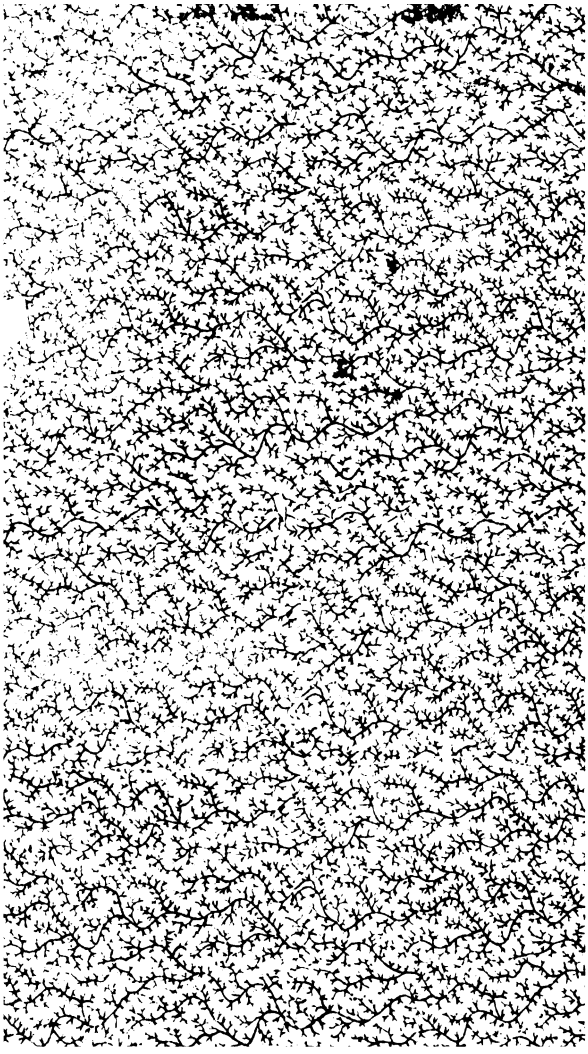
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